

# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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## Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### The Little Sleeper.

She sleeps, but the soft breath  
That never stirs the golden hair,  
The hand of Death  
Has often thither unaware;  
The lonely child  
Is still as beautiful and fair,  
But we fully we miss  
The little habitant that sojourned there.  
  
With ready pace he crept  
To the guest-chamber where it lay—  
That was the secret he slept,  
And was bound to come away;  
He bore the fatal late  
That bright laughter used to play  
And left all dull and mute  
The silver strings that tickled forth so gay.  
  
There with his finger cold  
He shuns the glancing window too;  
With urge of drooping gold  
He darkened the small pane of blue.  
Sheer from the marble floor  
He swept the flowers of crimson hue;  
He closed the ivory door,  
And left the rose curtain drew.

### Select Literature.

#### THE YOUNG BARON OF LIEBACH.

A great many years ago—some hundred, for all I know—they lived a proud and puissant baron, named Rodolph von Liebachi, in whom a good many of the virtues, and all the vices, of his race seemed combined. His life was passed in his castle, in a sort of semi-barbarous retirement, except when foreign wars called him abroad; and the sudden change from the bustle of the field that made him sombre and gloomy for many weeks at a time. In his youth he had spent much time abroad, and had for two years served in the armies of the Greek emperor, at Constantinople, in whose service he had won much honor, but little reward. While in the capital of the Eastern empire he had seen and loved the fair daughter of a certain Greek noble attached to the court, and when he offered her his hand, her father and the emperor compelled her to accept it, because they feared to offend the rude Frank warrior, though she loved him not. But, alas, what a change for her!

About a mile from the city, a luxurious villa stood on a rising ground overlooking the Bosphorus. Spacious gardens stretched from the house to the shore, perfumed by the surrounding orange groves, and shaded by the cypress and olive trees which overhung the calm water, as if longing to kiss it. A fountain plied in the centre, and arbors at every corner invited to ease and retirement, while the nightingale sang all day long in the branches overhead. The rarest plants and flowers of Europe and Asia grew side by side; and in every sight and sound there were music and beauty. The interior of the house was in keeping with the garden. Gorgeous tapestry—coaches radiant with gilding, and covered with the richest silks which Venetian enterprise brought from the mysterious East,—bust of the ancient philosophers of Greece, and of the early martyrs of Christianity—piles of manuscripts richly illuminated, and written by cunning hands—small marble fountains to cool the hot winds from the desert—verandahs in which the inmates might sit at vantage to inhale the refreshing breezes from the water, and hear the barking of the dogs, the laughter of children, and the song of lovers from the farther shore—met the eye on every side. Here the youth of Agatha was passed. She was the only child of her father, and he was a widower. She had been carefully educated by an old priest, who had retained a large leaven of the ancient philosophy mingled with the doctrines of the Christian religion. Plato and Pythagoras had shared his attention with Paul and the early fathers. He had not fallen into any of the extravagances or corruptions which time and foreign influence had up in the bosom of the church, nor into much of the fine sentiment of the people. He had reached his nineteenth year; was skilled in the martial exercises of the Germans, and well taught in all the lore of the Greeks, generous to a fault, ardent in his love as in his hate, fiery and proud. She died before he had attained his majority. When she was on her death-bed she called him to her side, and gave him a box, containing a small phial, informing him that it was the gift of a certain Jewish rabbi, whom she had once succored when pursued by a mob, and who, on giving it, had told her that if the liquid it contained were drunk by her, or those nearest and dearest to her, when in their greatest earthly need or peril, a way of deliverance would be speedily pointed out to them. With a romantic trust in the marvellous, which was quite in unison with the enthusiasm of her character, she had preserved it carefully, and never having been placed in such a position herself as in her opinion to call for its use, she bequeathed it as a legacy to him whom she most loved, and in whose path most snare and dangers were likely to lie. In some pety war which followed he was driven from his ancestral domains, and placed under the ban of the empire for taking part with the burghers of an adjacent town against the nobles. For several days he found shelter in the cottage of one of his vassals; but at last, fearing to involve his faithful follower in danger, he left

his retreat, and sallied forth to find aid and refuge where he could the wide world over. After undergoing various toils and anxieties, and passing through sundry "hair-breadth escapes," he arrived in Paris, and for awhile, with characteristic thoughtlessness, abandoned himself to all the dissipations of that metropolis, which was then, as now, the gayest and most frivolous on earth. But his funds were soon exhausted. Those who at first smiled upon him, in deference to his birth and his romantic career, began to look on him coldly, or avoid him, and he was at last driven to cast about for some course of life that would afford him the means of subsistence. He was one evening musing mournfully in his lodgings upon his position and prospects, when he beheld him of the phial, and coming to the conclusion that he could never be in greater straits than he was then, he drank of its contents. He instantly fell into a deep sleep—sleep as deep as death—and saw a vision. He was walking, or dreamed he was walking, along a broad avenue bounded on each side by lawns of surpassing verdure. The gnarled oaks, green with the moss of a century, threw their long vista of the trees overhead birds of the rarest plumage sang in strains of more earthly melody, without a single pause, and it seemed to his enraptured senses as if there was hope and courage in every note. A grateful perfume seemed to pervade the atmosphere. And far away in the long vista a bright lake appeared dancing in the sunshine, with water fowl of snowy whiteness gliding gently and gracefully over its surface. He was enchanted. His blood coursed swiftly through his veins; his heart throbbed with rapturous excitement. It seemed as if he could never grow tired of hearing the voice of the young man, art wearied and worn," said he; "but knowest thou not that delay is death? He who lingers here, goes backward."

"Leave me, I pray thee," said Hugo, "and continue thy way, friend. I can go no further."

"Nay, I will not leave thee; I have been as thou art, and have overcome my weakness; I have gained all my present strength from striving, and now find it holy and joyful to be strong; by persevering here, I have gained the power to persevere farther; by daring I have gained courage; by refusing to despair I have found my hopes fulfilled. Come on with me; I will teach thee to do as I have done, and then thou shalt become such as I am. On the summit of yonder hill, all the brave, and wise, and good, who have, since the world began, battled for truth and justice and humanity, and died for them, await our coming. It needs no brilliant exploit to qualify thee for admission to commune with them. They heed not thine abilities, but thy courage, and thine acts. All thou doest, do well; march right onward, and let not this dread weariness any longer detain thee. Shed no more tears on the barren wayside; keep them for the sorrows and weaknesses of others, and they shall make the ground beneath thy feet blossom as the rose. Arise, and let us go; when thou art weary let thy courage avail thee. If thou hast none, thou art not worthy of the goal that thou hast aspir'd."

And Hugo awoke, and behold it was a dream.

Fifty years afterwards an old man died in Paris, a priest of great reputation. The poor went in crowds outside the doorway, and followed him sorrowing to his grave. The learned said a star was gone from the constellation of genius and intellect; and even the reformer, who declaimed against the Romaniat clergy, extolled his virtues, his piety, faith, hope, and charity, and said, "Would that all were like him!"

#### Rogues and Impostors in the Animal Kingdom.

This pleasant little sketch is from an English literary journal:—

"Waterton has vindicated the reputations of certain aspersed animals, and set their characters right with the world. He has shown that the sloth is an active creature in its way; that the goat-sucker is no thief, but the devourer of the insects that tease the goat; that the woodpecker preys upon the worms that eat into the trees. But the error does not at all lie on the side of defamation, and as some creatures have a bad name which they do not deserve, so others have a good name less unmerited. The lion, for instance, is a poltroon, that only exercises his mighty strength under the stimulus of hunger. The seat of his courage is his empty belly. The dog we praise for his fidelity and sagacity, overlooking his matchless bravery, which should make him the type of courage instead of the lion."

"In the animal kingdom detectives are at work making their discoveries and exposing hypocrites and impostors. Among those who would have suspected the bee to have a very prominent place? What creature has enjoyed a higher reputation than the bee in all ages? It has been the type of honest industry, and mankind has been exhorted to take pattern by him."

"It turns out that this much extolled busy bee is an arrant thief when he has an opportunity, and that he only labors honestly when he cannot steal wholesale. A broom-seller asked a brother of the trade to tell him frankly, how he contrived to undersell him, for, said he, I will not disgrace you from you that I steal all the materials of my brooms. Ah, replied the other, but I know a trick better than yours, for I steal my brooms ready made, and can therefore ask a lower price for them."

"The bee is like the broom-seller when ever the opportunity offers. He steals his cobweb, and not know himself to be the spider."

"A hypocrite may spin so fair a thread as to deceive his own eye. He may admire the spider, and not know himself to be the spider."

"I guess I'll hab to let dis washing slide, but it am do last job I does for Uncle Sam, shu!"

"The unfortunate nigger first scratched his head, and then shook it, and finally said,

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III. Having indicated and illustrated, all too briefly for their importance, the great sin of our nation, its disregard and defiance of the Supreme law, the law of God, and its natural result, the sin of compromising "inalienable rights," everlasting justice, to satisfy greed or silence threats, I wish to enter upon another train of thought which the day and the country demand, and will be considered. *We know duty to discharge that a reparation of our sins may be either sincere or acceptable.* There are subjects of the highest import before us to be considered, and questions of most serious moment to be decided. We cannot evade them if we would. We are brought face to face with them. They are met. They must be disposed of. The King of Kings has brought us by our own chosen way to where we had no idea of coming. We had laid the flatteringunction to our souls that by putting our hands over our eyes and our fingers in our ears, we should not see oppression or hear the cry of the oppressed; but the roar of the traitor's cannons startled us, and to us, six-four, the lions of men, women, and children whose future condition is to be determined by us. We cannot avoid the responsibility. We cannot say the South must take care of its own institutions. All that has passed by forever. When we were at peace it might be so. But old things are done away. The constitution is trodden under foot by the traitors. War has silenced laws. They ask, they will receive, no favors. What is bestowed when the rebellion is put down will be a grain from the victor, not a claim of right by the vanquished. The state before the treason cannot be regained. What is to be done with these enslaved millions now that their destiny is put into our hands? This is the question, and we must answer it. There is no such thing as throwing off the responsibility. We cannot escape it.

The South has chosen to rebel, to plunge the country into civil war, and to risk the inevitable put their destiny into our hands. They say to us, "If you conquer us, do what you will with us, if we conquer, we shall do what we will with you." What shall we do then with them? "Conquer them first and then determine," does one say? That can not be done. It is impossible. The moment our armies invade slave territory the inevitable question comes up, "What is to be done with these slaves?" They rush into our camps; they offer service; they can be efficient soldiers; able and most devoted laborers on fortifications; they can work our heavy canons; pass cartridges; heat balls; carry shells; drive our wagons; "What is to be done about them?" We cannot march a to into slave territory without posing this question. It is simply impossible to delay this answer to the end of the war. What then shall be done? What shall be the policy of the nation? Though no settled policy has been developed, I can doubt that the Government has one which will unfold, for it would be the sheerest folly as well as the completest impossibility to prosecute this war without one. But we, the people, ought to have clear and decisive views on this subject. It is the most momentous question of war. There is far less danger that we shall fail of victory than that we shall fail of wisdom how to use it. There is vastly more danger that having put down the rebellion, we shall leave all the elements of future strife and of this strife ready to break forth into revolution again. We are going to pollute our hands with the blood of our fellow-victims. Indeed, this question of "What is to be done with the slaves?" hangs like an incubus on the army itself; and were it not for the treasonable neutrality of Kentucky, which is now changed to loyalty, thank Heaven, long ago the question would have been answered. Now it must be. The moment the army marches South, the sphinx must speak, those granite lips must open, the silence of that tongue of stone must be broken.

There is no question but that by the laws of war, it is not only in the power of the President as Commander-in-Chief of the army, but also of a general commanding in any military department, to proclaim freedom. But I go further than this. The law of war which I have stated is based upon the rights and usages of monarchies, where the nation recognizes and accepts the law. Our Constitution recognizes persons held to service by the laws of the several States. When the army of the United States marches South, every person is presumed to be free till he is proved to be held to service. The theory that a negro, and because he is a negro, when he enters the camp of the United States, is property and is contraband of war, is far from the true one. He is simply a man, or a man and his family, escaping from rebellion for protection, as a man of any other color might be, and is no more a contraband than a white apprentice would be who had run away from his master and was seeking protection in the same camp. Besides, no commander, nor private in our army, not the President himself, has any right to send back a refugee to one who claims to own him. The United States government has no such relation to man, but only of ownership by one man to another, and applying equally to black and white citizens. Nor has any commander or private power to return one claimed as "held to service," be he black or white—white magistrate must do this. The law defines how. If an officer does it, he must do it by martial law; and if martial law is established, shall it be in favor of freedom or of bondage? Let an answer go up from ocean to ocean which shall shake the continent, FOR FREEDOM, AND FOR FREEDOM ONLY. This must be looked after. We must keep a sharp and sleepless eye on the government and commanders. We have not sent our husbands, our fathers, sons and brothers to do the bidding of oppressors, to hunt and ravage back our native land. They have gone to fight the battles of liberty; and woe to the nation where the "hero" is turned into a "homer" of fleeing bondmen. Yet I say I hope it is not true, but I saw only two days ago, that a body servant of a rebel officer, who had swam the Ohio river at the peril of his life, was returned, under guard by one of our colonels to the Kentucky shore to his master! "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

Revolution makes their own laws; and as fast as our army advances the slaves should be freed; all slaves should be freed. Rather than be presumed that every person is free and should be treated as such. The so-called property of the citizens, which is seized by the United States for the purposes of the war should be paid for it belongs to loyal citizens, but they must prove their loyalty. If the United States has freed from his indenture a person white or colored, owing labor or service to a loyal citizen, let the damage be paid, if to a rebel he must suffer the loss he has incurred or risked.

But we must not be impatient with those in power. There will be mistakes made, there will be difference of opinion about methods of action, but all will work itself right if the people keep a sharp eye upon all movements. The recent proclamation of Gen. Fremont has been modified by the President. It may have been premature to issue it, but both have been done. It will be an answer to stop for personal criticism in the great contest. As the General did declare martial law, and by that declaration all the slaves of the rebels within the lines specified were actually set free, no modification made

by the President can effect any except the slaves of such as may become rebels *after the date of his modification* of the General's proclamation; and nothing hinders another proclamation of martial law over still other territory before which the feeble and impotent act of Congress will go down a reed before a tempest. And this will be done. The so-called property of men and women and children, all traitors held in confinement, will be set free than that in land and ships and goods and cattle.

It is painful to witness the tenderness, the chariness, which the government manifests toward slave property, while all other property is seized without stint, without caution even. If Southern property in Northern ships is seized with due diligence, to the great annoyance and loss of Northern loyal part owners, why not seize Southern slaves which is no annoyance, but a blessing to the heart and pocket of the supporters of the government? Why should the goods of rebels from Maryland be confiscated and not their slaves? These questions will be asked in louder and louder tones by men who are passing out their blood and treasure like water to put down the rebellion. Why must not regiments of our own soldiers in the free States and from regiments of the freed slaves in the slave States? No men fought better than the "contrabands" on board the Minnesota off Hatteras. They worked the great guns, which they manned, with a relish. With flashing eyes and open lips they watched the parabolic track of the shell which bore their compliments as well as confusion and dismay into the midst of their late masters. One thing at least is due to the North. It is due to-day. Command should be given this hour along our lines from Washington to Kansas and round the ocean and gulf shore, that no soldier—officer or private—shall aid in returning a fugitive, or permit the camp to be entered in search of one. It is due to law as well as to patriotism, if any man believe this war to be a wicked one, let him not take the field or the bonds. We want no hypocrites and traitors. We have had enough of both. We want men in the field, men who believe from the very centre of their hearts that this is a holy war, and who ready to die for their country. We want no men to take their country's bonds, pour out their treasure and their credit into their country's lap, but those who are tried and tested about this question, who are willing, if need be, to lose their fortunes to save their country. And this I exhort you to do. It is of no use to offer our prayer to God, and lock the strong box, or tie the purse strings. He can give, let him give; and let him do it freely, and generously. Let the war be a short one, a thorough one. Let not the "hurt of my people be healed slightly." Put not on soothing ointment to take out the inflammation and ease the pain, and then remove the bandages as if there had been a cure, leaving the cancer there in all its hideous virulence and deadliness! No, cut it out. Leave not a root or a fibre of the dead thing, cost however much pain it may. However the patient may writh and resist, do it, and do it now. Let this be the last act of this civil war while the mountain lamb, Europe, has after let nothing but the peaceful plough furrow the field. Forever hereafter let none but freemen breathe this air. Forever hereafter let no songs but theirs fill these valleys. Out of the darkness of this terrible conflict—the night of God's judgment—the day will dawn, the noon will glow. The light of holy truth is even now piercing deeper and deeper into the darkness, the surf of prophetic light is breaking along the sky and gilds the shining east with gold, the spears of advancing day are seen flaming above the mountain tops, the firmament will be long all aglow with the morning beams; the sun of human deliverance will mount to the zenith in his immortal glory; and man from his lowly or lofty resting place, his pillow of stone or couch of earth, his covering of rags or curtains of purple, in the crevices of city or sunny valley, in the hot rice fields, in the cool mountain side, amid rich harvests or sedgy swamps, standing on his broken chains and scattered manacles, will send up a shout which will shake the rivers, mountains and the seas, and make the welkin ring again for God and freedom.

For the Middlesex Journal.

THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.—Though

much has been written in praise of the author of "Highland Mary," whose name is as familiar to the American ear as his native hills, yet, after listening to the touching strains of his genius, when tuned by skillful hands, one longs for a pen that can portray the feelings they awaken.

Those who listened to the sweet tones of Hall's Band," at the serenading of Mr. G. H. Conn, on Tuesday night last, can appreciate the feelings of an old acquaintance, as they so charmingly executed "Auld Lang Syne."

By the kind invitation of members of the Y. M. L. Association we joined the serenading party, and grasping the hand of our old acquaintance, entered at once into the spirit of the occasion.

Old friends had met, to congratulate one of their number, who had just paid his devotions to Hyden, and while the music lingered on the ear kindling a thousand happy memories of the past. We wished the life journey of the happy pair might be as joyous as the pleasing associations that have surrounded us through years of friendship. May their future be one of continued prosperity; though brambles, and shadows, cross their pathway; may they gather flowers on either hand.

DENTISTRY IN AMERICA.—There is no nation in the world that can boast so large a number of skillful operators in this art as the United States, neither has any other nation reached the same degree of perfection in it. Doubtless none have so much material to practice upon. The use of impure Saleras has furnished employment, and built up princely fortunes, for thousands skilled in this profession. Parents who would have their children escape the torture of those mechanical operations, and enjoy the original instead of the artificial, should adopt the use of Pyle's Dietetic Saleras for all baking purposes. It is harmless flour, and very efficient in making biscuit, cake and pastry of all kinds. All who have used it give it the preference to every other thing of the kind. When you purchase, be sure the name of JAMES PYLE, New York, is on the package. Some of the grocers keep an imitation, done up in red paper, because they can make larger profits on it. Take none but the genuine.

SHOUT RATIONS.—An English Admiral, being about to engage a Spanish vessel, thus addressed his men:—"My good fellows, never let it be said that we, who live on prime beef and mutton, were beaten by those who have nothing to eat but oranges and lemons!"

BRILLIANT METEOR.—On Thursday night last, about 10 o'clock, a brilliant and luminous meteor was seen in this town. It first became visible at the zenith, and rapidly descended in a westerly direction until it seemed to be within about two hundred feet of the ground, when it exploded with a loud noise. It appeared the same, only much brighter, as would a large sized rocket.

Gen. Fremont is not to be court-martialed, made

the nation and its chief offspring, and having stated the great question before which we all stand, and how it must be answered, I wish, before I close, to make a few miscellaneous remarks upon several points to which our attention should be to-day directed.

We are often doing ourselves and others injured by our hasty and considered judgment.

1. We have been unjust to our government. They have been accused of doing nothing, of not appreciating the greatness of the work before them. Of the last charge we have all been guilty. Few, if any, apprehended or now apprehend the frenzy of madness which has possessed the traitors. They fear neither God nor man. They seem neither justice nor mercy. They seem to have the very works of civilization. They destroy, they ruin, canals, railroads. They build bridges to plunge whole trains of cars, laden with passengers, into ravines and rivers in mangled masses. They are possessed by the very madness of desperation. The very honor of which they boasted is shown to be false. Men who rule the public property, to be traitors and rebels. The disease is most virulent. All ordinary ideas of justice and honor are inverted. "Evil has become to them good and good evil." For six months, under the thin veil of loyalty, they were preparing to plunder. They must now fight or die, or flee their country. And they will fight with the desperation of both madness and despair when they dare.

2. The other charge which inconsiderate editors and fast critics have made upon the inefficiency of the government is disproved by facts. The emperor of France, with a standing army of four hundred thousand men, more than we now have in the field,—with infinite quantities of munitions of war and sea, tried and tested officers on land and sea, nearly half of them commanded by traitors, East of the Alleghany and on the Gulf were hardly soldiers enough to form a corporal's guard, and their commanders could not be relied on. The Navy was scattered, purposely by the traitorous members of the Cabinet, over all the oceans of the earth, from China round the world, and no one could tell who would not betray his trust. The most trusted aid of the Commander-in-Chief was his chief of staff. The most confidential Clerks in the departments of the government were betraying the purposes of the authorities. The arms and munitions of war had been during eight years of traitorous rule, transferred to southern arsenals and forts, to be seized when the hour of darkness came." Who could be trusted? no one knew. There were few guns, few tents, few or no military wagons or horses. There was almost literally nothing in the hands of the government with which they could protect the capital, much less defend the country. A city, one of the largest in the country must be passed through to reach Washington, hot, boiling with treason. Most of the free states had not the least military organization of any sort whatever. Such was the condition of the country the 15th of April.

What is the condition now? What has been done in six months? An army of not less than three hundred and seventy-five thousand, perhaps of four hundred thousand men has been raised, armed and equipped, and a navy nearly ready, sufficient to close the seas as we please, any port in the country.

In less time than that in which Napoleon prepared his standing army for their campaign, we have raised and provided with the munitions of war an equal force, and have them in the field ready to crush the foe when the word is given; and nearly a hundred thousand more are prepared to join them. What a gigantic work! What an Herculean labor to perform it! Every man who knows anything about the labor of such a work is filled with amazement that so much has been done, and so well done.

And here again we cannot expect everything to be done wisely. There will be regret, when I hear men estimating the priceless boon of freedom by bales of cotton, hogheads of sugar, and tierces of rice. My soul loathes all estimates of the value of one's liberty. A great statesman once said he never "estimated the value of his children." Because a white man cannot work in his field by the throat to make him work for him? Rice is not necessary for man; but righteousness is. And it seems to me that nothing can be more self evident than that God does not design me to do that which I cannot do; and if there are traits of cruelty which no man can live a freeman, it is evident enough that the creation made it to repel him. Drunkenness will be glad places and ditch. Drunkenness will be glad places and ditch.

Having freed the slaves, we shall have a police of four millions to see that no harm is done to the republic. Put arms in their hands and those who are now their masters will keep the peace. We shall have no more rebellions against freedom. One thing at least will be settled.

I know that some persons are fearful that great evils will befall the nation if freedom is given to the slave. I have none. Doing justice brings no judgment. We all see what we have got by servitude, bloody fields and rivers.

The negroes could work as owners on the soil which they now till. Let the plantations of the rebels, those in arms, be given in part to the former slaves and the other part to the public lands, to be

adjusted to the new state of things and peace.

Let the white men cannot work in the Southern States. This is true but to a very small extent; and if it were wholly true, what would be the inference? that the white man must own, sell, beat, brutalize black men and women to make them till the soil? or let those have the soil who can till it in the freedom which God gives to every one of his children? Because a white man cannot work in his field by the throat to make him work for him? Rice is not necessary for man; but righteousness is. And it seems to me that nothing can be more self evident than that God does not design me to do that which I cannot do; and if there are traits of cruelty which no man can live a freeman, it is evident enough that the creation made it to repel him. Drunkenness will be glad places and ditch.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

three weeks before this—was so excellent that we felt confident the next would fall many degrees short of it, as a later season might not be so favorable for a good display, especially of flowers; and this is one reason why we used no strong language in reporting the last Fair, as new visitors might be present on the next occasion, whose raised expectations would not be realized. But the success of the last effort was far superior to any former one. The floral department may not have been varied, but the selection and arrangement were admirable. The fruit department was highly commendable, both for quality and quantity. The ladies had been invited to bring in their needle work, &c., with a promise of a separate table. Accordingly a large table was furnished and well filled with most beautiful embroidery and other handiwork. This department as usual, commanded the most fixed attention. When the crowd reached that table the wheels of progress seemed to cease their motion, so that some who were in the hall for hours, left without a good opportunity to view the taste and ingenuity of the South Reading ladies. As heretofore, there were some contributions from neighboring towns, but the display was mostly our own people. A noble squash was received from Joseph Swain, of South Malden, weighing 167 lbs. A cucumber from Henry Brown, Woburn, weighing 54 lbs., and other vegetables and fruit from Reading, &c.

We append a list of contributors, as appeared at the time of closing the report. Others there were, but they were not forwarded in season for this notice. We have been more particular in the enumeration, on account of the deep and extensive interest pervading the community in the matter. We may have a few words to say next week on the general subject, which want of space in this number will not allow. The visitors being urgent that the Fair should be kept open on Thursday afternoon and evening, it was accordingly done.

Contributors of Bouquets—Mrs. J. A. Thompson, C. E. Sweetser, O. Stone, Mrs. Joseph Richardson, Mrs. C. E. Niles, Abbie M. Foster, Emma S. Crocker, Mrs. L. Eaton, Mrs. A. Converse, H. A. Hutchinson, C. Patch, Hattie F. Bayard, Mrs. Mary E. Eaton, Mrs. Elbridge Sweetser, Mrs. Henry Stowley, Mrs. A. Hartshorne, Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Edward H. Sweetser, F. M. Evans, A. F. Hutchinson, Mrs. J. Stowell, Mary F. Ricker, Wm. J. Mansfield, M. C. Emerson, (Lynnfield), Mrs. B. F. Newall, Mrs. Garland, E. Bacon, Mrs. H. B. Upham, E. Frances Hartshorne, Mrs. Mary J. Evans, Mrs. D. S. Oliver, J. H. Langtry, Mrs. Charlotte L. Sweetser, Mrs. Matilda Bailey, Mrs. J. Nickerson, Mrs. H. D. Hoyt, Mrs. J. J. Mansfield, Sarah L. Bachelder.

Painting and Drawing—O. S. Moulton, James O. Bowell.

Staffed Birds and Animals and Minerals—John Conn.

Doves and Rabbits—Montello C. Evans.

Poultry—Lilley Eaton, Mrs. L. S. Spaulding, M. C. Evans.

Birds and Cages—H. W. Nichols, Wilbur C. Crocker.

Toys and Fancy Boxes—Lizzie L. Lamb, E. Eugene Oliver, Annie N. Harms, Mrs. James Crane, Mrs. C. H. Hill, Alice Fraser, Glass Globes—Mrs. Matilda Bailey, Mrs. Sarah Nickerson.

Ladies' Books and Shoes—D. W. Emerson.

Large Egg—Geo. Emerson.

Sea Shell—W. W. Kingman,

Bamboo Root—Mrs. A. F. Downing.

Photographic Writing—A. F. Hutchinson.

Portraits—Mrs. E. A. Eaton.

M.

## WINCHESTER.

*For the Middlesex Journal.*

**THE NATIONAL FAST.**—This day was observed by the two religious societies here with appropriate services in their respective places of worship. At the Cong. Church, a larger audience than usual on such occasions, were present. The pastor preached a discourse from the following text. “O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into the scabbard, rest, and be still. How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge against Askelon, and against the sea shore? there hath he appointed it.” Jeremiah 47 Chap. 6th and 7th verses.

The text was appropriate to the present time. We desire peace, but how can we have it, until certain great fundamental principles at issue in this contest are established permanently in this nation. The horrors of war, its demoralizing powers were vividly portrayed. War has been styled the grand impovisher of the world. Poor Virginia, the mother of States and statesmen how have her fair fields been devastated. The reverend gentleman proceeded to consider the question, Has the sword a mission in the destiny of the world? He argued that it had, first because wars are sometimes unavoidable. It was owing to the disposition of the strong to tyrannize over the weak. It was illustrated in the Revolutionary War and in that of the Italians. The law of self-defence in nations as in individuals makes it our solemn duty at certain times to defend the right at the sacrifice of blood if need be. A man has a right to be a man, and assert his inalienable rights. War has its justification in the stern necessity of self-defence. Do any ask for my authority in Scripture for such a doctrine? I refer them to the first Chapter in Genesis where it is recorded that God created man in his own image. Loyalty to the Government was a sacred duty, and he who was not true and faithful in this respect, was no better than Judas Iscariot. Secondly—Wars are instruments for carrying out the designs of God. They have been the greatest civilization, those of China, Syria and other nations were mentioned as illustrations of this truth. No nation has attained a position except through stern discipline. In the civil war now raging in this land, we see the hand of God. It is not a war for conquest, but one for national existence. He adored to the cause of this war, which he believed was not on account of slavery, but for State Rights, to keep up the distinction between master and man—the despotic feeling that is not willing to submit to the majority, the few to rule it over the many. The South has had every thing that they wanted in the shape of legislation in the nation. It was the loss of prestige and power that enraged them. The question at issue was, whether man is capable of self Government. Moral laws would not avail, but it can only be decided by rifled cannon. Lastly, the duties devolving upon us as good citizens were briefly considered. We must sustain the Government at all hazards, pray for the President, the members of his Cabinet and the leaders of our army, that they may have all needed wisdom in this trying hour. We want peace, but no peace that is not lasting and based upon the everlasting laws of God.

**BESTS.**—A. Hawkes, W. G. Skinner, and Upton, E. M. Stowell, S. Kingman, Wm. H. Willis, Wm. K. Perkins, J. M. Evans, J. M. Sweetser.

Strawberries—John Eaton, 2d crop.

VEGETABLES.—Squashes—J. F. Woodward, A. N. Blanchard, Jones Parker, George W. Russell, S. Gardner, A. Wiley, A. Hawkes, W. Jones, Wiley and Upton, A. F. Hutchinson, J. F. Dennett, D. S. Oliver, Little Eaton, Hiram Eaton, J. H. Newman, L. Eaton, M. C. Evans, Town Farm by J. W. Dean, Josiah T. Tyndall, A. Philpot, J. A. Thompson, Joseph Eaton.

Pumpkins—H. W. Nichols, J. W. Dean, Wiley and Upton, Ambrose Stone.

Cucumbers—Henry Brown, (Woburn), J. Smith Eaton, Albert S. Wiley.

Potatoes—S. Gardner, D. B. Wheelock, A. N. Blanchard, Benj. Hawkes, C. A. Philpot, Wiley and Upton, A. F. Hutchinson, H. F. Bowers, Samuel G. Conant, A. Stone, J. H. Newman, A. G. Sweetser (sweet), Thos. Emery, W. H. Wiley, Lizzie Richardson, Mrs. Seaver, Ella and Lizzie, Frannie L. Hartshorne, Mrs. Porter Stowell, an old bachelor, Mrs. E. Eaton, S. T. Parker, F. F. Evans.

Fruit—Pears—James Eustis, Wm. G. Skinner, Wm. H. Hutchinson, Benj. Mansfield, O. S. Moulton, Samuel Kingman, Daniel Sharp, J. G. Aborn, Hiram Eaton, J. M. Evans, Jacob Tufts, David Perkins, J. F. Woodward, Thomas Emerson, Jr., Oliver Perkins, Noah Eaton, Adam Hawkes, A. F. Hutchinson, G. H. Sweetser, J. D. Mansfield, A. C. Perkins, L. B. Evans, Adam Wiley, C. Patch, M. Knight, Daniel Carey, G. O. Carpenter, S. F. Littlefield, Mrs. H. L. Scott, Mrs. Lund, Spaulding, Leroy B. Crocker—James Eustis, Wm. G. Skinner, Wm. H. Hutchinson, Benj. Mansfield, O. S. Moulton, Samuel Kingman, Daniel Sharp, J. G. Aborn, Hiram Eaton, J. M. Evans, Jacob Tufts, David Perkins, J. F. Woodward, Thomas Emerson, Jr., Oliver Perkins, Noah Eaton, Adam Hawkes, A. F. Hutchinson, G. H. Sweetser, J. D. Mansfield, A. C. Perkins, L. B. Evans, Adam Wiley, C. Patch, M. Knight, Daniel Carey, G. O. Carpenter, S. F. Littlefield, Mrs. H. L. Scott, Mrs. Lund, Spaulding, Leroy B. Crocker—James Eustis, Wm. G. Skinner, Wm. H. 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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

## Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt,  
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

**Mr. and Mrs. Doubledot,**  
A QUARRELSOME COUPLE, WHO ARE KNOWN AMONG  
THEIR FRIENDS AS THE "DOG AND CAT."

He—Let me have a moment's peace!

I implore, I beg, I pray!

Stay your tongue! Your scolding cease,

Or you'll sear my wits away!

Wrangle, chatter, noise and din!

All day long endure I can't!

Do be quiet! Please give in!

Will you, madam?

She—No, I shan't!

He—Tell me, then, what have I done?

She—Everything! Don't ask me what!

You would break a heart of stone!

He—So would you! Now would she not?

She—There! Just like you! Off you go!

In a rage you always fly!

'Tis a good time to treat me so!

I'll not hear it!

He—Nor will I! She was so badly used!

What I suffer none can know!

Sobbed, neglected and abused!

Where do you expect to go?

He—Silence, madam! I command!

Hush, this instant. Pray forbear,

Same one's coming close at hand!

They will hear you!

She—I don't care!

He—Do you think to drive me mad?

Stay! What's this? Oh, never! Tears!

Pray, forgive me. 'Twas too bad.

She—Leave me, or I'll box your ears!

He—Really, madam, 'pon my life,

This is going much too far!

I'm your husband:

She—I'm your wife!

He—Then come, now, let it rest!

She—For such as I'll not believe!

He—Goodness, gracious, what a pest!

She—Yes, 'tis I that's all to blame!

Well, 'tis woman's lot to bear!

He—What the dickens—

Rave, abuse, but do not swear!

You must know I'm far from strong;

Spare me, then, this new distress,

I shall not be with you long!

He—Misful thoughts, what happiness!

She—I declare—now if I don't—

Cruel man, to let you go!

Go and drown yourself!

He—No, don't. Think what would become of me!

She—Sir, you are perfectly brute!

He—Like yourself, I fear.

She—A wretch, beyond dispute!

He—You're a pair, my dear.

She—Would your love I've never seen!

He—What a rose I must have been!

She—Yes, and constant still remain!

He—Oh, you monster!

He—Oh, you shrew!

She—Ruffian!

He—Vixen!

She—Fright!

He—Old squib!

She—You're a savage!

He—You're a scree!

She—You're another!

He—That's a fib!

She—Sir, your shoulders I will flog

Black and blue. I tell you that!

He—Yes, you treat me like a dog!

She—So you are!

He—Then you're a cat!

How OLD ARE YOU?—The following is the last anecdote we have seen told of Dr. Emmons, the Franklin divine:

There was a physician in the neighborhood of Franklin, where Dr. Emmons preached for seventy-one years, who was corrupting the minds of men by his Pantheism. The physician being called to a sick family in the Franklin parish, met the Franklin minister at the house of affliction. It was no place for a dispute. It was no place for any unbecoming familiarity with the minister. It was no place for a physician to inquire into the age of the minister, especially with any intent of entangling him in a debate, and above all, where the querist was too visionary for any logical discussion. But the abrupt question of the Pantheist was, "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" came the quick reply.

"As old as the creation, sir," was the triumphant response.

"Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve!"

"Certainly; I was in the garden when they were."

"I have always heard that there was a third person in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you."

The Pantheist did not follow up the discussion.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—"I pray tell me my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh, such a disgrace!"

"What is it, my dear? pray do not keep me in suspense."

"Oh, I have opened one of your letters supposing it to be addressed to myself. Certainly, it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all. What harm is there in a wife's opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in the thing itself, but the contents. Such a disgrace."

"Who has dared to write a letter unfit to be read by my wife?"

"Oh no, it is couched in the most chaste and beautiful language. But the contents, yes, the contents."

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, while her husband eagerly caught the letter, and commenced reading the epistle that had nearly broken his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for three years' subscription to the newspaper. He paid it at once.

A QUAKER'S ADVICE TO MONEY-HUNTERS.—A prudent and well-disposed member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice:—"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."—"Yes," replied John, "I am."—"Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth just fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shillings."

**CONFIRMED IN HER HABITS.**—A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition, was so unfortunate as to have a wife of a very different character; in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company with a few intimates, one evening, one of them remarked to him, that if she was his wife—since all other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way, so that she would quit her evil habit; and proposed the following method: that some time, when dead drunk, she should be laid into a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation until her fit should be over, and consciousness restored.

A few evenings after the dame being in a proper state, the plan was put into execution; and after the box lid was properly secured, the party before alluded to watched, each in turn, to witness the result. About daylight next morning, the watch hearing a movement, laid himself down by the box, when her ladyship, after bumping her head a few times was heard to say: "Bless me! why where am I?"—The outsider replied in a sepulchral tone:—Madam you are dead, and in the other world."

A pause ensued, after which the lady again inquired:—"Where are you?"

"Oh! I am dead, too," said he.

"Can you tell me how long I've been dead?"

"About three weeks."

"How long have you been dead?"

"Four months."

"Well, you have been here so much longer than I have can't you tell me where I can get a tithe?"

Model wives formerly took a "stitch in time," now, with the aid of the sewing machine, they take one in no time.

A farmer took his dinner at Chicago, for which he paid fifty cents, saying, "There goes five bushels of corn at ten cents per bushel."

A Dutchman being requested to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort produced the following: "I shall fill. I wants no more answer. Going to the other side of the house, he found a little white-headed man in the embrace of his wife, who had his head under her arm, while with the other she was giving her little lord a pounding. Wishing to put an end to the fight, our traveller knocked on the side of the house, and cried out in a loud voice, "Hallo, here; who keeps this house?" The husband, though much out of breath, answered, "Strange, that's what we are trying to decide!"

VITAL RELIGION.—Lord Brougham, whose eccentricities and tergiversations are as notorious as his versatile talents, once figured in a scene which was equally characteristic and amusing. His lordship, though not so hard a swearer as the profane Lord Thurlow, of infamous memory, is by no means free from the vice, and on one occasion, meeting a delegation of Scotch Dissenters, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, but for dissent there would be no vital religion—no vital religion." At the same time he was trying to force a door in absence of the key, and getting very angry, he burst it with his foot, exclaiming, (first in a vehement, then in a solemn tone, but without pause,) "D—n that fellow! where the d—l has he gone with the key?—no vital religion, gentlemen, no vital religion." The astonishment of the Puritans may be guessed.

A STEAMBOAT WITH A COLD.—An Irishman and a Dutchman were standing on the pier, the other day, when an iron steam-propeller came puffing along. "Och, bejabers, fat a bad cold that steamboat has got!" Hear how the poor thing coughs," observed Patrick, as he pulled the pipe out of his mouth, and rolled out a cloud of smoke. "How deevil a steamboat take cold, eh?" very knowingly inquired the Dutchman. "Why, you ignoramus, she take cold from laying in the water so long! Wouldn't it give anybody a cold, ye Dutch haythen ye?"

RELIGION is not a thing which spends itself. It is like a river which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

The Patriots of the Revolution never uttered a more noble sentiment than Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, expressed, when he said—"Wealth is useless, unless it promotes the public welfare, and life itself is but a bauble, unless it ministers to the honor and glory of our country."

"So here I am between two tailors!" said a fellow at a public table, where two young tailors were seated, who had just commenced business for themselves. "True," was the reply; "we are beginners, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

Hymn for the National Fast.  
With humbled hearts, great God, this day,  
Before thy throne we sorrowing stand;  
Oh hear our prayer, forgive our sins,  
And turn thy judgments from our land.

Our fathers placed their trust in Thee,  
And thou didst lead them like a flock:  
Through Thee they stemm'd the wintry waves,  
Through Thee they braved the battle's shock.

Be to the sons once more O God,  
As to their sires Then wert so long:  
Revive our faith, rebuke our fears,  
And let us in Thy might be strong.

The clouds which thicken o'er our path,  
'Tis Thine alone to chase away;  
Oh show the brightness of Thy face,  
And turn our darkness into day.

Pour forth thy Spirit, gracious Lord,  
To keep us in this hour of need;  
Appease the rage which rends our land,  
And bid its wounds no longer bleed.

In vain we burnish sword or shield,  
Without a blessing from on high;  
If radiant with no smile from Thee,  
In vain our banners sweep the sky.

Give counsel to our chosen chiefs,  
Give courage to our marshal'd bands;  
Let prayer, and faith, and trust in God,  
Inflame their hearts, and nerve their hands.

In no resentment let them strike,  
No hatred stain their holy cause;  
But consecrate each arm  
To the Union, Freedom, and the Laws."

And oh, in thine own time, restore  
Good will and peace from sea to sea;  
And in each brother's breast revive,  
The love that springs from love to Thee.

So may our land, from danger freed,  
With one consent Thy mercy own;  
And every knee and heart be bent,  
In grateful homage at Thy throne.

"Not unto us—Not unto us,"  
In joyful chorus we will sing,  
But all the glory, all the praise,  
Be unto Thee, our God and King."

## Select Literature.

### THE LUCKY HERRING.

"How do you sell your smoked herring?"  
"Those Scotch herrings? only nine cents a dozen."

"But singly?"

"A cent apiece, sir."

"I will take two of them, and one of those rolls—not! the smallest—and have the kindness to wrap them in a piece of paper for me."

The grocer wrapped the herrings and roll together, with one of those slight-of-hand movements peculiar to the trade, and handing the parcel to his customer, counted out six cents in exchange for the dime which the customer deposited on the counter, and then turned to his next customer with, "Well, what can I do for you?" while Baron Doyle slipped his purchase into his pocket and walked away. When he had walked a considerable distance, and just as he was turning down toward the levee—for he was going to Ambrose on the morning packet—he encountered his friend Bathurst, whose greatest misfortune was the possession of more money and time than he knew what to do with.

"Ah! I was just thinking about you, Baron. Have you found that book? I have been in every store in town, but as yet have failed to procure it. I think you told me your father had a copy."

"Yes, I laid it away the other day for you."

"By the way, Baron, I want your advice. I am going to have Zschokke and Goldsmith (Truchnitz's edition) bound, and I am hesitating between brown and blue; but I wish something new and neat."

"Then," said Baron Doyle, "I have the very thing you want. I have Moore here, in a small volume, brown with—but I'll just show it to you." And putting his hand into his pocket he brought forth the paper containing his recent purchase, adding, as he proceeded with it:

"I bought it for my sister whom I am going to see to-day. It is a very handsome thing, I assure you, but—"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bathurst, as his expectant gaze fell upon a couple of Scotch herrings and a two penny roll. "Ha, ha, ha! Brown they are—snocked, eh? Why, what are you going to do with the herrings, Doyle?"

At that moment the packet for Ambrose tapped the bell. The owner of the fish had not a moment to lose, so hastily cramming the herrings and roll into his pocket again, and muttering something about an explanation at another time, he hurried aboard the boat, leaving his friend standing on the street convulsed with laughter. Baron Doyle was not sorry at the interruption; for unlike those young men who have a lie ready for every dilemma, he had a wholesome respect for the truth; but he was mortified, as who would not be at the age of two and twenty, at being detected with a two-penny roll and Scotch herrings in his pocket? He could easily have said, "What a blunder! but I have the book in my other pocket. I bought these for a joke;" but he preferred silence to a lie. Besides, his friend would never guess the truth, or at least impute the purchase to a whim. "Certainly," thought Baron Doyle, as he bestowed a parting look upon his friend as the packet swung out from her landing majestically. "Certainly he will never suspect that I bought them with the intention of dining up on them."

To explain why Baron Doyle, who, with the manners of a gentleman, was respectfully attired in a dark brown suit, and who had no particular taste for smoked herring, was compelled to dine (or sup, or both, for the packet left Shuttleton at 9 A. M., and only reached Ambrose at 9 P. M.) on them, it will be necessary to state that he was short of funds; and to explain how it happened that such a handsome young man, with such an honest, energetic manner, could only count six cents in his purse, I must inform the reader that he was compelled by "circumstances" to dress like a gentleman, board at a respectable boarding-house or hotel, and pay his washing bills, out of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. [By the way he was an expert at mending his own clothes.] As his board and washing cost him exactly one hundred and ninety-five dollars a year, it will be apparent that there was but fifty-five dollars left to adorn the outer man. It may appear marvelous to you, my well dressed reader, but it is nevertheless a fact, that Baron Doyle did not consume fifty-five dollars in clothing in the course of twelve calendar months, notwithstanding he provided himself with respectable attire, hats, boots and linen. Was the young man penurious? Was he suffering from a severe attack of economy, or was he only able to earn that amount in a year? you ask: No! he received a salary of four hundred; but having managed to live on the amount I have mentioned when he was in his twenty-first year, he determined to try it a second year, and he succeeded, for he had a great object in view. And what was the object that induced him to expose himself to the merciless ridicule of his clever acquaintances, who expended their salaries as fast as they earned them?

Baron Doyle was an orphan. His father had been a prominent merchant of Shuttleton; but when Baron was turning twenty, Mr. Doyle encountered severe reverses; his property went under the hammer, and a week afterwards he was laid in his grave, leaving Baron and his only sister to grapple with the world as best they might. Baron, who was at college, returned home to bury his father, to soothe his sister, to face stern poverty, and seek employment. He obtained employment at the very low salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year; but it was as much as his employer could afford to give a young man totally unacquainted with business of any sort whatever. His sister, in the meantime, found a home with a second cousin; but at the end of a year the brother and sister held a council. Baron desired to place his sister at the Ambrose Seminary, which was universally conceded to be the best in the country, and his employer having unexpectedly raised his salary to four hundred a year, he succeeded in convincing his sister that the money could not be appropriated to a better purpose; after a little struggle—for Emma had a plan of her own—the sister consented, and Baron had the satisfaction of defraying her expenses.

And this was his great object—the education of his sister. One hundred and fifty dollars a year.

Imagine a young man of two and twenty, living on two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Picture him at the end of the year, free from debt, and with five dollars in his pocket. Such was Baron Doyle's position at the time I introduced him to the reader. No! I am wrong. Two dollars of the five was invested in Tom Moore's Poems, which lay in his pocket, the handsome volume he intended showing his friend Bathurst, when he exposed his findings instead.

"Scotch herrings and Moore's Poems!"

Yes, miss, singular as it may appear to you, the young gentleman carried herrings in one pocket, and poems in another.

"How absurd!"

Not when you reflect that Baron Doyle bought the poems for his sister, whom he was about to visit, and whom he had not seen for a year, and that he had barely three dollars and six cents in his purse, three dollars of which would be required to pay his fare to and from Ambrose, and a night's lodgings; the latter twenty-five or fifty cents; the former, two dollars and a half. The fare to Ambrose, including dinner and supper, was two dollars—on dollar and twenty-five cents, leaving the meals out.

"Ah! you forget the absurdity in the brotherly affection and self-denial."

That little volume of poems cost Baron Doyle two sleepless nights, and a summer hat. Think of it! He hoarded up five dollars and ten cents at the end of May—the end of his second year passed in Dewey's employment. Considering the fact that he had worn his cap until it had lost its original color, and become dim in the peak; that the season for heavy caps was now over, and that of light summer hats just begun, you may decide his purchase of the poems a piece of folly. But when you reflect that he never made her a present in his life—ah! you pronounce him a noble fellow.

During the two years he had been employed by Mr. Dewey, he had never asked a single day for himself. When his fellow clerks were off sporting with their friends in the dull summer months, Baron Doyle was at his usual place behind the counter—not because he did not relish a summer day among the trees and flowers, but simply because he had no place to go, and no money to spend in amusement. No wonder that Mr. Dewey looked up in astonishment when "Sober Baron" spoke of taking a day or two to himself.

When he reached Ambrose, he proceeded

at once to the seminary, where he inquired for his sister. Mrs. Carver, who presided over the establishment, bestowed a gracious smile upon him, when he mentioned his name.

"Miss Doyle is visiting the Ralston's at present. The session commences to-morrow, you are aware. Miss Doyle purposed remaining with us, but her friends prevailed upon her to give them a week or two. However, I will send a messenger to her, immediately."

The room into which Baron was shown was almost bare of furniture, and totally unlike his conception of the parlor of a model seminary. However, it was a lovely night, and as the parlor door swung back heavily, he heard the patter of dainty feet, passing and repassing the door. They belonged to the lovely pupils, who were flitting about, humming snatches of songs, whispering, laughing, talking and scolding. Scarce five minutes passed, ere Mrs. Carver re-entered the parlor, attended by her son, a boy of ten years.

"Have you not heard Emma saying he supported her, and that he is only a poor clerk?"

"Which only renders him the more ridiculous. If he is able to support her, why does he carry herrings about with him? Surely you observed his embarrassment when Emma opened the paper?"

"I did, and I felt for him Clara. He is kind to his sister, and I believe he is a gentleman."

"Tra-la-la-la-la! Well, well! I perceive you are in love with this knight of the herring, and when one is in love!—there, there, Bell, I won't say another word; but I do declare your handsome gentleman has a decidedly queer taste!"

"You are not annoying me in the least, Clara; go on."

"But what will the fastidious Fred, Dewey say of his intended brother's taste, Bell?"

Baron Doyle started.

"I think he will give himself less concern about it than you and I have done. He loves Emma, and I have no doubt, he will marry her as soon as she leaves Ambrose. But, s—t! There she is now, Clara; will you open the door?"

Baron Doyle paced his room and meditated. Frederick Dewey, his employer, wed his sister! Impossible! She had never hinted at such a thing in her letters. There must be some mistake. And yet, now that he recited it, Mr. Dewey's manner was very singular when he inquired if he (Baron) was acquainted with the Ralstons. Before he took his leave of them, Baron found an opportunity to speak a word or two with his small parcel, saying, "How I shall enjoy

Moore, now!" As she proceeded to open it, while Mrs. Ralston and her daughters looked on with a smile that seemed to say, "That's as brother and sister should be!"

"Stay!" exclaimed Baron Doyle, hastily, as he caught his sister's hands, and brought forth a small parcel, saying, "How I shall enjoy Moore, now!"

"For me!" exclaimed Miss Doyle. "It is Moore's Poems, I know it is—and you have it in your pocket—I feel it. Ah! how glad I am!" And as she spoke she darted her little hand into his pocket and brought forth a small parcel, saying, "How I shall enjoy Moore, now!"

"Say no more," replied the brother, "it was my own fault."

"But what were you doing with the fish, Baron? Surely?"

"Indeed they were for myself, then, Emma. Is there any crime in dining on Scotch herrings when one is too poor to obtain better fare? I should have said nothing about it, if it had not been for the affair last night."

"But you came on the boat, Baron?"

"But I did not know that I would lodge with a friend of yours, and I had barely fifty cents in my pocket, beside my fare here and back, not including meals on the boat; but I had resolved to see you, and so I came."

"And yet you bought Moore for me! You are a dear, good old fellow, Baron, and I never can repay you for your kindness to me—never!"

There was a rustle in the next room, as if some person were passing the door, but it was so faint that Miss Doyle did not hear it. Baron waited a moment, until he was satisfied that the person had left the room, and then said:

"O, Baron! how stupid I was last night," said his sister, as they stood alone in the parlor; "had I dreamed that?"

"Say no more," replied the brother, "it was my own fault."

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"And yet you bought Moore for me! You are a dear, good old fellow, Baron, and I never can repay you for your kindness to me—never!"

"He is either stingy or vulgar, and yet he would pass for a gentleman."

"I declare, Clara, you never will be convinced that riches are not necessary to good breeding. Do you not like Emma, and is her brother not handsome and intelligent, with the manners of a gentleman?"

"And a passion for smoked herring, permit me to add. But I was not aware that he had made such a favorable impression upon

him as he was leaving the store, and running his hand through Baron's arm, carelessly said:

"I have just received a letter from Ambrose. You see what your secretiveness has done; I never knew until to-day that Miss Doyle was your sister. What an amusing mistake hers was, though! Ha, ha, ha! I laughed over it, or rather over her description of the person she imagined employed you, till my sides were sore. Rather amusing all round—I hope we may laugh over it when we are both grey-haired, unless one or both of us takes to a wig. And so you have been living on two hundred and fifty a month, and yet no one has ever called me extravagant? You have learned me a lesson which I hope I may never forget, Baron."

"Perhaps, if our positions were reversed, I would be the pupil you the teacher. I think I have only done what you or any other brother would do for an only sister, particularly when he had her welfare at heart," replied Baron, quietly.

"Ah! you don't know the world as well as I do. By the way, have you any particular liking for Scotch herring, Baron?"

"She has been telling that upon me, too. I did declare my sister had a trifle of discretion, but I am beginning to doubt it."

"You should have read her letter to me, Baron; it would bring tears to your eyes. In fact I am jealous of you; she fairly dotes upon you. Ah! if you only knew what she says about those herrings!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Baron Doyle, "nonsense!" but his eyes were half dim with tears.

"You may 'pooh! pooh!' and say 'nonsense!' but I understand you now, Baron—I only wish I had known you as well two years ago. But it is not too late, yet; and I flatter myself that—"

Here Mr. Dewey checked himself suddenly. "You are like the rest of the world," said Baron. "If a man only does his duty, you straightway set him up as a model and eulogize him."

Doubtless there was a good deal of truth in the remark; nevertheless, it is very refreshing to find men or women who have the courage to perform their duty.

When nine months rolled around, Miss Doyle became Mrs. Dewey. The Deweys have many a laugh and joke over a tolerable picture which hangs over the mantle-piece in the dining-room. The picture was painted by Mrs. Dewey herself, and is a very simple thing. It merely represents part of a two-penny roll and a Scotch herring on a piece of brown paper.

But I forgot to mention that Baron Doyle has visited Ambrose several times since his sister's marriage. I may relate a part of a conversation which occurred between Miss Ralston, or rather Bell Ralston, as her friends call her, and Baron Doyle upon the occasion of his last visit.

"Will you tell me one thing, Baron? I have often wondered why you favored a poor clerk, when so many wealthy suitors were at hand!"

"I think I can explain it to your satisfaction," responded the lady, demurely. "Do you remember your first visit here?"

"Distinctly; I think I can never forget it."

"Then you remember a little incident?"

"Perfectly well do I remember the incident, Bell."

"Well, Baron, I obtained a glimpse at your real nature when your sister opened the paper containing the smoked herring. She blushed vividly, as she replied slowly:

"I have, Baron—why do you ask?"

"Does he love you?" inquired her brother, paying no attention to her question in his eagerness.

"I—I think he does. But how did you learn this, Baron? I was going to write to you about it, and then—"

"Well, no matter what prevented you. I am not so anxious to get rid of my little sister—not I, birdie; but I respect Mr. Dewey, and I will have no fear in trusting my sister's happiness in his keeping."

"You know him, then?"

"Know him! what do you mean? Surely I know my own employer!"

"Your employer?"

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the request of the publisher; and no person publishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each half square (seven lines), one insertion, .75  
Each subsequent insertion, .25  
One square one year, .10.00  
One square six months, .06.00  
Half a square one year, .04.00  
Half a square six months, .03.00  
Half a square one month, .02.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements as may be required, .05 per cent.  
SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.  
South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD,  
Shawmut—E. T. WHITTING,  
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY,  
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Boston, and New York—ALEX. C. LEE, Boston, to V. H. Palmer,  
Seabury Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1861.

What is the meaning of the present stillness which broods over the camps around Washington? Can it be that death-silence which always precedes a great storm? Can each man in that large army be engaged in nervously himself up to meet heroically the tempest of battle which is soon to burst with tremendous and awful violence o'er his head?

Or, have all leaders and led, sunk into an unnatural lethargy? No, not so. Soon, too soon, will we learn what this quietness means.

We will learn it from the death-dealing blows that will be struck by hands controlled by heads grown scientific in the art of war from incessant practice. We will

### Address of the Sanitary Commission.

This Commission has addressed a circular, extracts from which we give below, to the "Women of America" calling upon them to aid our noble soldiers in the field, who are toiling and suffering that their homes may remain inviolate and that peace may soon again return to this distracted land. The appeal comes at a time when that which is to be done must be done quickly and without any unnecessary delay. Our troops have no snug and comfortable bedrooms to repose in at night after doing a hard day's work, it may be in a rain storm, and consequently they need all the clothing and other necessities that can possibly be secured. We read, in the history of the country, that the noble women of the Revolution did everything that their limited means would allow, they even toiled day and night, to make the brave defenders of their homes comfortable and cause them to feel that while they endured every degree of hardship, anxious hearts and willing hands far away were doing as much as could be done to make their wants less and their situation more comfortable. Surely the women of '61 will not be a whit behind their sisters of '76. They cannot be; their reputations will not allow it; they have great acts of mercy to perform, and each one can become Florence Nightingale to some extent, so that the soldier when he walks his beat at midnight in the cold storms of winter, will have reason to offer up to Heaven a blessing that the women of to-day are as patriotic and true as those who lived eighty years ago when our nation had no existence except in brave and determined hearts.

We understand that a movement is on foot in Woburn, to call a meeting, so that some concerted action may be taken in this matter. This is well; if the women of Woburn come together for the purpose of helping their brothers in arms, "we know that something will be done. Let the meeting be called at once and operations commenced speedily. There is not a moment to spare. Money cannot value time in this emergency.

We respectfully ask our readers to pursue the following with care.

### TO THE LOYAL WOMEN OF AMERICA.

TREASURY BUILDING, WOBURN, Oct. 1, 1861.

You are called upon to help take care of sick and wounded soldiers and sailors.

Whatever aid is to be given from without, must still be administered systematically, and in perfect subordination to the general system of administration of the government. To hold its agents in any degree responsible for the duties with which they are charged, government must protect them from the interference of irresponsible persons.

Hence, an intermediate agency becomes necessary, which, without taking any of the duties of the regular agents of government out of their hands, can, nevertheless, offer to them means of administering to the wants of the sick and wounded much beyond what could be obtained within the arbitrary limits of party feuding and collecting together in one common brotherhood Democrat, Whig, and Republican. We must, in this contest, respect the feelings of all classes, and consider that the nation at large does not look through one and the same pair of eyes. The world was not made in a day, nor yet can great and grievous sins be abolished in a day. We would think that the death-knell which the South, unwittingly, is now engaged in sounding for its darling sin, ought to be sufficient to satisfy every one for a time at least, let us abolition sentiments be ever so ardent. Politicians have long handled the slave question for their own benefit, and we think they can well afford now to leave it in the hands of the military leaders to be dealt with as circumstances dictate and demand.

The Sanitary Commission, a volunteer and unpaid bureau of the War Department of the government, constitutes such an agency.

A large portion of the gifts of the people to the army hitherto have been wasted, or worse than wasted, because directed without knowledge or discrimination. It is only through the Commission that such gifts can reach the army with a reasonable assurance that they will be received where they will do the most good and least harm.

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A SURPRISE PARTY IN REAL EARNEST.—A correspondent in another column narrates a happy incident that occurred at the house of Wid. Annie Burtt, in North Woburn, on Tuesday evening last. This was a "surprise" in every sense of the term, and the old lady could not have felt lighter hearted than even with her abundance of this world's goods, than did the "gallant one hundred," with the consciousness that they had done their duty whole. Truly it is more noble to give than to receive.

THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY have opened their house of Worship for a series of religious services, to be held on Sunday evenings.

They will be conducted by the pastor Rev. Dr. Stebbins, and the seats in the house will be free to all who may desire to attend. On Sunday Evening last, Dr. S. gave an excellent sermon, preliminary to a course on "Human Life." As this subject will be treated with reference to its application to the young, that class of persons, in our community will, doubtless be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear the discourses.

SINGING SCHOOL.—Mr. W. H. Clarke's Singing School commenced last Tuesday under very favorable circumstances, considering the inclement state of the weather. The next meeting of the school will be on Tuesday evening, when doubtless many others will join.

HOME MAGAZINE for October has come to hand. We have nothing new to say in praise of this periodical—it is doing everything that outside means can do to make the homes of our land happy and contented.

SENATORIAL CONVENTION.—A Convention will be held at the Town Hall, Woburn, next Friday, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for State Senator from 5th Middlesex District.

THE government contract in Maine is for pressed hay \$0.25 per ton; for oats, 37¢ cents per bushel.

MR. HORACE GOODRICH of Stoneham, has received a patent for an improvement in printing presses.

soon as possible to the most convenient of the depots of the Commission.

Description of Articles most Wanted.  
BLANKETS for single beds;  
QUILTS, of cheap material, about seven feet long by five inches wide;

KNIT WOOLEN SOCKS;  
WOOLEN OR CANTON FLANNEL BED-GOWNS, WRAPPERS, T-SHIRTS, AND DRAWERS;  
SMALL HAIR AND FEATHER PILLOWS AND CUSHIONS FOR WOUNDED LIMBS;  
SLIPPERS.

Delicacies for the sick—such as farina, arrow-root, corn-starch, coco, condensed milk, and nicely dried fruit—can be advantageously distributed by the Commission. Jellies should be carefully prepared to avoid fermentation, and most securely packed. Many articles of clothing have been injured, in packages heretofore sent the Commission, by the breaking of jars and bottles. Over every vessel containing jelly, strew white sugar to the depth of half an inch, and paste stout paper (not brandied) over the mouth. Jellies sent in stone bottles arrive in the best condition, and there is no difficulty in removing the contents for use. Every bottle, &c., containing jelly should be labelled. Aromatic spirits and waters; light easy chairs for convalescents; nicely made splints for wounded limbs; chequer and backgammon boards, and like articles for the amusement of wounded men; books, for desultory reading, and magazines, especially if illustrated, will be useful.

All articles should be closely packed in wooden boxes, or in very strongly wrapped bales, and clearly directed. On the top of the contents of each box, under the cover, a list of what it contains should be placed; a duplicate of this list should be sent by mail. Arrangements for free transportation should be made, or freight paid in advance. (The express companies will generally convey goods for this purpose, at a reduction on the usual rates.) Packages may be directed and sent to Dr. S. G. Howe, 20 Broadmoor street, Woburn.

Acknowledgments will be made to all those who forward parcels, and a final report to the Secretary of War will be published, recording the names of all contributors, so far as they shall be known to the Commission.

The Sanitary Commission is doing a work of great humanity, and of direct practical value to the nation, in this time of trial. It is entitled to the gratitude and the confidence of the people, and I trust it will be generously supported. There is no agency through which voluntary offerings of patriotism can be more effectively made.

A. LINCOLN.

WINFIELD SCOTT

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30, 1861.

MR. SUMNER'S ADDRESS.—We have received from Hon. Chas. Sumner a copy of the address which he delivered at the Worcester Convention last week. The address looks to us as if better fitted to be read before an Abolition gathering than before a Convention called for the purpose of banishing all party feuding and collecting together in one common brotherhood Democrat, Whig, and Republican. We must, in this contest, respect the feelings of all classes, and consider that the nation at large does not look through one and the same pair of eyes. The world was not made in a day, nor yet can great and grievous sins be abolished in a day. We would think that the death-knell which the South, unwittingly, is now engaged in sounding for its darling sin, ought to be sufficient to satisfy every one for a time at least, let us abolition sentiments be ever so ardent. Politicians have long handled the slave question for their own benefit, and we think they can well afford now to leave it in the hands of the military leaders to be dealt with as circumstances dictate and demand.

Suppose that this could be done forthwith, as easily as it can be counselled, what would cost us as a nation? Not only the retiring States; not only the burning insult to the Government; but not only square miles of territory by the tens of thousands, which have been paid for to insure general good; but the animating principle of the national prosperity itself; something which can not be expressed by hundreds of millions."

"Acknowledge the rebellion in so few months after it compacts itself—acknowledge it without gathering all possible power to put it down, and we acknowledge the principle that upheaved it—the idea of Supremacy, the legitimacy of secession. And then the nation has acknowledged it for Illinois, for Pennsylvania, for Brigham Young, for Minnesota, for California, it has acknowledged that Michigan owns Lake Superior and Lake Huron; that Connecticut holds a clear title at pleasure to Long Island Sound; that New Jersey may close Delaware Bay by Armstrong guns on Cape May; that New York may steal the Hudson and seal its mouth with a tariff; that Nevada has a sovereign title to its silver ledges. It has taken one long step toward its grave. It has not only lost provinces, it has lost a principle that gave them, and the States that remain, the most of their value. It has not only lost a stream, but has consented to see the fountain choked out of which all its streams have flowed. As a matter of public economy the nation could better afford to pay hundreds of millions than to hurry into a peace which would acknowledge the principle of State sovereignty, and thus introduce the disease of civil scurvy into the tissues of the body politic. The peace would cost too much."

"But, all this while, we are talking as though we could have peace by acknowledging the rebellion and its Confederacy. Two minutes' reflection will show that it is impossible. Suppose that the Government should be willing to ground arms to-morrow, and acknowledge the doctrine of State Supremacy, and the new Southern combination, look at the practical difficulties that would instantly be on our hands. Virginia is divided. Maryland is divided. There are hostile tendencies in Delaware. Tennessee would be torn by antagonistic affinities. Kentucky would boil with internal agitation. Missouri would "seethe with secret ire." Thousands of citizens of each of these States, whole counties, vast districts, would refuse to go with the rebel Confederation. Thousands, and tens of thousands, would insist on such a partnership. The North is a unit; the South is not,—and the moment the Government should abandon the contest, the fury of civil war would break out in almost every one of the States I have seen."

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The following is the list of officers installed in Ossocia Division, of this town, Monday evening: W. P.—John G. Knight; W. A.—C. K. Conn; R. S.—George Kelley; A. R. S.—Alex. Murdoch; F. S.—Charles W. Gorham; T.—John Burke; C.—W. M. Miller; A. C.—Win. Murdoch; I. S.—James Skinner; O. S.—Geo. E. Powle.

A NEW PETITION.—The following petition is being circulated and signed, and will soon be sent on to Washington.

"To the President and Cabinet of the United States:

We the undersigned, citizens of Massachusetts, respectfully pray that the Government take some immediate measures to procure the exchange, or release from imprisonment, of those soldiers of the Federal Army, now held as Prisoners of War by the rebels."

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### THE WAY THE WAR "RUINS" US.—When the nations of the old world are engaged in war they are compelled to export species in order to get the necessities with which to carry it on, thus impoverishing themselves.

With us the case is different, we have imported more species than this war began which we have exported, and the money which it takes to prosecute it does not leave the country, but is re-circulated among our people. The money that has been and will be necessary to keep the machinery working, comes from the laid-up capital of monied men and goes mostly into the pockets of a poorer class. We have demonstrated the fact most clearly, that we can carry on a war costing a million and a quarter a day, independent of any foreign nation's aid—the wealth of our own citizens being more than adequate to meet every requirement. The following figures and facts we most respectfully dedicate to the London Times with the hope that they may be the means of opening a channel in the thick muddle of its principal scribbler, through which a ray of light and truth may pass into that dark and mysterious cavern, but as the Journal does not enjoy any larger circulation in England than the Times does in America, we are afraid that worthy individuals will remain in his present blissful state of ignorance, unless some one takes the trouble to send him a copy of our paper!—

The receipts of grain at Chicago in 1861, are nearly four times as great as they were in 1859, and 50 per cent. greater than in 1860. The deliveries of grain at tide water, through the Erie Canal, from the opening of navigation to Sept. 7th, have been on a scale of corresponding magnitude. Our exports to foreign countries show a similar increase. The total exports to England and to the Continent of breadstuff from the United States, for three years, up to Sept. 1, in each year, have been as follows:—

| Flour, bbls.    | Wheat, bu. | Corn, bu.  |
|-----------------|------------|------------|
| 1861. 2,703,700 | 29,005,866 | 11,810,566 |
| 1860. 766,339   | 5,116,743  | 2,242,059  |
| 1859. 157,855   | 497,855    | 376,532    |

The total foreign exports of the port of New York for 1861, to Sept. 7, \$91,246,351 Same time last year, \$63,813,917 Increase, \$27,402,434

The imports into New York since 1st of January last, exclusive of Bullion, have been \$96,847,208 Same time last year, 175,292,275 Decrease, \$78,445,007 Add excess of exports, 27,402,434 Add excess of imports of bullion, 38,193,000 Change in our favor at the port of New York, in eight months of the current year, \$144,010,437

The receipt of foreign gold and silver, and of gold from California, at New York, and at Boston for New York account, since Jan. 1, have been \$66,793,000 Same time in 1860, 25,110,000 Increase, \$41,683,000

All the above facts are from authentic sources and present a result unexampled in the history of nations.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

#### Surprise Party in North Woburn.

The friends and acquaintances of Widow Annie Burtt took possession of her house last Tuesday evening while she was away making an afternoon visit to one of her friends. When she returned in the evening about 8 o'clock, she found her house well lighted and about one hundred persons present having a social time. Before partaking of the collation, Rev. Mr. Byington asked a blessing. After the repast the friends began to leave for their homes, feeling, I doubt not, that they were only carrying out our Saviour's precept, that "Who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

I am happy to say that Mrs. Burtt is well provided for, for the coming winter. May she never want for this world's goods, and may heaven's richest blessings ever rest upon her and her children.

#### ONE OF THE PARTY.

North Woburn, Oct. 9th 1861.

WOBURN GAS COMPANY.—The annual meeting of this Company was held last Tuesday evening. The following persons were chosen Directors—Charles Choate, Abijah Thompson, Bowen Buckman, J. B. Winn, J. P. Converse.

ROBBERY.—The shop of Nathan Parker, on Oakley Court, was entered last Wednesday night, and a spy-glass, worth \$10, stolen. Several pairs of new boots and shoes were in the shop at the time, together with some leather, but remained untouched.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The following is the list of officers installed in Ossocia Division, of this town, Monday evening: W. P.—John G. Knight; W. A.—C. K. Conn; R. S.—George Kelley; A. R. S.—Alex. Murdoch; F. S.—Charles W. Gorham; T.—John Burke; C.—W. M. Miller; A. C.—Win. Murdoch; I. S.—James Skinner;

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### Party Repudiated.

On Friday evening, Sept. 27, a political caucus was held at the Selectmen's room in this place, to choose delegates to the Republican Convention to be held at Worcester. Three prominent and active members of the party were chosen. Republicans were also chosen for delegates to the County and Councillor Convention, to the Senatorial Convention, also for Town Committee. All are Republicans with, possibly, an exception or two. This is all natural and to have been expected, and no one has a right to complain, and no one does complain.

The call for the caucus invited all to attend who were in favor of sustaining the administration in its efforts to maintain the government; or in sentiments near that. As much as to say, all who are in favor of sustaining Republican rule, are invited to meet with the Republicans in caucus and elect delegates to a Republican Convention. Very many will do their utmost to sustain the government in its present struggle for existence, who will beg to be excused from acting under Republican dictation; and the Committee who issued the call must have underrated the common sense and discretion of the community, if they supposed that any beside their own party would give heed to it.

But go farther back. The Democratic party have lately held a Convention. They had reasons for wishing to get together and hold together. The call for delegates was plain and unmistakable—they were to be of the Democratic party. Thus far no one can complain. Some of their most distinguished members did, however, recommend most earnestly that they should refrain from making any State nominations, and wave all party action and issues, for the greater good of the country in its present awful crisis. In this very many others of the party heartily concurred; and multitudes not of the party, with no selfish, but purely patriotic feelings did ardently desire such a result.

The Republicans have also held their Convention. The call for delegates inviting such as would sustain the government, they assume to think, was liberal and sufficient, and ought to have satisfied all and have secured a free attendance from members of other parties. It can, however, hardly be supposed that they really expected any other result than that which occurred. They met, had things their own way, nominated a Republican ticket, adding to it one Democrat and one Union man—with what motive and for what purpose, each will judge for himself. They call it a great act of magnanimity, a sacrificing of party interests for the public good. *Credit Judaeus!* We do not thus read human nature. Why did they not begin and carry their disinterestedness through? Why not start on unpartisan ground—unite with others in calling a citizens' convention, and wave all party issues? The strengthening of the government required it, and the good of the country required it. The determination that the Convention should be called by them, and should be under their control is evidence sufficient that the rulers of the Republican party have no intention of giving up the prestige and power of their position; and they have no idea that the nomination of one Democrat and one Union man on their ticket will in any degree weaken their power.

Hence too in our town, provision is made for the County and Councillor and Senatorial Conventions, thus securing the consolidation and permanence of Republican rule. Under mere ordinary circumstances, all this would be no cause of complaint. It would amuse. But we are in serious times, when love of party, love of power, love of office, and it may be added love of self ought all to give way to a deep and constraining love of our country; when every hand should be united in earnest, self-sacrificing efforts for not merely the good, but the very existence of our national government. It is time and the time to do away with Town, County, State and National parties. Let all caucuses and conventions be *citizens'* meetings, and let our first, middle and last concern be for our country. The time will come when party issues may again be wholesome and requisite, but the time is not yet.

HALLET.

Winchester, Oct. 8.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

I purposed some time since to refer, somewhat in detail, to the doings of our Town Treasurer, George Batchelder, Esq., who was chosen to said office in 1843, and has continued therein, to the present time, with no prospect that he will soon be allowed to vacate it. The amount of credit he has given the town during this time, are as follows:—

|                                    |                     |           |             |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|-----------|-------------|
| 1843,                              | \$4,661.53          | 1853,     | 9,775.55    |
| '44,                               | 5,850.89            | '64,      | 27,805.61   |
| 6,751.80                           | "                   | 16,667.22 |             |
| 45,                                | 6,413.17            | "         | 56,         |
| 56,                                | 13,494.70           |           | 13,494.70   |
| 46,                                | 6,642.54            | "         | 57,         |
| 57,                                | 13,976.41           |           | 13,976.41   |
| 47,                                | 7,159.43            | "         | 58,         |
| 58,                                | 18,167.53           |           | 18,167.53   |
| 48,                                | 7,613.80            | "         | 59,         |
| 59,                                | 14,606.32           |           | 14,606.32   |
| 49,                                | 6,913.93            | "         | 60,         |
| 60,                                | 17,516.01           |           | 17,516.01   |
| 50,                                | 9,757.71            |           |             |
| 51,                                | 7,885.89            | Total,    | 261,600.04  |
|                                    |                     |           |             |
| School District tax, in Districts, |                     |           |             |
| No. 5, 1848,                       | \$2,46 No. 6, 1853, | 617.43    |             |
| 6,                                 | 1,047.25            | "         |             |
| 10,                                | 119.60              | "         | 31.21       |
| 6, 1849,                           | 512.86              | "         | 30.63       |
| 8,                                 | 257.53              | 6, 1854,  | 407.63      |
| 1,                                 | 52.24               | "         | 628.15      |
| 4,                                 | 110.07              | "         | 408.33      |
| 5, 1850,                           | 30.80               | 1, 1855,  | 605.57      |
| 6,                                 | 828.56              | 2,        | 311.77      |
| 8,                                 | 306.02              | 1, 1856,  | 601.94      |
| 1,                                 | 1,851,              | 2,        | 320.47      |
| 1,                                 | 244.53              | "         | 54,         |
| 6,                                 | 618.06              | 6, 1857,  | 404.40      |
| 8,                                 | 310.69              | "         | 649.19      |
| 1,                                 | 1,852,              | 6, 1858,  | 733.73      |
| 3,                                 | 557.24              | 4, 1860,  | 52.35       |
| 8,                                 | 306.10              | "         |             |
| "                                  | 322.12              | Total,    | \$12,918.48 |
| "                                  | 620.29              |           |             |

Mr. Batchelder was chosen Treasurer of the Old South Parish in 1839, and has credited the Parish as follows:—

|                   |            |        |              |
|-------------------|------------|--------|--------------|
| 1839,             | \$8,632.45 | 1850,  | 3,938.57     |
| '40,              | 834.72     | '51,   | 2,914.13     |
| 41,               | 1,340.41   | "      | 6,010.61     |
| 42,               | 1,374.59   | "      | 5,815.60     |
| 43,               | 1,002.40   | "      | 7,363.40     |
| 44,               | 963.10     | "      | 2,046.80     |
| 45,               | 957.45     | "      | 3,843.95     |
| 46,               | 1,657.34   | "      | 2,416.64     |
| 47,               | 982.12     | "      | 2,045.30     |
| Ministerial Fund, | 59,        |        |              |
| 48,               | 7,414.43   | "      | 3,009.63     |
| "                 | 2,700.96   | Total, | 62,970.48    |
|                   |            |        |              |
| Sum Total,        |            |        | \$277,489.00 |

The above shows quite a respectable sum to be collected and paid through one man's hand, yet in collecting and disbursing this large amount, the requisite qualifications have not been wanting, as the Auditing Committee chose last March, plainly shows,—for it must be admitted that the Committee was an able one,—as they were unable to discover any leakage, or bars down whereby the cows could get into the cornfield.

The above shows that the confidence reposed in Mr. B. has not been misplaced, and that he has a strong hold on the people. I will add that many a draft has been honored by him, when there has been no funds in the treasury, from his own abundant resources, rather than subject the individual to the trouble of calling the second time; and further instances have been known, where poor men who have been unfortunate, were not called upon to pay their poll tax, but which were freely paid by himself. In addition to this amount of public business, Mr. B. has given his personal attention to his well stocked farm; he has also found time, (or rather taken time), to cover a considerable area of ground with beehives and is especially interested in introducing the stallion bee which he thinks will be a great improvement, especially as this bee eagerly applies itself to the seed and crop of clover, whereas the more common bee seldom if ever gathers therefrom. The raising of tobacco has also engaged a share of his attention for some two years, and the result in part is seen in the manufacture of several boxes of cigars, which were made by Mr. Nicholas Keo, and it is believed that Mr. B.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—The depressed state of business for some time past, has caused a falling off in the receipts of our several railroads for freight and passengers. It is upon the freight principally, that these Corporations rely for their profits, as they do not allow that the season ticket passengers pay the cost of their transportation. The directors of the various Corporations have been recently consulting together as to the best means for reducing the expenses of the road. They have acted so far as to reduce the number of trains, and dispense with some of the con-

tors for a while at least, until business shall again require them. A reference to the last arrangement of trains upon our road, will show that there are less trains than formerly and the passengers will miss some of the conductors whose faces and forms were familiar to them. So far as our road is concerned the retirement has been made in the Lowell and Nashua trains and those attached thereto. There cannot be any less number of trains run on the Woburn Branch without great inconvenience. It is also proposed, to make a reduction of ten per cent in the salaries of all the employees on the road from the highest to the lowest. This will be fair and equitable, if it shall apply to all, although it may be a question whether there are not some ratholes, if I may so term them, which may be stopped up, whereby a saving may be made, rather than to cut down the wages of those who at the best are not sufficiently remunerated for the interests of the Corporation. The work upon the Stoneham Branch Rail-road to connect with the Lowell Rail-road at East Woburn, which has been suspended for some time for want of funds, has been resumed, the sleepers and rails are being laid, and there is every prospect of its speedy completion. It is a wonder that the inhabitants of Stoneham having the means should have allowed this road to be so long delayed, when it must be apparent that it will be a great benefit to them.

The ladies are bestirring themselves to some purpose in knitting socks for the soldiers who have volunteered to leave their homes and friends to sustain the honor of the nation and the institutions we so much prize.

Mr. M. W. Whitney opened a singing school Monday evening, in the hall of the new Bank Building, and a goodly number were present.

Quite a number of our shoemakers are busily employed making army shoes, and it is hoped and believed that they turn out a better article than is furnished to some of the soldiers, for one writer says that the shoes furnished the soldiers are not worth 25 cents a pair.

Reading appears to be pretty well represented in the war, more than enough to constitute a company have already gone, and a margin left of about thirty. They are represented in regiments formed in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, Michigan, and also our own State.

LENO.

### SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.—Much beside the extended reports of the Horticultural exhibitions recently held in town might be said, and would have been said, but for the appearance of self glorification in the view of those who might feel but little interest in so much of one thing in any one department of the *Journal*. It is a fact however, that small means from comparatively insignificant sources will stir up ripples on the sea of thought and improvement, producing circles which become large and effective. The Horticultural Society in this place required a great deal of urging before it obtained a real existence; for the inquiry was made, "What can a small town like this do in the way of frequent exhibitions?" But the principle was adopted that seldom is anything important accomplished without an effort. The effort was put forth in the right direction and proved successful. At the beginning of the enterprise some of its friends had hardly hope enough to attend the first exhibition, though they had contributed to it, until induced to do so by others who had already witnessed it. The experiment of one season has given entire satisfaction, though the good results will be more fully felt in the future. The last Fair was a full justification of the remarks made in the *Journal* a few weeks ago, to the effect that the County exhibitions were too distant from each other to accomplish all that was desired. And here is the illustration. So far as we are aware only one individual from this town contributed to the County Fairs, mainly on account of the distance. And yet it is conceded by all who attended the County Fairs and our town Fair on Oct. 2d, that the display in some departments of our exhibition far exceeded that at Concord or Lowell. This was particularly the case in the floral and fruit departments. The apples, pears and grapes contributed by our own town, to say nothing of valuable contributions by others, exceeded in variety those at the County exhibitions. In fact, a gentleman who was present, and who had attended all the Fairs in the vicinity of Boston for the season, remarked to one of the members, that for taste and beauty he had not seen its equal. By these remarks it is not intended to claim the precedence for South Reading over her neighbors, but to show that there are elements and resources in a single town to accomplish more than is accomplished by many prosperous towns combined. From what we have seen of the resources of Woburn, Reading, Stoneham, &c., each of these towns might do as much as we have yet been able to do, and perhaps more. If any desire to make the trial now is the time for preparation—to select the seeds and plan for the spring. We have a well selected library connected with our Society which should be studied during the winter evenings to obtain information on those subjects and those points, where information is most needed. Winter is a good time to form such associations, collect libraries, &c. Interest and union of effort will accomplish the object. We had intended to close this article by suggesting the idea of the union of several towns for a more extended exhibition annually, including the cattle show, in addition to the already established County Fairs. But we forbear for this time.

The above shows that the confidence reposed in Mr. B. has not been misplaced, and that he has a strong hold on the people. I will add that many a draft has been honored by him, when there has been no funds in the treasury, from his own abundant resources, rather than subject the individual to the trouble of calling the second time; and further instances have been known, where poor men who have been unfortunate, were not called upon to pay their poll tax, but which were freely paid by himself. In addition to this amount of public business, Mr. B. has given his personal attention to his well stocked farm; he has also found time, (or rather taken time), to cover a considerable area of ground with beehives and is especially interested in introducing the stallion bee which he thinks will be a great improvement, especially as this bee eagerly applies itself to the seed and crop of clover, whereas the more common bee seldom if ever gathers therefrom. The raising of tobacco has also engaged a share of his attention for some two years, and the result in part is seen in the manufacture of several boxes of cigars, which were made by Mr. Nicholas Keo, and it is believed that Mr. B.

EXCELSIOR.

### NOTICE

For the Middlesex Journal.

I HEREBY give notice, that the Subscribers has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of the late John T. Richardson, late of CYRUS RICHARDSON, late of Springfield, in the State of Illinois, deceased, testator, and has taken upon himself the trust and care of his estate. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons entitled to payment are called upon to make payment to JOHN JOHNSON, Admin.

Woburn, Oct. 8, 1861—2. 3w.

### NOVEL SWIMMING BELT.—

A curious invention for the use of the army has just been experimented on at Paris. It consists of a swimming belt on an entirely new principle.

An inverted truncated cone made of thin metal, fitting closely about the waist, is divided into a number of small impermeable divisions, so that in case of accident to one or more of these apparatus would still be effective. The whole does not weigh more than 5 lbs. The experiment was made by the master of a swimming school on the Seine, and a non-commissioned officer in the military establishment, and was deemed perfectly satisfactory. The river was crossed and recrossed by what is known to bathers as treading water, cigars were lighted, and the action of using a musket gone through. The swimmers then made an effort to lie down on the river, and even to turn over, but the apparatus always brought them back to the vertical position.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

WOBURN, ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Oct. 11th, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON

for—

Upper Railroads, 7:30 a.m., 5:00 p.m.

Lowell, 7:30, 10:00 a.m., 9:30, 5:00 p.m.

North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, 7:30, 9:30, 5:00 p.m.

Woburn, W. S., and E. Woburn, 7:30, 10 a.m., 2:30, 5:00 p.m.

Woburn Centre, 7:00, 11:30, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30, 9:30 p.m.

Winchester and West Medford, 7:00, 10:00, 11:30, 5:00 p.m.

Concord, 7:00, 10:00, 11:30, 5:00 p.m.

\*Wednesdays at 11:30 p.m. Saturdays at 10 p.m.

Mondays at 11:30 p.m. a train leaves for Lowell, Nashua and Way Station.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

All classes of the community can have their wants supplied in any style of printing they may need.

BLANKBOOKS,

INSURANCE POLICIES

BANK CHECKS,

NOTE BOOKS,

BLANK RECEIPTS,

LEGAL BLANKS,

BILL HEADS,

*Continued from First Page.*

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude; he received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude he vanished. The benevolent stranger instantly sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labor—a miserable table, and no bed, bureau, and a little bed in which the invalid lay. She appeared weak and almost exhausted, and on the bed at her feet sat a little boy crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at the sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and feigning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deep sigh, added, "Oh, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of a physician to cure! I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper and deeper in want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrows; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of misery into which my children would be plunged; it—." Here emotion checked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke consolingly to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbed with a pleasure that was unworded.

"Do not despair," said the stranger, "of recovering, and of preserving a life so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?"

The poor widow took a little prayer book from the hands of the child who sat on the bed with her, and tearing out a blank leaf, "I have no other," said she, "but perhaps this will do."

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket and wrote a few lines upon the paper.

"This prescription," said he, "you will find of service to you. If it is necessary, I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery."

He laid the paper on the table and departed. Scarce was he gone when the eldest son returned.

"Cheer up, dear mother!" said he, going to her bedside and affectionately kissing her. "See what a kind benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself, dear mother, and take courage."

"Come nearer, my son," answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child. "Come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. Oh, may he watch over you in all your paths! A physician has just been here. He was a stranger, but he spoke to me with a compassion and kindness that were a balm to my heart. When he went away he left a prescription on the table; see if you can read it."

Henry glanced at the paper and started back; he took it up, and as he read it through again and again, a cry of wonderful astonishment escaped him.

"What is it, my son?" exclaimed the widow, trembling with an apprehension—of she knew not what.

"Ah, dear, dear mother! God has heard us."

The mother took the paper from the hands of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it than, "My God!" she exclaimed; "it is Washington!" and fell back fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation—for it was indeed he—which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars from his own private property, to be doubled if necessary.

Meanwhile the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her fainting-fit. The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse, with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food, soon restored her to perfect health.

The influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her with constant employment, and her sons, when they arrived at the proper age, were placed in respectable positions, where they were able to support themselves and render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

Let the children who read this story remember, when thinking of the great and good Washington, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of its inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but only one of a thousand incidents which might be related of him, and which stamp him one of the best of men.

"Why, he can't."—When Blondin's agent appeared before the Directors of the Crystal Palace, to "negotiate an engagement," one cautious member of that body ventured to remark, in a sense adverse to the engagement—"But suppose he were to fall?"

"Do what?" asked the agent, to whom the remark was especially addressed.

"Fall!" repeated the director.

"Fall!" re-echoed the agent, with a most natural air of surprise, "where from?"

"Where from?" reiterated the other, "why from the rope?"

Blondin fell from the rope! said the agent, with a calm solemnity, "why, he can't!" and that being the case, the terms of engagement were duly concluded.

**FATE OF ALL.**—An old maid, on the wintry side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of one of her friends, a pretty young lady, observed, with a sentimental sigh—"Well, I suppose 'tis what we must all come to!"

A SMART RETORT.—A doctor went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed—"Oh, doctor, you're a good butcher." "Yes," rejoined the knight of the lancet, "I am used to sticking calves!"

## Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt, And every grit, so merry, draws one out!"

### Bachelor's Hall.

Bachelor's Hall! what a queer looking place it is! Kape me from such all the days of my life; Sure, but I think, what a burnin' disgrace it is, Never at all to be getting a wife,

See the old bachelor gloomy and sad enough, Placing his taykettle over the fire.

Soon it tips over—St! Patrick! he's mad enough (If he were present) to fight with a square.

Now like a hog, in a mortar bed wallowing, (Awkward enough see him kneading his dough,) Troth, if the bread he could ate without swallowing, That would favor his palate you know.

His dishel'd is missing—the pigs are devouring it; In the pursuit he has broken his shin;

A plate wanted washing—grimakin's is scouring it; Thunder and Turf, what a pukin he's in!

Pots, dishes and pans, such greasy commodities, Ashes and prattish siver kiver the floor;

His euphard's a storehouse of uncivil oddities, "Things that had never been neighbors before,

His meal being over, the table's left setting sp; Dishes take care of yourselves if you can,

But hunger returns, then he's foaming and fretting so,

Och! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Late in the night he goes to bed shivering, Never the bit is the bed made at all; He creeps like a terrapin under the kiverin', Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall.

## SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety 's the Spice of life, That gives it all its flavor."

FEAR is the shadow of hope.

Do your best and defy the devil to do his worst.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

POVERTY humbles pride. A man when he is short, can hardly carry a high head.

If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repeat of it.

Why is Virginia sure to come right? Because she keeps Wheeling for the Union.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

DEATH and to-morrow are never here—they are either not come or gone

A man's own good-breeding is the best security against other peoples ill manners.

HARDLY anything is so difficult in writing as to write with ease.

On what ground may confectioners be deemed very mercenary lovers? Because they sell their "kisses."

It would be well if we had less medicine and more cures; less profession and more piety; less law and more justice.

A good many presiding officers at public meetings don't know how to put a question. Young ladies think it should be popped.

THESE are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

WHAT throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with?—A soar throat.

The bachelor has to look out for number one—the married man for number two.

We pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

WOMEN never truly command until they have given their promise to obey.

Even if a woman had as many locks upon her heart as she has upon her head, a cunning rogue would find his way into it.

IT is not safe to marry a poet. A young lady should beware of a beau, who, like the bow of the shower and the sun, is always in the clouds.

THE proud have no friends: not in prosperity, for then they know nobody; not in adversity, for then nobody knows them.

It is justly said of woman that she divides our sorrows and doubles our joys. Pity she quadruples our expenses.

## CATCHING A GREASED PIG.

The Rhode Island boys, at Camp Sprague, near Washington, go the "whole hog" on outdoor sports, when off duty, the latest event being a pig race, an account of which we append: The poor porker closely shaved and thoroughly lubricated from snout to tail, was conveyed to the arena in a covered box. Pitiful indeed was the expression of his innocent face when, uncaged, he was turned adrift. Unknowing his destiny, he slowly stepped from his prison, grunting satisfaction at release. But with a hoop ten incarnate flings madly forward and endeavored to clutch his prehensile tail. Piggy, of a sudden, awoke to a realizing sense of his position, and darted off, uncertain where to go, and emitting the most doleful squeals. He rushed here, and scouted there, having no respect for the legs of any one, and routing people in every direction. The men perspiring hot and eager, were desperate in the chase. They grabbed and caught only to find their efforts futile. No sooner would the prize appear to be won than it was lost. The difficulty of the capture was enhanced by its being allowable only to hold the animal by his uncouth appendage—any other method being ruled out. The feat appeared impossible, but one man sublimely rose whose intellect was adequate to the performance of the feat! He showed himself to be the very Napoleon of pig chasers. He soared supreme at the arduousness of the task, and watching for an opportunity threw himself bodily on the victim, and seized the tail between his teeth. The squealing was terrific, but was drowned in the shrieks of laughter that was undoubtedly heard in Washington. Who got the pig? Why, a Marine, of course.

To L.—There are more things "to let" than are placarded. Hearts are to let to every day; old hearts, young hearts, stricken hearts—all empty—all let.

There are heads to let; to any new thing, toisms, ologies and ists; heads without a tenant.

There are hands to let. Hands plump and fair; hands lean and brown. Those to law, these to labor; these for rags, and those for riggs.

There are consciences to let; elastic accommodating cauchous; at five per cent. a month; sixty per cent. a year. To let on bond and mortgage and pound of flesh.

And so it goes, from sots to souls; almost everything with its price; everything with the mark of the bawd and gribes. They are never quoted, never a premium, never let.

I. D. RICHARDS & SONS, 87 & 89 State Street, Boston, Mass. Boston, April 6, 1861.—29 ly

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : NO. 3.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### Farewell to the Swallows.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Swallows, sitting on the eaves,  
See ye not the gather'd swallows,  
See ye not the falling leaves?

Farewell!

Is it not time to go  
To that fair land ye know?  
The breezes, as they swell,  
Of coming winter tell,

And from the trees shake down  
The brown  
And withered leaves. Farewell!

Swallows, it is time to fly;  
See not ye the altered sky?  
Know ye not that winter's nigh?  
Farewell!

Goe; fly in noisy bands  
To those far distant lands  
Of gold, and pearl, and shell,  
And gem (of which they tell  
In books of travels strange):

There range

In happiness. Farewell!

Swallows on your pinions glide  
Over the restless rolling tide  
Of the ocean deep and wide;  
Farewell!

In groves far, far away,  
In summer's sunny ray,  
In warmer regions dwell;

And then return to tell  
Strange tales of foreign lands,  
In bands

Perch'd on the eaves. Farewell!

Swallows, I could almost pray  
That I, like you, might fly away,  
And to such coming evil say—  
Farewell!

Yet tis my fate to live  
Here, and with care to strive.  
And I some day may tell  
How they before me fell  
Conquered. Then calmly die,  
And cry

"Trials and toil—Farewell!"

### Select Literature.

#### THE BROTHERS.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

In the outskirts of a small town in Devonshire there stands to this day a small farmhouse, of picturesquesque though ruined aspect. It had once been far more extensive, but its owner, a careless and unenergetic man, had gradually parted with acres, and allowed the principal portion of his dwelling to go in the course of twenty years to ruin, until there remained habitable but a kitchen and two bedrooms. More addicted to sporting and betting on horse-races, than to asiduous attention to his interests, Edward Sargent had become a distressed farmer, not from bad harvests or misfortune, but from thoughtlessness or love of pleasure. It was in vain that his wife strove to supply his presence. She had a young family to attend to; and besides, good, true, prudent Esther was a townsman's child, whom he had married for her beauty and personal qualities, but who though an excellent wife and better mother, was not the woman to replace the absent agriculturist. She had, as I have said, a family, two boys and a girl, whom she brought up as well as she could. They had not much out-door education, because, at the very time when they should have gone to school, the income of the farmer decreased in consequence of heavy losses, and then came death and took away the head of the house.

Mrs. Sargent found herself, at thirty-seven, with a house, a few acres, and thirty pounds a year, derived from money in the funds of her own, and with these limited resources she determined to do battle for her little ones, and to raise them to a high moral elevation as possible. The clergyman of the parish, fortunately, was a simple, good man, who willingly aided her, and when Edward was twenty-one, Alfred nineteen, and Sophia seventeen, they had made much progress. Edward was learning the business of an architect, Alfred attended to the farm, and Sophia to the details of the household. Their characters were very different. Edward was very thoughtful, looked before him always, and scarcely ever acted from sudden impulse. Alfred on the other hand, was more lively, very thoughtless, and possessed by an ardent desire to rise from his obscure and humble position, but without ever beginning anything which might lead to his success. Sophia was a good little housekeeper, aided her mother in doors, worked at her needle, and made the house light and merry with her sweet voice and gentle smile.

At this epoch in their life their mother died, and Edward found himself at twenty-one at the head of the household. The young people deeply grieved for the loss of their parent, and for more than six months no other topic of conversation was heard in the house—all, however, otherwise continuing as usual, Edward going regularly to his office, Alfred attending to the farm, and Sophia silently and ably performing the domestic duties of the interior. Generally of an evening they assembled together, and spent the hours in reading, talking, and sewing, according to their several tastes; but toward the end of that time Edward would often go out of an evening, and so soon would Alfred. The former was returned about half-past nine, to sleep with his sister, but Alfred would often stay till nearly midnight. For some time the change in their mode of life excited no remark, but one morning, at breakfast, Edward dressed his brother:—

"My dear Al," said he gently, "how comes it we never see you of an evening now? You never come home until we are fast asleep."

Alfred started to the eyes, and tried to answer carelessly.

"Why the fact is," he replied, really glad to bring about an explanation, "I am thinking of getting married."

"Married!" cried Edward, himself coloring violently.

"Married!" repeated Sophia, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Not to-morrow, nor next day, but soon, when I get my two hundred pounds," said Alfred, with some hesitation.

"Well, my dear, Alfred," continued Edward, "I am glad you have made this confidence to me, for I myself had in view a marriage. But listen to me. Living narrowly as we do, our rent free, growing our own vegetables, keeping cows, pigs, and fowls, with thirty pounds a year to buy clothes and luxuries, we are able just to live and no more. The moment we part the six hundred and odd pounds, take each our own share, and sell the house and ground, we shall have only a small capital with which to commence the battle of life alone, but not sufficient to support a wife, and bye and bye a family. We all hope to do better than we are doing now. If we were content to be farm-laborers, or shopmen, or artisans, I should then say, marry. We have a capital sufficient to purchase a cottage, buy furniture, and start fair. In that station wives would aid instead of hamper us. But we, who aspire above this, should before we take a girl from her home, have another home to give her. Now, Alfred, for months I have made up my mind. England I love, but she is a country better suited to skilled artisans, laborers, who find ready employment with men of capital. In America we find new country, where we can have land for little or nothing, where the field widens every day, where professions find new outlets every hour, and where a man may venture even without money, but where, with our resources, we should in the western settlements be rich. This he divided into three equal portions: one for Alfred, to be kept until the wedding-day, which was to take place in two months, the day previous to their departure; the second he re-invested for Sophia, wishing to reserve her share until he saw how affairs went; and of the third he put two hundred, and if ever I comes to ax it, you must give me answer five hundred in ten years. What say you, friend?"

"That will I," exclaimed Sophia, heartily. "Six months ago I would gladly have said the same," replied Alfred, with a sigh he could not restrain. "I cannot leave England now. My plans, too, are all made. Now that you mean to leave the old house, I shall propose to you to let me have it; I will take a little more ground near it, and begin farming on a large scale. I shall buy a horse and cart, and employ a couple of laborers, then I and Alice need no out-door work."

"Alice who—not Alice Hawthorn?" said Edward.

"Yes; what objections have you to her?" asked Alfred, somewhat angrily, though respecting his elder brother still was evident in the tone of his voice.

"None to her. But her father, you know, was a respectable tradesman, who, ruined by drink, took refuge from bankruptcy in a small beer-shop, where he lives in hopeless misery, drinking almost as much as he sells, his house the refuge of bad characters, and where it is said that he allows gambling at hours when other places are completely shut up. Such a connection can scarcely do us credit."

"Edward!" exclaimed the other, passionately, "you are unjust. Hawthorn has his faults, but Alice is an angel, and no power on earth can induce me to give her up." "I have neither the desire nor the power to prevent your marrying this girl," replied Edward, gently; "but listen to me. She may prove an excellent and good wife, if you will it. Should you be determined to pursue the path of patient industry, here or elsewhere, she would profit by your example. But why not come with me? You are both very young, and surely can wait two years. If she loves you, will you find her waiting your return with gladness, and proud to accompany you to a home where competence, even wealth, if you will, may be yours."

"She would be married to young Fulton," exclaimed Alfred. "Then she does not really love you," observed Edward.

"Yes, she does. But then two years of absence would give my rival opportunities which he would not miss. He was almost engaged to her, when I stepped in and won her affections. And you, are you certain that your young lady will wait for you two years?"

"Yes!" cried Edward, warmly; "you know Mrs. Enderby, the widowed sister of my employer. It is her daughter I seek to wed. We have been almost engaged nearly a year, and last night I was finally accepted. She will reside with her mother until I send for them, living on their joint labors. Though brought up to better things, they employ a certain number of hours a day in various profitable ways. Mrs. Enderby is clever at her needle, and Emily gives easy lessons on the piano to young girls. Sometimes she teaches mere children to read, to write, to use their needles, and thus they live comfortably. When I am ready, they will both come and join me, and Emily's four hundred pounds will be added to the common store."

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" cried So-

phia, gladly; "if Alfred would only come with us, it would be delightful."

"I shall stick to old England. I shall make my fortune here. I have my plans too," exclaimed Alfred, somewhat sulinely, "and we shall see who will do best in the end."

"You must do as you will. We should have done better united, but I seek not to force you. Whenever you are ready, the two hundred pounds are at your command, and this house, as Sophia, brave girl, accompanies me."

"Thank you, Edward. Though too serious and starched by half, you are a kind brother. Let us be the same friends as before."

And Alfred hurried away. Edward remained with his sister to discuss with her at full length his plans of emigration. Having once made of his sister a confidant, the young man found ample subject of conversation relative to Emily, and it was resolved that she should come over on Sunday to the farm with her mother, to dinner and tea, that the family might make better acquaintance. Edward regretted much that he had not been more open with his brother, who might, at an earlier period, have entered into these plans, but shook his head gravely when there was talk of his marriage. He would even have thought his immediate union with Alice more wise had he resolved to emigrate, but to this Alfred had said she had an insuperable objection. The brother and sister, therefore, put all thoughts of this aside, and began arranging their own plans. They were to start in two months, and had everything to prepare. They had saved a few pounds by extreme economy and next day Edward ordered his money to be sold out, and found himself in the possession of seven hundred and thirty pounds. This he divided into three equal portions: one for Alfred, to be kept until the wedding-day, which was to take place in two months, the second he re-invested for Sophia, wishing to reserve her share until he saw how affairs went; and of the third he put two hundred, and if ever I comes to ax it, you must give me answer five hundred in ten years. What say you, friend?"

Edward smiled at his host's way of talking, and then briefly put him in possession of the facts of his case; told him his hopes and wishes, and his means.

"Now my! That you should come into these parts just now! This here's my reply. The country's too thickly peopled for me. I got neighbors close upon five miles off. When I came here first, there want a loafer within fifty miles. So I'm off to Texas. There's plenty o' room and to spare there. Besides its great hunting out in them diggins. And there's war, and Job Potts aint fit the Mexicans yet, but he means to. So here's an offer. Give me five hundred dollars for the house, improvements, cattle, fowls, geese, ducks, furniture, and all the traps, my gun not being counted, and tu morrow we'll go down to Burnsville and transfer the location. If it answers its wuth five thousand, and if ever I comes to ax it, you must give me answer five hundred in ten years. What say you, friend?"

"That I accept with all my heart, if half an hour's inspection in the morning pleases me as well as it did this evening."

"That affair is settled then. I know you'll like it, so I shall pack up, and start for Texas to-morrow. I only wanted to find a stranger who would buy. I've found one, and Job Potts is G. T. T."

"What does that mean?" asked Edward laughing.

"Why, when a man can't pay his debts, he sticks that on his door and elopes. It says, 'Gone Tu Texas.' Thank God, Job Potts aint in debt, but he's too confined in these diggins."

Next day Edward went over the ground. He found one hundred acres, of which five were under cultivation. The house was substantial, the farm-yard well supplied, the river handy to go down to the neighboring villages, or even to New Orleans if necessary, and Job Potts was about to start on that stupendous journey in a skiff. In fact, it was quite clear that the enterprising American sold his property for one fifth of its real value; but then, he was one of those reckless spirits that can never fix in one place, and to get rid of his property, at however great a loss, was delightful. His title-deeds were good, the transfer was effected, and that same night the brother and sister slept in their new home. They had with them an Irishman, his wife, and two children, emigrants of the poorest class, whom the young man engaged for three years to work on the farm.

And they departed, this brother and sister, grave, tearful, but full of hope and courage. Their future home was to be Wisconsin—a state of great promise, with a temperate climate, and every qualification which the emigrant can require. A secret feeling of liking for the extreme personal liberty enjoyed in America, with a passion for hunting, to which when not useful he had never given up, had carried Edward in this direction. They sailed from Plymouth to Quebec, and thence by the lakes to the state of Wisconsin, without losing an hour in the towns. Arrived in the promised land, Edward left Sophia at a hotel of modest appearance and price, and hiring a horse, rode forth to reconnoitre. The landlord, learning his object, had directed him to follow the banks of the Wisconsin river, where were several "desirable locations, first chop, and no mistake."

Edward followed the landlord's quaint directions, and found himself journeying through a well-wooded fertile country, part quite wild, with here and there a log-house, sometimes a farm, and in one or two instances several together—nascent villages. Toward night, after visiting several "water lots," that is, locations on the banks of the river, he found himself near a solitary house of rude but comfortable appearance. It was a log-hut, built with a view both to symmetry and comfort. There was evidently two rooms in

front, one on each side of the portico overrun by flowers. Behind was an inclosed space, devoted to the purpose of a farm-yard, with a boat close up to the shore. About three acres of potatoes, Indian corn, and other vegetables, were under cultivation, and the whole presenting the appearance of being the property of industrious people.

Edward rode up to the door, determined to take a lesson, if possible, from the owner. The barking of a huge dog brought out a tall American, whose dress proclaimed at once that he was the indefatigable hunter.

"Well, stranger," said he, in a tone of voice which though rough was good-humored.

"I am an Englishman," replied Edward politely, "in search of a home. Having ridden further than I expected, I have ventured to ask your hospitality."

"Unperch thyself from thy beast, friend Britisher, shove the horse in the stable, where they'll find corn stalks and considerable few beans, and bring thyself to an anchor inside. Job Potts is about to comfort the inner man, and laid out in tempting lots for all who chose to settle in Grahamsville."

While Edward was thus rapidly advancing toward a bright and happy future, events went on in the old country. Alfred had taken possession of the farm-house, hired additional land, bought a horse and cart, and employed two laborers. His efforts were at first praiseworthy in the extreme, and there was no reason why, with industry and patience, he should not have succeeded as well as Edward, even under the disadvantage which a poor man finds in England, as compared with a new, fertile, rising, untaxed land. At the end of the year he found himself a father, the greater part of his money spent, and his farm not over-productive. But he set to work almost sternly, as did his wife. Still they had glad at heart, and thank God every day that such a brother was found by halves. He put his brother into a handsome house, gave him a hundred acres, tools, stock, everything he required. Deep gratitude to him who had shown such earnest fraternal affection, and unto Providence, worked upon Alfred with power and force. He set to work almost sternly, as did his wife. Still they had glad at heart, and thank God every day that such a brother was found by halves. He put his brother into a handsome house, gave him a hundred acres, tools, stock, everything he required. Deep gratitude to him who had shown such earnest fraternal affection, and unto Providence, worked upon Alfred with power and force. He set to work almost sternly, as did his wife. Still they had glad at heart, and thank God every day that such a brother was found by halves. He put his brother into a handsome house, gave him a hundred acres, tools, stock, everything he required. Deep gratitude to him who had shown such earnest fraternal affection, and unto Providence, worked upon Alfred with power and force. He set to work almost sternly, as did his wife. 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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

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E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
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## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1861

### Relief of Soldiers.

In accordance with a notice given from the several pulpits on Sunday last, a meeting was held in Lyceum Hall, on Monday evening, to take into consideration the Sanitary Commission's Appeal. Mr. George M. Champney was called to the chair, and Mr. John D. Tidd was chosen Secretary. The Appeal was read and several gentlemen expressed their opinions as to the manner in which the suggestions of the Commission should be carried out, after which, a committee of ladies was chosen to attend to the business of collecting the various articles needed, viz.—West Side—Mrs. J. R. Kendall; Cummingsville—Mrs. J. Cummings, Jr.; East Woburn—Mrs. Ezra Hackett; Button End—Mrs. James Brooks; North Woburn—Mrs. M. F. Winn; Centre—Mrs. Dea. Thomas Richardson, Mrs. Timothy Winn, Mrs. Sylvanus Wood, Mrs. Chas. Choate, Mrs. S. Edgell Davis. This Committee was chosen for the war and they have full power to add to their number. After the meeting adjourned, the Committee met and made arrangements for the prompt and efficient prosecution of their work, and up to last evening is as follows:—

Box No. 1, sent—96 pairs Socks, 2 Quilts, 18 Sheets, 13 under shirts, 6 pairs Woolen Drawers, 15 night shirts, 1 pair Jelly, 1 Dressing Gown, 23 Bandages, 6 Pocket Handkns., 11 Towels, 11 Pillows, 1 package Paper.

Box No. 2, sent—29 Blankets, 12 Pillows, 200 rolls Bandages, 16 Pillow Cases, 7 Quilts, 5 Testaments.

Box No. 3, not yet complete and not sent—18 Comforters and Quilts, 1 Dressing Gown, 1 Shawl, 36 pairs Socks, 34 Pillow Cases, 18 Shirts, 19 Pillows, lot of Bandages, 6 cotton Shirts, 4 pairs Woolen, 1 pair Woolen Drawers, lot Magazines, Newspapers and Tracts, 4 Pocket Handkns., 3 Towels, 2 pairs Slippers, 12 Blankets, 1 bundle Pins, 12 paper Corn Starch, 1 of Tapio, 2 boxes Arrow Root.

Box [D.] sent to Dr. Drew—26 Quilts, 12 Pillows, 11 Shirts, 29 rolls Bandages and Lint, 6 Sheets, 2 Dressing Gowns, 2 pieces Flannel, 49 pairs Socks, 1 box Preserves, 33 papers Farina, Corn Starch and Cacoa, 13 Bandages, 2 Towels, 4 pairs Slippers, 1 pair Anti-Glare, 12 Handpks., 3 packages Tracts, 2 Books, 1 Glass Bowl, 6 Boxes Soap, 1 box Dominos, 1 bundle Pine, lot of Spool Thread, 1 Comforter, lot Linen, 1 pair Lined Night Shirts, 9 dozen Pencils, 24 reams Writing Paper, 1000 Envelopes, lot Newspapers, 4 lbs. Raisins, 2 pairs Drawers, 1 box Needles, 1 box Current Jelly.

This, we think, is doing very well for only four days labor, and the good work is still progressing. In the above list, our readers will see enumerated a majority of the things most needed, and will thus be enabled to add items which otherwise might not be thought of. We hope to see a number more of teaming boxes leave Woburn before our energy wanes,—there is no danger of our sending too many.

SECRETARY SEWARD says, in his last published circular, addressed to the Governor of New York, that there is less prospect now than ever for a misunderstanding with foreign powers. We shall see. The nations of the old world are waiting the progress of affairs in America with a quiet but eagle eye, and it may be that the avalanche will burst upon us at a moment when we least expect it. The Secretary of State must see something abroad, or he would not be so anxious to have our seaboard put in a state of defence. Just so long as the pockets of the people of Europe are troubled by our affairs, just so long will we feel that foreign interference is to be feared. The penetration of our troops far enough South to release a large portion of the cotton crop from the grasp of the rebels, will furnish better assurance that no European power will trouble us, than all the letters the Secretary can write between now and the time when Jeff. Davis takes the oath of allegiance to the United States.

WOBURN DELEGATES.—The following persons were elected Delegates on Thursday evening last, to represent Woburn in the Senatorial, County and Councillor Conventions:—*Senatorial*—W. T. Grammer, Nathan Wyman, M. M. Tidd, J. W. Hammond, S. T. Brigham, E. N. Blake, O. R. Still.

County and Councillor—Horace Conn, Horace Collamore, E. D. Hayden, J. L. Parker, E. E. Thompson, J. B. Winn, M. M. Tidd.

### Senatorial Convention.

The Nominating Convention for the 5th Middlesex District, met at the Town Hall Woburn, yesterday afternoon. General Chandler of Lexington was called to the Chair, and Jas. O. Boswell, Esq. of So. Reading, was chosen Secretary. A committee of three, consisting of Hon. Lilley Eaton of So. Reading, E. A. Norton of Winchester, and J. W. Hudson of Lexington, was appointed to receive the credentials of delegates. This Committee reported that all the towns comprising the District, excepting Burlington, which did not send delegates, were represented by 50 delegates. While the Committee was out it was moved that Lexington be allowed four delegates instead of three as heretofore, which motion was carried. The Convention then proceeded to take an informal ballot, and a Committee of three, consisting of Lovejoy of Reading, Reed of Woburn, Bridge of Medford, was appointed to collect the votes. The following is the vote on the informal ballot:

| Whole No. of votes         | 39     |
|----------------------------|--------|
| O. R. Clark of Winchester  | had 16 |
| H. P. Wakefield of Reading | 12     |
| E. Mansfield of So.        | 6      |
| G. Gould of Medford,       | 5      |

The Convention then proceeded to the formal ballot with the following result:

| Whole No. of votes      | 40 |
|-------------------------|----|
| H. P. Wakefield had     | 21 |
| O. R. Clark,            | 18 |
| Edward Mansfield,       | 1  |
| Necessary for a choice, | 21 |

And Mr. Wakefield having that number was unanimously made the nominee of the Convention.

The following persons were chosen Senatorial Committee:—E. N. Blake of Woburn, I. N. Damon of Lexington, N. P. Pratt of Reading, P. C. Hall of Medford, C. S. Moulton of South Reading.

It was then moved that the Chairman inform Dr. Wakefield of his nomination.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Chairman and the Convention dissolved.

Of course, as at all Conventions, some were disappointed. The man of their choice had failed, and they felt disappointed, though they smiled, but it was not a broad smile, it was elongated.

### Councillor Convention.

The Councillor Convention for the Third Middlesex District, meets at Charlestown next Wednesday. Several names have been mentioned in connection with the office of Councillor, but none strikes us more favorably than that of EDWARD MANSFIELD, of South Reading. Mr. Mansfield was a candidate in the Convention which, two years ago, nominated Mr. James M. Shute of Somerville, the present incumbent, and received some thirty votes, but withdrew his name in favor of Mr. Shute. Mr. Mansfield has not figured largely as a politician, consequently he is not an adept in wire-pulling, but he is a man of good abilities, and a gentleman of the true stamp. In his own town, where he is known best, he is respected and honored by men of every party, and holds the confidence of all. The business and interests of the district, if placed in his charge, will, we have no fear in saying, be attended to faithfully, ably and conscientiously. We hope that his name will receive the serious consideration of the Convention, as his qualifications for the office cannot be questioned or disputed.

### Sword from Harper's Ferry.

Mr. Amos Hill, 2d, of Stoneham, has shown us a sword which was captured a short time since in a skirmish near Harper's Ferry, by a portion of Col. Geary's men, under command of Maj. Gould of Stoneham. Maj. Gould sends this sword to his friends in Boston for the one which they presented him with previous to his departure. The scabbard shows signs of great age, and the blade is made of very good material. It probably belonged to one of the Black Horse Cavalry, and no doubt has been an heirloom in some aristocratic family of the Old Dominion. We understand that Major Gould has at the present time 700 men under him, with five pieces of artillery, and that he considers this force able to meet the rebels at any moment—he said this before the skirmish which took place on Wednesday, and which proved the correctness of his remark. If the Major does as well in the future as he has done in the past, it will not be long before a major cannot pass him without making his obeisance. We wish him health, prosperity, and most of all—well-earning honor, in his endeavors to uphold the flag of his country.

PRAYER MEETINGS IN CAMP.—As the gray twilight of each evening closes in our camp, there may be seen, here and there, a soldier quietly wending his way to a little spot shaded by two locust trees, just south of the officers' tents. Soon is heard the sweet song of praise to Almighty God, the great giver of all our mercies. This is followed by tender and fatherly advices, admonitions, and exhortations by our chaplain. Some of the soldiers then lead in prayer. Singing, words of peace and consolation, fill up the blessed hour.

MR. W. H. Clarke organist of the First Church in this town, we understand, played the organ at the exhibition of the Mission School Children, at Tremont Temple, on Thursday last.

OUR poctical friends must wait patiently a little while. Their "lays" will not lose anything by keeping.

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### Letter from the Union Guard.

The following extract is from a letter received by Mr. Alpheus Merriam from his son, Charles, a member of the Woburn Union Guard.

The letter is dated Hall's Hill, Va., Oct. 14:—“We started at three o'clock yesterday, Sunday afternoon, and marched here, about 10 miles. We arrived about 6 o'clock, and pitched our tents. We were somewhat tired but not so much as was to be expected. Our camp is about 6 miles from the rebels, on the spot where they were two weeks ago. Our pickets, so they said, could hear them giving off orders. I think we have gone further into the enemy's country, on the first start, than any other regiment. There are a number of regiments round about us, two of which are the Mass. 2d and 18th. Winthrop Wyman came into our camp this morning, mounted, and we had a shake hands all round. We are in fine spirits. We made a good impression on the people of Washington. We had everything that a man could wish for in Philadelphia.”

It will be seen by the above that the Woburn boys are well and in good spirits, which must be gratifying to their friends at home.

EDWIN FORREST.—This great tragedian appears at the Boston Theatre four times next week. On Monday evening he appears as “Jack Cade, or the Bondman of Kent.” Wednesday evening the same, Thursday evening as “Macbeth” in Shakespeare's great play. Friday the same. Persons in the country can secure their seats as early as they please, by letter or personal application, and we assure them that Mr. Fenn, the gentlemanly treasurer, will supply them with good seats. To see Forrest, is to see a man who is all tragedy, and who is the greatest master of his art in the world. He holds the mirror up to nature,” so that none, if they will look, can fail to see themselves as others see them. On Tuesday evening, and Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the popular Comic Actress, Miss Julia Daly, will appear in a variety of popular characters. Also, Isabella Cubas, the beautiful Dancer, in connection with Senior Ximenes will appear, in new dances. Prices of admission—50, 25 and 15 cents.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

needed for them may be found in the address of the Sanitary Commission. Now ladies what do you think about supplying the blankets, quilts, socks, pillows, and other articles enumerated, for those of our friends who have been wounded on the field of battle? Sickness at home, under the most favorable circumstances, is as much of a trial as most of our feeble natures can bear without repining; but to be sick away from home, among strangers, with no near friend to administer to our wants, requires all the fortitude of a true soldier. Then let us see that they want nothing that we can supply, that will tend to mitigate their pains and cheer their hearts in this their, and our day of trial. Now ladies please call on our husbands and brothers for the "change" and see that things are bought and made up, and sent immediately to their places of destination. It will not do for one to wait for another to start in this matter. Nothing is ever done in that way. Let every family do something and do it at once. Who does not consider it a pleasure to labor in such a cause. Just think what is at stake! Our Country! The Land of our birth! Under whose beneficent laws we have enjoyed an unmeasured amount of happiness. Traitors and bloody hands are lifted to strike down this temple of liberty reared by our fathers' hands, and cemented by their blood.

Let us be wise, valiant, and active in the duties which now devolve upon us, and soon the dark cloud which now hangs over us shall pass away, and joy, peace and prosperity again visit our land.

ALBION STREET.  
South Reading, Oct. 16th, 1861.

R.EADING.  
For the Middlesex Journal.

The town of Reading was originally incorporated in 1844, and according to the recent census contains 2662 inhabitants. South Reading became a separate town in 1812, and North Reading in 1853;—these three towns being originally one.

In the *Journal* of last week the name "station" bee, should have been "Italian" bee. This correction will make it appear a little more intelligible.—[We should think so—]

Shoe business is becoming quite animated, —boots from other towns having been here and hired a considerable number of hands.

Mr. L. W. Ruggles and Henry M. Brown leave in a few days for the seat of war as musicians, and expect to be located in Fort Albany. A complimentary benefit is to be given Mr. Brown Friday evening (last evening) by his numerous musical friends.

"Uncle," the ever wide awake correspondent of the *Budget*, despising not the day of small things, nor big things, very modestly notices a potato which "Leno" exhibited to his scrutinizing eye, and says it was "of immoderate and immodest pretensions, &c." The description was correctly, and by no means implicitly, given, and now that the ice has been broken I will add what the ladies say about it; i.e., those who have seen it. One says it is "the most impolite potato she ever saw." Another "that those acquainted with human nature will call in question that in form it is the true representative of the head of a family;" while another thinks "it represents a man-of-war ready to fire in all directions." "Uncle" knew what the ladies thought of it, but he is excusable in this omission, inasmuch as his native modesty cannot be called in question. Enough about the potato. Now for something else.

I now propose to make some extracts from old records and in doing so shall follow copy verbatim, which I think will not be without interest especially at this time. The first is from the doings of a town meeting in 1774, July 11th, which was an adjourned meeting. A committee report as follows: "That the situation of things between Great Britain and the colonies hath Ben for sum years past very unhappy; Parliament on the one hand hath Ben Taxing the colonies and they on the other have been Petitioning and Remonstrating against it, apprehending they have Constitutionally an Executive Right of Taxing themselves without which our condition would be but little better than Slavery. Possest of these Sentiments every new measure of Parliament Tending to Establish and Confirm a Tax, Revenues and increases our Distress which we think Cannot be given up by without degrading our Selves."

This Town have already, at this meeting voted to maintain their charter Rights in every Constitutional way, which sentiment we trust will be Perpetual, and though there are many ways, means and things Proposed by one and another that have Hopfull appearances, and yet all attended with uncertainty, and as we understand a Congress of Commissioners from all the colonies is Proposed, that so we may have as near as Possible the wisdom of the whole Collected in Consulting and Determining the most likely ways and means for our Deliverance from our Present Perplexity, and Distressed State, which Congress it is Expected will meet by the first of September next, we therefore judge it not expedient for this Town to adopt any Particular measures for their futer Conduct till we hear what measures shall be adopted by them. Last we Should Counteract the measures they may fix upon as most able for our Deliverance and to Extirpate us from our Present Distress.

RESTAURANT.—Mr. W. H. Andrews has opened a Restaurant for the sale of Oysters, fruits, etc., in the lower part of the Lyceum Building.

PROVISION STORE.—Mr. Richard Burnham has resumed the business of keeping a provision store in the same place formerly occupied by him. As so many have been led to obtain their supplies elsewhere of late, it would be difficult, it seems to me, to recall them.

CHARITABLE.—Another meeting of the ladies in reference to knitting stockings for the soldiers, was held on Monday afternoon last in the vestry of the Church. But a small number were present, doubtless owing to many not being aware of the meeting. Would it not be well to have the notices given from the pulpit in the morning as well as the afternoon? It was thought best by the ladies present at this meeting, to have some simple form of organization, by whom donations shall be received and who shall have authority to distribute the articles prepared. In every good work there needs to be a head, some one to take the lead, give direction to it, and be responsible for what is done. Mrs. T. P. Tenney, L. Abbott and S. A. Holt were selected as the Committee to take charge of the matter. Some seventy-eight pairs of stockings have already been made in our town, and it is proposed to wait until one hundred pairs are done before sending them away. Some of our citizens will probably be called upon for donations of money to purchase yarn, to which all they are asked is to give a cheerful re-

mittie of Congress. Then the meeting was adjourned to Monday, Oct. 3, 1774, at two of the clock in the afternoon at the meeting house in the west Parish in said Town.

"Reading and Wilmington, October 10th, 1808. We the subscribers, Selectmen, Did Preambulate the line and renewed the bounds on the above Said Day beginning at the bounds between Reading, Wilmington an woburn and Preambulate the line and renewed the bounds from Station to Station, and renewed the bound on the same until we came to the corner bound between Reading, Wilmington and Andover. James Gould, John Weston, Committee from Reading, Samuel Eames, Jabez Going, Committee from Wilmington.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. Dr. Chickering of Portl, officiated at the Cong. Church last Sabbath. In the evening, the regular monthly Sabbath School Concert in the vestry was very fully attended, and particularly interesting. Dea. Abbott, the faithful Superintendent of the Sunday School, conducted the exercises. He introduced the subject of Intemperance into consideration, by reading some appropriate selections from the Scriptures, and offering a few remarks. Quite a number of the children recited verses from the Bible in a manner which indicated their interest. The popular refrain of "Glory Hal-le-luh" was sung by the children to the original words which used to be sung as a revival melody and which were suitable for such an occasion. The music was excellent, being under the direction of Mr. J. C. Johnson, the organist, who renders his valuable assistance at all the meetings. Remarks were offered by the Rev. Dr. Chickering and Benj. Chickering Esq. of Pittsfield, a brother of his, who is the supt. of a Sunday School in that place. The reverend doctor spoke to the children in a very familiar way, of his having been a native of Woburn and of his leaving it some forty years previously, when he was about twelve years of age;—that on his visit here at this time, he had met some of those who were with him in the Sunday School, among whom were Capt. Ford, who went out as Acting Master of the U. S. Steamer Mohican the day previous, who was a classmate of his. He found on the records of the Sunday School at Woburn his name recorded as one of its members, and also the fact that he had committed more verses from the Bible to memory than any other boy. This he attributed not to any merit of his own, but to his parents who made him do it. He urged upon the young the benefit to be derived from this practice in case they should be blind or in prison, and deprived of the privilege of reading this Holy Book or any other. He referred to a visit to the grave yard in that town, and the spot where the remains of his mother and other members of his family were buried, all of whom died within four weeks, so that there was a funeral every week for four weeks in succession from his father's house. After making some comments on the facts stated, he spoke upon the subject of intemperance and illustrated its direful effects in several of his classmates in college who had gone down to the drunkard's grave. One was a minister's son and another a Judge's son, who were brought up under the best influences, but unfortunately became addicted to this vice and from one step to another they went downward to destruction. He earnestly appealed to the young to adopt the only sure and safe course, that of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate." His brother in his remarks, referred to a visit which he made to the Reform School at Westboro' (of which he is one of the Trustees) and the State Prison where it was ascertained that nearly all in these institutions, were brought there directly, or indirectly by intemperance. On Wednesdays and Saturdays all are admitted, other days persons can see a friend, and go in if they have a pass.

ACCIDENT.—Last week as Mrs. Manning who resides in the east part of the town, was carrying some squashes up to a chamber in the evening, the lamp which she carried was in some way blown out, and she fell to the bottom of the stairs cutting her head, bruising her arm and thigh, and otherwise injuring herself. She is very old, but is getting better, and I hope will fully recover from all her injuries.

SEVERAL PERSONS ARE VERY SICK AT THE PRESENT TIME WITH FEVER, SOME OF WHOM WILL NOT, IT IS FEARED, RECOVER.

ASTHMA.

## BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

JAMES M. NIXON, LESSEE & MANAGER.

BY THE Manager has the pleasure of announcing an engagement

WITH THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN,

MR. FORREST

Supported by Eminent Dramatic Artists.

MR. FORREST will appear on MONDAY, WEDNESDAYS AND FRIDAYS—three nights in each week.

Box Office opens on FRIDAY, Sept 27.—

## Harper for October,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1859.

## BILLERICA.

For the Middlesex Journal.

BILLERICA is very quiet at the present time, so your correspondent does not find much to place before the reader of the *Journal*. War is the principal talk. Quite a number of our citizens are going to work for "Uncle Sam". Although this is a small town, about one hundred of her people have joined the ranks, and more are going. Some of them may be found in most any of the camps.

Your correspondent visited Camp Chase today, and thinking perhaps some one would like to know a little about it, he will give you a slight description of it. It is situated on the ground of the North Middlesex Agricultural Society, in Lowell. There is at the present time about fifteen hundred men in the camp, and more are constantly coming. The 26th Regt., under command of Col. Jones of the "Bloody Sixes," has been ordered to start this week. The soldiers appear well, and under good discipline, but they are, some of them, hard boys; over forty were in the guard house, most of them for taking a drop too much. The punishment for running guard, is to put a barrel with a hole cut in the top of it, over the head of the transgressor, so that the barrel rests on their shoulders. Some mornings a dozen or fifteen may be seen walking about with barrels on. The guards are very particular to see that no liquor is carried into the camp. The arrangements for cooking are good. Ten bushels of beans were served up for dinner. The other day thirty bushels of clams were made into a chowder, probably the largest clam chowder ever had in Lowell. Another day nine hundred pounds of tripe were placed before the hungry men. A bathing-house has been erected for the use of the soldiers. This is a very good thing, and the soldiers know it. There is, also, another building, where cakes, pies, cigars, &c., are sold. The Fremont and Union tents are used. The soldiers eat in the Agricultural building, it being more convenient. On Wednesdays and Saturdays all are admitted, other days persons can see a friend, and go in if they have a pass.

ACCIDENT.—In the evening, the subscriber, who resides in the east part of the town, was carrying some squashes up to a chamber in the evening, the lamp which she carried was in some way blown out, and she fell to the bottom of the stairs cutting her head, bruising her arm and thigh, and otherwise injuring herself. She is very old, but is getting better, and I hope will fully recover from all her injuries.

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## BOOKS! BOOKS!

THE SUBSCRIBER has made such arrangements with the rare Publishers, and Booksellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendent.

B. L. and A. L. R. R., Oct. 5th, 1861.

GEORGE ALLEN,

Winchester, Sept. 1.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

(Concluded from First Page.)

this plain speech; but I see your error so plainly, that I must point it out. You have forgotten the pithy adage about honey catches more flies than vinegar. I am sadly afraid you are shutting out the sunshine, by which alone good plants can vegetate in the garden of his soul. I have seen little besides an evil growth to-day; yet, down among the rankly growing weeds, trying to struggle into the air and light, a few flowers of affection were faintly visible. Oh, Bella, don't think so much about the repression and extirpation of evil, as about the growth and development of good. But, first of all, regulate your own heart—let only affection reign there, and thoughts of your child's good fill your mind."

Bella sat in a kind of bewildering silence, and her aunt kept on—

"Will you not act on my suggestion? Go to Edward, and speak to him as if you loved him. Let him feel the love in your voice, and see it in your eyes; and, as the magnet attracts iron, so will you attract him. Forget that he has offended you, or, if you speak of it, let it be as though you were grieved, not angry. Love for the mother will bind him to the law of obedience, when fear of punishment would only impel him to its violation."

Bella arose quickly. She looked into her aunt's face, but made no response. Tears were in her eyes as she left the apartment. Going up stairs to the room into which Edward had been banished, she opened the door and went in with a quiet step. The boy started as she entered, and looked around from his work of marking with a pencil on the white window-sash. He was doing wrong, and being caught in the act, expected punishment of an angry lecture. So he put on a look of defiance. But his mother, instead of blazing out upon him as was her wont, sat down in a strange, quiet way, and said, "Edward," so softly and gently, that he could only stand and look at her in surprise.

"Edward," she repeated his name, and now with a tenderness that made his heart leap. Her hands were held out toward him. Dropping the pencil, he advanced a step or two, looking wonderingly at his mother. She still held out her hand. "Come, dear." He was at her side in an instant.

"Do you love mother?" An arm was drawn gently around him. He did not answer in words, but put his arms round her neck and kissed her. What a thrill of pleasure went trembling to her heart.

"I love Eddie," she added. The little arms tightened about her neck, and the little head went nestling about her bosom.

"Oh! I love you so much!" The half-smothered voice was full of childish earnestness.

"Will you be good for mother?"

"I won't never be naughty again!" Edward stood up, speaking in a resolute way, and looking full into his mother's face. "If I can help it," he added, a little less confidently.

"Oh, Eddie can help it if he will," said the mother, smiling encouragement into his face.

Something was on the lip of the boy, but he kept it back from utterance.

"What is it, dear? What were you going to say?"

Thus encouraged, Edward said, dropping his eyes as he spoke—

"I'll forget, sometimes; I'm most sure I will. But—" He paused, with the sentence unfinished.

"But, what, dear?"

"Don't scold me, then, mamma. Kiss me, and I'll be so sorry!"

When they entered the sitting-room, aunt Rachel saw that it was all right with them. She held out her hand to Edward, who came to her in a gentle way, and stood, with a happy-looking face, by her side.

Scarcely within her memory had the mother spent so pleasant an afternoon. Edward, of course, soon forgot himself, in a way that tried his mother's patience. But she composed herself, and it required no light effort to speak in affectionate remonstrance, instead of angry threats, and, instantly, the troubled waters grew still. She could not notice the singular difference, in effect, between the loud, emphatic, commanding utterance in which she had so long indulged, and the quiet, loving words now spoken in undertones. Will then opposed itself to will; but now, love to love. The boy, once so intransigent and rebellious, was now anxious to gain his mother's approval. She had governed herself, and the work of governing her child, so impossible before, became a thing of easiest achievement.

"Don't forget it, dear," said aunt Rachel, as she held the hand of her niece, in parting, at the close of her visit.

"Never!" was the earnest reply. "You have removed the scales from my eyes; and selflessness, self-will, and passion shall never blind me again. I will try to govern myself always—before attempting to govern my child—try to see what is for his good, try to stimulate the growth of loving affections, rather than to give all thoughts to the world, in seeking to tear up which I have already hurt so many tender plants."

"Ah, my child, that is the true way," replied aunt Rachel. "If you can get the life-force of this young spirit to grow vigorously into the good plants, they will spring up into the sunny air, spreading out their branches, and striking their roots wide and deep into the earth—leaving the evil plants to drop and wither for lack of nourishment.—*Home Magazine.*"

**L**EAT 'EM ALONE.—Dr. Durbin, the great Methodist orator, once attempted to preach a sermon from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," but made a failure. Afterwards remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable doctor replied that he had better let other people's wives alone!"

**T**HIS soldier's great risk is that of becoming extinguished before he becomes distinguished.

## Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt, And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

**The South Carolina Gentleman.**

AIR.—*The Fine Old English Gentleman.*

Down in a small Palmetto State the curious ones may find,

A ripping, tearing gentleman of an uncommon kind,

A staggering, swaggering sort of a chap who takes his whisky straight,

And frequently condemns his eyes to that ultimate vengeance which a clergyman of high standing has assured us must be a sinner's fate.

This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

You trace his genealogy and not far back you'll see

A most undoubted octogenarian or mayhap a mustee,

And if you note the shaggy locks that cluster on his brow,

You'll find that every other hair is variegated with a kink that seldom denotes pure Caucasian blood, but on the contrary betrays an admixture with a race not particularly popular now.

This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

He always wears a full-dress coat, pre-Adamite in cut,

With waistcoat of the loudest style through which his ruffles jut,

Six breast-pins deck his horrid front, and on his fingers shine

Whole invoices of diamond rings which would hardly pass muster with the Original Jacobs in Chatham Street for jewels gen uine.

This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

He shews tobacco by the pound and spits upon the floor.

If there is not a box of sand behind the nearest door,

And when he takes his weekly spree he clears a mighty track,

Of everything that bears the shape of whiskey-skin, gin and sugar, brandy sour, peach and honey, irrepressible cock-tail rum, and gum, and luscious apple-jack.

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This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

He takes to encue kindly, too, and plays an awful hand,

Especially when those he tricks his style don't understand,

And if he wins, why then he stops to pocket all the stakes,

But if he loses, then he says to the unfortunate stranger who has chance to win: "It's my opinion you are a curiosus abolitionist and if you don't leave South Carolina in one hour we will be as good as you are."

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Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

## Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### The Mother's Talk with Death.

This is thy work, Oh, cruel death!  
The cheek is cold, its rose has faded,  
The soft, fair hair, that white brow shaded,  
Is stirred no more by the warm breath.

The wind, woed by each quivering leaf,  
Unfolds no comfort to me now;  
Tears come, as it stoops to the pale bough,  
Lifts the fair ears and mocks my grief.

The little hands that e'er before,  
Graped eagerly each bud and bower,  
Seek them no more; thy mystic power  
Hath stilled them; I can never more,

Watch with the same wild love the rose,  
Unfold its beauties; for when I trace  
Each penciled leaf, a pale, sweet face  
Will come, and bid my grief unclose.

The voice that warbled with the birds  
By the same power is hushed; I hear  
A robin singing, soft and clear,—  
No echo comes of lisping words.

The pleasant eye of brightest blue,  
That used to grieve me with its glad light,  
Looks up no more. Thy withering bight  
Hath stol'n the tender violet's hue.

Oh, death, how can I lay that form  
Away in the cold, damp grave, and sleep?  
My heart will still its vigils keep,  
When on his grave breaks the wild storm.

An angel came from the fair sky,  
And whispered to that sad mother's heart,  
"Tis best that from thy idol thou didst part,  
Dark would have been his destiny."

He shineth now a star in Heaven."  
Then the mother kissed the forehead fair,  
And her spirit breathed a cheerful prayer,  
While to the grave her child was given.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

## Select Literature.

### A MISPLACED ATTACHMENT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

If we had to make a classification of society, there is a particular kind of men whom we should immediately set down under the head of "Old Boys," and a column of most extensive dimensions the old boys would require. To what precise causes the rapid advance of old boy population is to be traced, we are unable to determine; it would be an interesting and curious speculation, but as we have not sufficient space to devote to it here, we simply state the fact that the numbers of the old boys have been gradually augmenting within the last few years, and that they are at this moment alarmingly on the increase.

Upon a general review of the subject, and without considering it minutely in detail, we should be disposed to subdivide the old boys into two distinct classes—the gay old boys and paunchy old men in the disguise of young ones, who frequent the Quadrant and Regent street in the daytime, the theatres (especially theatres under lady management) at night, and who assume all the foppishness and livity of boys, without the excuse of youth or inexperience. The steady old boys are certain stout old gentlemen of clean appearance, who are always to be seen in the same taverns, at the same hours every evening, smoking and drinking in the same company.

There was once a fine collection of old boys to be seen round the circular table at Offley's every night between the hours of half-past eight and half-past eleven. We have lost sight of them for some time. There were, and may be still, for aught we know, two splendid specimens in full blossom at the Rainbow Tavern in Fleet street, who always used to sit in the box nearest the fire-place, and smoked long cherry-stick pipes which went under the table, with the bowls resting upon the floor. Grand old boys they were—fat, red-faced, white-headed old fellows; always there—one on one side the table, and the other opposite—puffing and drinking in great state; everybody knew them, and it was supposed by some people that they were both immortal.

Mr. John Dounce was an old boy of the latter class, (we don't mean immortal, but steady)—a retired glove and braces maker, a widower, resident with three daughters—all grown up, and all unmarried—in Cursor street, Chancery lane. He was a short, round, large-faced, bushy sort of man, with a broad-brimmed hat, and a square coat; and had that grave, but confident kind of roll, peculiar to the old boys in general. Regular as clock-work—breakfast at nine—dress and iterate a little—down to the Sir Somebody's Head—glass of ale and paper—come back again, and take the daughters out for a walk—dinner at three—glasses of grog and pipe—nap—tea—little walk—Sir Somebody's Head again—capital house!—delightful evenings! There were Mr. Harris, the law stationer, and Mr. Jennings, the robe maker, (two jolly young fellows like himself,) and Jones, the barrister's clerk—run fellow, that Jones—capital company—full of anecdote! and then they sat every night till just ten minutes before twelve, drinking their brandy and water, and smoking their pipes, and telling stories, and enjoying themselves, with a kind of solemn joviality particularly edifying.

Sometimes Jones would propose a half-price visit to Drury Lane or Covent Garden, to see two acts of a five-act play, and a new farce, perhaps, or a ballet, on which occasions the whole four of them went together; none of your hurrying and nonsense, but having

their brandy and water first, comfortably, and ordering a steak and some oysters for their supper against they came back, and then walking coolly into the pit, when the "rush" had gone in, as all sensible people do, and did when Mr. Dounce was a young man, except when the celebrated Master Betty was at the height of his popularity; and then, sir—then Mr. Dounce perfectly well remembered getting a holiday from business, and going to the pit doors at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and waiting there till six in the afternoon, with some sandwiches in pocket handkerchief and some wine in a phial, and fainting, after all, with the heat and fatigue before the play began; in which situation he was lifted out of the pit into one of the dress boxes, sir, by five of the finest women of that day, sir, who compassionated his situation and administered restoratives, and sent a black servant, six foot high, in blue and silver livery, next morning, with their compliments, and to know how he found himself, sir—by—G! Between the acts Mr. Dounce and Mr. Harris, and Jennings used to stand up, and look round the house; and Jones—knowing fellow that Jones—knew everybody—pointing out the fashionable and celebrated lady So-and-So in the boxes, at the mention of whose name Mr. Dounce, after brushing up his hair, and adjusting his neckerchief, would inspect the aforesaid lady So-and-So through an immense glass, and remark either that she was a "fine woman—very fine woman, indeed," or that "there might be a little more of her—oh, Jones!" just as the case might happen to be. When the dancing began, John Dounce and the other old boys were particularly anxious to see what was going forward on the stage; and Jones—wicked dog, that Jones—whispered little critical remarks into the ears of John Dounce, which John Dounce retailed to Mr. Harris, and Mr. Harris to Mr. Jennings, and then they all four laughed till the tears ran down out of their eyes.

When the curtain fell they walked back together two and two, to the steaks and oysters, and when they came to the second glass of brandy and water, Jones—hawking scamp, that Jones—used to recount how he had observed a lady in white feathers in one of the pit boxes, gazing intently on Mr. Dounce, all the evening, and how he had caught Mr. Dounce, whenever he thought no one was looking at him, bestowing ardent looks of intense devotion on the lady in return; on which Mr. Harris and Mr. Jennings used to laugh very heartily, and John Dounce more heartily than either of them, acknowledging, however, that the time had been when he might have done such things; upon which Mr. Jones used to poke him in the ribs and tell him he had been a sag dog in his time, which John Dounce, with chuckles, confessed. And after Mr. Harris and Mr. Jennings had preferred their claims to the character of having been sag dogs, too, they separated harmoniously, and trotted home.

The decree of Fate, and the means by which they are brought about, are mysterious and inscrutable. John Dounce had led this life for twenty years and upward, without wish for change, or care for variety, while his whole social system was suddenly upset, and turned completely topsy-turvy—not by an earthquake, or some other dreadful convulsion of nature, as the reader would be inclined to suppose, but by the simple agency of an oyster; and thus it happened:

Mr. John Dounce was returning one night from the Sir Somebody's Head, to his residence in Cursor street—not tipsy, but rather excited, for it was Mr. Jennings's birthday, and may be still, for aught we know, two splendid specimens in full blossom at the Rainbow Tavern in Fleet street, who always used to sit in the box nearest the fire-place, and smoked long cherry-stick pipes which went under the table, with the bowls resting upon the floor. Grand old boys they were—fat, red-faced, white-headed old fellows; always there—one on one side the table, and the other opposite—puffing and drinking in great state; everybody knew them, and it was supposed by some people that they were both immortal.

As to his ancient friends, the other old boys, at the Sir Somebody's Head, he dropped off from them by gradual degrees; for even when he did go there, Jones—vulgar fellow, that Jones—persisted in asking "when it would be?" and "whether he was to have any gloves?" together with other inquiries of an equally offensive nature, at which not only Harris laughed, but Jennings; so he cut the two altogether, and attached himself solely to the blue young lady at the smart oyster-shop.

Now comes the moral of the story—for it has a moral, after all. The last mentioned friend, having derived sufficient profit and emolument from John Dounce's attachment, not only refused when matters came to a crisis to take him for better or worse, but expressly declared, to use her own forcible words, that she "wouldn't have him at any price;" and John Dounce, having lost his old friends, alienated his relations, and rendered himself ridiculous to everybody, made offers successively to a schoolmistress, a ladyhand, a feminine tobacconist, and a housekeeper; and being directly rejected by each and every one of them, was accepted by his cook, with whom he now lives, a hen-pecked husband, a melancholy monument of antiquated misery, and a living warning to all luxurios old boys.

Behind the natives were the barrels, and behind the barrels was a young lady of about five-and-twenty, all in blue, and all alone—splendid creature, charming face, and lovely figure! It is difficult to say whether Mr. John Dounce's red countenance, illuminated as it was by the flickering gas-light in the window before which he passed, excited the lady's curiosity, or whether a natural exuberance of animal spirits proved too much for that steadiness of demeanor which the forms of society rather dictatorially prescribe. But certain it is, that the lady smiled, then put her finger upon her lip, with a striking illustration of what was due to herself; and finally retired, in oyster-like bashfulness, to the very back of the counter. The sad-dog sort of feeling came strongly upon John Dounce; he lingered—the lady in blue made no sign. He coughed—still she came not. He entered the shop.

"Can you open me an oyster, my dear?" said Mr. John Dounce.

"Dare say I can, sir," replied the lady in blue, with enchanting playfulness. And Mr. John Dounce eat one oyster, and then looked at the young lady, and then eat another, and then squeezed the young lady's hand as she was opening the third, and so fourth, until he devoured a dozen of those at eightpence in less than no time.

"Can you open me half-a-dozen more, my dear?" inquired Mr. John Dounce.

"I'll see what I can do for you, sir," replied the young lady in blue, even more bewitchingly than before; and Mr. John

Dounce eat half-a-dozen more of those eightpence, and his gallantry increased.

"You couldn't manage to get me a glass of brandy-and-water, my dear, I suppose?" said Mr. John Dounce, when he had finished the oysters, in a tone which clearly implied his supposition that she could.

"I'll see, sir," said the young lady; and away she ran out of the shop, and down the street, her long auburn ringlets shaking in the wind in the most enchanting manner; and, back she came again, tripping over the coal-hearls like a whipping-top, with a tumbling lid of brandy-and-water, which Mr. John Dounce insisted on taking a share of, as it was regular ladies' grog—hot, strong, sweet, and plenty of it.

So the young lady sat down with Mr. John Dounce in a little red box with a green curtain, and took a small sip of the brandy-and-water, and a small look at Mr. John Dounce, and turned her head away, and went through various other seripantomimic fascinations, which forcibly reminded Mr. John Dounce of the first time he courted his first wife, and which made him feel more affectionate than ever; in pursuance of which affection, and actuated by which feeling, Mr. John Dounce sounded the young lady on her matrimonial engagements, when the young lady denied having formed any such engagements at all—she couldn't bear the man, they were such deviators; thereupon Mr. John Dounce inquired whether this sweeping condemnation was meant to include other than very young men; on which the young lady blushed deeply—at least she turned away her head, and said Mr. John Dounce had made her blush, so of course she did blush—and Mr. John Dounce was a long time drinking the brandy-and-water; and the young lady said, "Ha! done, sir," very often; and at last John Dounce went home to bed, and dreamt of his first wife, and his second wife, and the young lady, and partridges, and oysters, and brandy-and-water, and disinterested attachments.

Next morning John Dounce was rather feverish with the extra brandy-and-water of the previous night; and partly in the hope of cooling himself with an oyster, and partly with the view of ascertaining whether he owned the young lady anything or not, went back to the oyster shop. If the young lady had appeared beautiful by night, she was perfectly irresistible by day; and from this time forward a change came over the spirit of John Dounce's dream. He bought shirt-pins; wore a ring on his third finger; read poetry; bridged a cheap miniature-painter to perpetuate a faint resemblance to a youthful fag, with a curtain over his head, six large books in the background, and an open country in the distance, (this he called his portrait;) "went on" altogether in such an uporous manner that the three Miss Dounces went off on small pensions, he having made the tenebris in Curistor street too warm to contain them; and, in short, compact and demanded himself in every respect like an unmitigated old Saracen, as he was.

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"I'll see what I can do for you, sir," replied the young lady in blue, even more bewitchingly than before; and Mr. John

### My Son's Wife.

I never liked my son's wife from the time I kissed her bridish lips on the threshold of my house, to the day when strong men carried her out. I did not wish Egbert to marry. We were very happy together till she came. She brought her from Europe, where he had been traveling for his health. The only notice I had of his intended marriage was in a postscript to the last letter he wrote before sailing. "Mother," he says, "I shall not come alone; I bring one to cheer and light up our old home. For my sake prepare to meet her like a mother, for a mother's love she has never known." From that time I knew I should never like her. It was like his father to act so abruptly and unadvisedly—so plebian to marry in a foreign country with none of his friends round him; and then he was my only child; must a stranger, a foreigner, come between us; put her heart between ours, push me aside? No, never! Then, perhaps she might be beautiful. My Egbert was passionately fond of beauty; he often said he should never marry until he found a woman as handsome as his mother.

What if I, the mistress of the mansion, Judge Bentley's widow, should be overlooked in the admiration for the bride!

But I said nothing. New carpets and new furniture were bought to adorn her home; new pictures and books. I arranged her room with my own hands, looping up the heavy curtains and shading off the light through daintiest lace; rolled the velvet stuffed chair and footstool where I fancied the light fell softest. One would have thought me preparing for a dear, an only daughter, instead of her.

The servants were charged to receive her with every mark of attention and respect. I even gave up my own maid Flora, the best hair-dresser in the city, to her special use.

And when all was arranged, I dressed in my black velvet, and with my sweetest smile met her on the threshold. Good heavens! I had expected beauty and grace, for my Egbert was a proud man; but shall I ever forget the thrill that ran through me as he led her up the steps. How all the beauty I had ever seen or imagined faded before the marvellous perfection of that face. How the words of stately welcome I had prepared died on my lips before the courtly grace with which she took my cold hand and touched my lips. From that instant I knew my reign was over; for where that young creature dwelt, there she must rule. There was no ungraceful usurpation of authority, but gradually I felt my power waning; the chains slipped link by link from my hands, and she was the one to gather them up. Visitors crowded to the house to see Egbert Bentley's bride, and at last they forgot to ask for the old mistress. Days went by and glided into months, and against this thralldom I ceased to struggle. Why was it every sarcastic retort, every withering look was crushed down deep in my heart the instant I met her eye? Why was it I watched so intently every change in the white face I hated so? The years that have passed have not made me hate it less. Why was it every outward manifestation of that deadly bitterness was transplanted? An answer from that long silent friend comes back to me in mocking tones—"Because that hate was returned as freely as given." She hated as deeply as I, and hers was the stronger spirit; she expected to triumph and to reign in my house after I had passed away. And I, and I dreamed and prayed for revenge, which came quick and abundant. Her child came like a sunbeam into the house, but quickly followed by a shadow. I watched—how earnestly, ye who have watched likewise!—as she thus for the first time stood face to face, and battled for a continent, were stirred. The British veteran, wiping the sweat from his brow, exclaimed, "Oh, that Blucher or night would come!" The next moment an immense body of French cavalry came thundering down on one of the English squares. It had already become weakened by the loss of whole ranks which the French artillery had mowed down, but withstood the desperate shock with true bravery. The French came down at a plunging trot, then breaking into a gallop, fell like a rock hurled from a mountain—they recoiled from the shock.

Driven to desperation by the repeatedly foiled attempts, they stopped their horses, and coolly walked around that square, and whenever a man fell, dashed in. Such desperate resolution, such recklessness of life began, at length, to tell on the conflict. The square began to shake and waver, when Wellington came dashing up with his guard; they opened, and he was in their bosom. The low French windows were open into the garden; and leaning against one in an attitude to show advantage a form of perfect grandeur, was a man in the rich military dress of an English officer of high rank.

Of his face I only gained a profile view; it was strong and deeply cut. Margaret had risen apparently in surprise, for her shawl had fallen off, and she holding her child. She was speaking rapidly and excitedly, with a light I never saw before in her deep eyes. The words I could not catch, but I saw her hold up her hand to the light—the hand on which glittered the wedding-ring. I saw his face darken as he took a step forward, but she again held up her hand and pointed with her eyes to the child on her arm. With a strong, deadly imprecation he turned, sprang out of the window, and out of sight in an instant. O! how I hugged my revenge as I stepped into the room! I might perhaps have spared her, but the revenge was sweet.

"Well, Mrs. Bentley—"

"I am afraid I shall never forget her look of helpless terror as she fell back in her seat.

"Spare, oh, spare my husband! Save

me! I am innocent; my days are numbered. For the child's sake, spare me!"

But her words fell on marble, for a long-despised heart was now gathering strength; how I smiled at that groveling form; my words were few, but the cry they received rings this moment in my ears. I never intended to tell my son, mark you; he was my idol; I would not wound his heart; she was the stumbling-stone to be put out of my way.

Neither did I believe her guilty, deeply as I hated her. I never believed her false to my son. Had such a thought entered my head?

But I would have killed her dead at my feet. But my revenge!—it was sweet, and sweeter it grew as the days flew by, shortening her path. With what eagerness I watched that proud face, knowing how soon its beauty would be food for worms. How I watched the bending of that peerless form as it moved lower and lower toward the earth. I knew by the look in her eyes that it was with horror unutterable she looked forward to the mysterious darkness she was entering; I knew Margaret Bentley

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and upon discontinuing the paper, discontinual notice given notice thereof will be given the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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SPECIAL NOTICES, loaded, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

ALL advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL—  
South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.  
Somerville—E. T. WALTERS.  
Woburn—J. H. COOK.  
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer, Scovell's Building, Cornhill street, Boston, are duly authorized agents for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to pay particular attention to the JOURNAL, which is largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1861.

### THE LAST BATTLE.

Another battle has been fought—we wish that we could add with truth, and won, but such is not our privilege; we can say, but lost. The facts are too transparent to lead to any other conclusion. Our thinned ranks substantiate it. Our great loss of officers tells the efficiency of the enemy's sharpshooters. Are our troops never to be led to victory? Is cold water to be thrown incessantly upon their courage by inefficiency in high quarters—of the existence of which we have received a too painful proof? Are Massachusetts troops, with others, to be moved down like grass before the fury of the whirlwind, and will the stereotyped cry ever cease, that five hundred met five times five hundred? The disaster of Sunday must be accounted for in some way; human forbearance is not like rubber which can be stretched to any length without detriment—it is limited in capacity. The only consolation we have is that our soldiers stood true and died with heroic manliness, becoming even the veterans of a hundred fights. The loss of brave men we could bear, if their death were atoned for by the attainment of any important result; but as this is not the case, our hearts sicken at the deplorable carnage.

Have we no conception of the necessity to support our brave defenders, when stationed at exposed positions, or do we consider it wiser to close the stable door after the horse is stolen? We must not, if we wish to ward off disaster, invite attack by having insufficient means to repel it. This miserable skirmishing effects not in the smallest degree the final result, and should be looked upon as a reckless loss of life. Our soldiers are willing to fight and die for something, but they have not the will to exchange their lives for nothing. Must we always be the doomed party, which is to be surprised and routed? We have, whenever we met the enemy, found him our superior in force; and when we gained advantage it was at fearful odds. Matters must change. We must have eyes that can look ahead and which are capable of taking in every contingency. Civilians, if they do not know their duty, must be ousted and sent adrift without ceremony, no matter how disagreeable that act may be. We must do something quickly or the taunts and sarcasm of European critics will have more than a selfish meaning.

NATURAL HISTORY.—A regular meeting of the Woburn Natural History Association was held with Mr. S. W. Abbott on Tuesday evening, 22d inst. After hearing, correcting, and approving the records of the last meeting, the Association proceeded to study the Erigeron strigosum; (*Flea bane*) *E. annuum*, (narrow-rayed Robins Plantain). The remainder of the evening was occupied in discussing a course to be pursued during the coming season. It was decided to take up the study of Ornithology under the leadership of Mr. Abbott. Mr. Shute has a fine collection of birds with their nests and eggs, and the members with the aid of these and Audubon's series on this interesting branch of natural history will be able to gain much interesting knowledge pertaining to the warblers of the woods in our own latitudes. The next meeting will be in two weeks, with Mr. Abbott, when Dr. E. Cutler will discuss the Scabies, (*Iitch insect*) and also the structure of the human skin.

DEATH OF AN AGED CITIZEN OF BURLINGTON.—Last week's paper contained the simple announcement of the death of Mr. Wm. Nichols, of Burlington, at the age of 71 years. Mr. Nichols was one of the most energetic citizens of Burlington, and his loss to that community is great. He represented the town in the legislature for several terms, and served it as Assessor for a period of twelve or fifteen years. His virtues and qualities were many. He was one of the best of neighbors, and as the head of a family was beyond reproach. The good old men are passing away one by one, after a series of years of useful labor, and if their successors profit and act upon their example well will it be for all.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—This periodical for November has reached us. Like its predecessors, it is entertaining, instructive and impressive. The articles relative to our war troubles are interesting to a degree.

Reported for the Middlesex Journal,  
Teachers' Association.

The Middlesex Teachers' Association held its semi-annual meeting at the Town Hall, Framingham, Oct. 18th and 19th. The Teachers met at 9 o'clock on the 18th inst for social conversation, and at 10 o'clock were called to order for the transaction of business by the President, William Sheldon of Newton. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, of Framingham. The Secretary, Mr. Wilson of Somerville, then read the records of the last meeting, which was held at Brighton, and they were approved by the Association. The teachers received a cordial and hearty welcome to the hospitalities of the people of Framingham, to which the President appropriately responded, and then addressed the Association thanking them for the honor he had received at their hands, asking them for their co-operation in the discharge of his duties, referring to the state of our country and urging all engaged in the training of the young to more diligence and watchfulness in their respective spheres of labor. At 10.45, Mr. Babcock, Principal of Somerville High School, was introduced, and occupied a half hour in giving a lecture upon the teacher's duties. Mr. Littlefield of Somerville, then gave a description of several methods of teaching spelling, and a history of the one adopted in his own school. This raised a discussion among the masters, which was ably maintained by Messrs. Frost of Waltham, and Stone of Woburn. The hour of adjournment having arrived, the Association adjourned until 1 o'clock, P.M.

Resolved, That by this affective dispensation of Divine Providence we have lost a worthy member, a kind friend, and a loved associate; taken suddenly from us in the prime of his young manhood, while hope was yet buoyant, and prospects all bright for the future, we are reminded that "Death loves a shining mark," and that the solemn admonition comes to us—"Be ye also ready."

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy, and our hope that such consolation will be vouchsafed them as they need, in this the hour of their severe affliction.

Resolved, That we attend the funeral of the deceased in a body, and that the room be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be printed in the local papers, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

Per order,

H. A. CARTER Sec'y.

STONEHAM BRANCH R. R.—The only thing which prevents the laying of the rails of this road, is the non-arrival of the sleepers, which have been expected for several days. It is not an easy matter to get 20,000 sleepers, but as soon as they arrive the laying of the rails will commence at once. When this road is in operation, Stoneham cannot complain of want of railroad facilities.

SEWING FOR THE TROOPS.—We understand that the Unitarian Sewing Circle were engaged one afternoon this week, in making under clothing for the soldiers. The material is furnished by the State ready for sewing, being cut out. Government, we believe, will furnish Sewing Circles with such work, on application. Is there only one patriotic Sewing Circle in Woburn? There ought to be more.

TEAMSTERS.—We understand that Mr. J. T. Porter, has sent home from Fortress Monroe, for half a dozen good teamsters, and that that number have already responded. They start on Monday. Their pay is \$25 per month, with rations. They are paid by the month.

CONVENTIONS.—The Democrats met in Convention, at the Town Hall, Woburn, on Thursday, and nominated Mr. John Viall of Medford, for Senator.

The Republican County Convention met at Charleston, on Wednesday, and nominated Mr. J. H. Waitt, of Malden, for County Commissioner, and on the same day the Councillor Convention met and re-nominated James M. Shute, of Somerville, for Councilor.

TELEGRAM.—An immense flock of wild geese passed over Londonderry at an early hour one day this week, en route for Jeff. Davis' dominions. Hadn't some of our sharpshooters better arrest them, for carrying and comfort to the rebels? A roast goose is too good a dish for traitors.

LARGE DRIVE OF CATTLE.—Mr. George Reed of this town, brought from New Hampshire, yesterday, the largest and best drove of cattle that has been seen in this vicinity for some time. It numbered 200 head. Mr. Reed is proverbial for having large and good drives.

LARGE BEETS.—Mr. Jeduthan Richardson has shown us two beets weighing respectively 10 lbs. and 8 lbs. 16 oz. Can any one beat this?

FOR THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.—A son of Oliver Wendell Holmes, was wounded at the battle of Ball's Bluff.

MAGAZINES.—All the November Magazines have been received at the Woburn Bookstore.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed a paragraph in your paper, concerning the convenience of a street gas light in the immediate vicinity of the depot. Now, I for one think it is a necessity, for there is not a more dismal spot in town, on a dark night than just there. Will our Selectmen give this matter a moment's attention, and I know that many will thank them,—one will certainly.

ACADEMY HILL.

Woburn, Oct. 22d, 1861.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed a paragraph in your paper, concerning the convenience of a street gas light in the immediate vicinity of the depot. Now, I for one think it is a necessity, for there is not a more dismal spot in town, on a dark night than just there. Will our Selectmen give this matter a moment's attention, and I know that many will thank them,—one will certainly.

MAP OF VIRGINIA.—We have received from J. T. Lloyd, of 164 Broadway, New York, the Eastern half of the map of Virginia. The other half will follow in a week or two. This half is peculiarly interesting at this time. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

A "GENTLEMAN" TAKEN DOWN.—A Richmond paper says: Among the prisoners is a noble-looking and intelligent Zouave, one of the few decent exceptions of the crew. I saw him in the field, just after he was taken. While passing a group of our men, one of the latter called him some hard name. "Sir," said the Zouave, turning on his heel and looking the Virginian full in the eye. "I have heard that your's was a nation of gentlemen, but you're insult comes from a coward and a knave." I am your prisoner, but you have no right to fling your curses upon me because I am unfortunate. Of the two, sir, I consider myself the gentleman.

THE NEW Dimes.—A change has been made in the ten cent pieces that bear date this year from those heretofore coined. The figure of Liberty, instead of being surrounded by stars, is encircled by the words "United States of America," which formerly was placed on the reverse of that piece.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—This periodical for November has reached us. Like its predecessors, it is entertaining, instructive and impressive. The articles relative to our war troubles are interesting to a degree.

### Letter from the Union Guard.

The following is an extract from a letter which Mr. F. L. Bryant sent to his wife. The letter is dated Hall's Hill, Va., Oct. 19.

"All along the route from Washington to where we are encamped, there is a continual line of fortifications. Of course we don't live as well here as we did in "Camp Schouler." We are just beginning to have soft bread. The Colonel has turned our old Quartermaster off, and I think we have got a better one. Cheese is bought here from farmers for the low price of 15 cts. per lb. I think our Quartermaster cheated us. The Col. says we shall have everything we are allowed. The men are all pleased with the Staff Officers. The Col. comes around to our quarters to see that we are provided for. I think we shall be paid off by the 1st of Nov., at least report says so. The soil here is very springy and clayey, some of which is brick color. We get all our water from springs. We greatly miss Lynnfield Pond for washing and bathing purposes. A few of the men, including myself, went out to cut some grass to fill their beds with, they had to cut it with a case knife and an old scythe which they found. After they had filled their beds nearly full, and were about to depart, a bullet came whistling over my head, and passed near the shoulder of one of the "Everett Guards," who was washing in a stream. It was all owing to carelessness on the part of some soldier who was practicing. The report was yesterday that General McClellan said we would all be home by Christmas. To-day is a real dog-day—very sultry, with rain and sunshine; the men employ their time in writing to their friends.

P.S.—There is some talk about sending ten drummers and the band home, because they will not be needed if we form a brigade.

HEADQUARTERS MICH. 4th REGT.,  
Camp 1 mile north of Falls Church, Va., Oct. 15th, 1861.

FRIEND JOURNAL.—Since the advance movement commenced our camp has been quite moveable, so that one hardly dare trust himself out of sight. For three days we were in the woods without tents, then our camp was moved out and last week one morning after the Colonel had left for Washington on business, orders were received and before noon we were pitching tents upon our present position. Already there is another regiment upon our last camping ground, (Hall's Hill). Col. Wilson's 22d, and I find several old schoolmates in the ranks. The regiment is well equipped and will do honor to Massachusetts. They are in good health and spirits and seem pleased at entering upon the real earnest duties of the soldier. We are upon the outposts—before us a valley heavily wooded, and then a range of hills occupied by the pickets of both armies, while beyond are the masked batteries and other death dealing implements of Gen. Johnston's vision. One of our batteries was engaged in throwing shell yesterday but received no reply other than the bursting of a house by the rebel pickets.

An incident occurred to-day to be mentioned. One of the soldiers of N. York 14th was observed with a suspicious looking parcel in his arms which attracted a crowd and elicited many remarks. On inspection it proved to be a baby. One said that "It was a greater sight to see a baby than to see forty cannon." We see contraband "inkbatties" occasionally, but a living white baby is a curiosity in the army.

There is earnest work going on in the army at present. Gen. McClellan passes here nearly every day; Generals and Brigadiers pass often; messengers with dispatches ride by every hour; Divisions change positions every few hours; Companies of Cavalry and Batteries of Light Artillery are drilling in every open field; on Sunday last, the Regiments were chopping all day, a thing which would not have been but for urgent reasons. How soon the battle will commence, on our ground or theirs, who will fall and who will live to tell the story, remains to be seen. If rumors are true, Gen. Johnston's division will be surrounded soon. May we all be enabled to do our duty nobly and soldierly in the contest.

Yours, J. M. B.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.—The *Journal des Débats* of the 25th ult. has a lengthy article on the state of affairs in the United States, of which we subjoin the last paragraph:

America seems thus condemned to undergo severe trials; but, notwithstanding, one thing appears to us certain. Not only will the American nation not perish, whatever may be the result of this struggle, or the horrors through which she may have to pass. Not long hence North America will appear on the theatre of the world stronger than ever, because there is no other race in the world having so much vitality. Neither is there any having so many resources. She possesses in a superior degree the majority of those qualities which cause the grandeur of nations to survive the most threatening storms. In ten years there will possibly be another North America—very probably the same—but this other America will weigh heavily in the balance of nations, just as France, a few years after the horrors of 1793, found herself more powerful than ever, despite of the sinister predictions which announced that the revolution was the cause of her irrecoverable decadence.

SINGULAR CHINESE SENTENCE.—Mr. Linlon has lately made a communication to the Asiatic Society, descriptive of a mode of punishment peculiar to the criminal code of the Celestial Empire. A Chinese merchant, accused and convicted of having killed his wife, was sentenced to die by the total deprivation of sleep. The execution took place at Amoy, in the month of June last. The condemned was placed in prison under the surveillance of three guardians, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented him from taking sleep night or day. He lived thus for nineteen days without having slept for a single minute. At the commencement of the eighth day, his sufferings were so cruel that he begged, as a great favour, that they would kill him by strangulation.

HIGH CONSIDERATIONS.—Some fellows from Maryland, or professing to be from Maryland, have attempted to get up a sensation by requesting Jeff. Davis to send a force into that State to protect the women and children from the "outrages" of the federal troops. Jeff. informs them that his heart bleeds for them, but that he is "restrained by principles of high political necessity from sending an army into Maryland, or invading or violating the sovereignty of her soil." It is supposed that these high considerations are about 200,000 in number, and under the command of Gen. McClellan.

ACCOUNTED FOR.—One of our exchanges has discovered the cause of the retreat of our army at Bull Run. It says, "when the battle was at its hottest point and nearly won to our side, there came word that there were two vacancies in the New York Custom House." Hence the stampede of the leading officers. The men followed.

THE NEW Dimes.—We will publish next week a list of the soldiers who have gone from our town, and who are receiving State pay at this time.

### WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

whose frailty but served to bind him still closer in the affections of all, he will be missed from the home where his loving spirit was so fully manifested, and the sports with his companions in which he so eagerly enlisted. Again has the Mystic School been called to part with one of its cherished pupils, and his classmate one whom they esteemed for the gentle spirit which he ever exhibited in his desire to obtain knowledge. Our young friend has gone to his Father's home on high to rejoin the sister who passed on before him several years since and unite in singing praises to Him whom in youth in the Sunday School he had learned to love and whose precepts were engrained upon his memory and heart. The Sunday previous he was at church and the Sunday School, and on Tuesday night the intelligence went with lightning speed to these parents that little Henry was dead. "Not lost but gone before." EXCISION.

### SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Several lads were complained of last week for trespass upon orchards, gardens, &c.—They were dealt with by Mr. Justice Upton, who gave them some excellent fatherly advice and bade them go and sin no more. If the law should have "free course" among the youth, there would be a vacant chair at the table in many families. Do not parents sometimes connive at the petty thefts of their children, by withholding salutary reproof, or by treating the crime as a very small matter, or by setting up a defense in their behalf? Why should a man who has raised a bushel of apples, or a rare specimen of pears or other delicious fruit, have them stolen from him just as he is about to realize their value? Why should his garden be robbed of squashes, potatoes and other vegetables which he has spent the season in cultivating? Why should he be obliged to gather his cranberries before mature or lose the entire crop, on which he has depended to raise means for his winter support? Why? Because it is intended that children do not intend anything wrong by appropriating a little fruit to their own use; or to pick a few bushels of cranberries by moonlight or on the sabbath, because they are judged as common property; as much so as umbrellas and blackberries—where are the superior blessings of civilization unless man's rights to property can be protected?

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

## READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

From a circular put into my hands, issued by the Secretary of the Board of Education, I perceive that a School Teachers' Convention will be held in Lawrence, commencing Nov. 18th, to continue five days, including evenings. Lectures and addresses will be given by Gov. Andrew, A. Crosby, A. B. Muzzey, Wm. C. Todd, and Geo. A. Walton. As the fall term of our schools will close in good season to allow our teachers to attend this Convention, it is to be hoped that all will avail themselves of so favorable an opportunity for acquiring much information, which will not only be of great value to themselves as teachers, but to pupils under their care and instruction. The expense cannot be great as "the teachers will be entertained without charge," and it is probable the railroads centering in Lawrence, will make a reduction of fare to those disposed to attend. It is also hoped that our Superintending School Committee will take an interest in this matter, and so far as practicable, attend the Convention, for it seems vastly important that those who have the general charge of affairs pertaining to all the schools, should be well posted in regard to the best methods to be adopted for the promotion of the interests of education.

M. S. N. Newcomb has opened a meat and provision market on Main street in the old Post Office building, where everything has been fitted up in good shape. I popped in Wednesday evening and observed a goodly number of customers providing themselves with beef that might with propriety be called beef, and also lamb that looked equally inviting. Should Mr. N. continue to sell at a reasonable rate he may expect a good share of custom in this line of business. I noticed that nothing was marked so high as 18cts. per lb., which of course will take our citizens somewhat by surprise and he should be held strictly responsible for this omission, as there can be no difference of opinion on this point, as it seems to me.

**TOWN WARRANT.**  
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.  
MIDDLESEX, ss. To either of the Constables of the town of Woburn, in said County,

GREETING:

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn qualified to vote in elections and in town affairs, to meet at the Town Hall, in said Woburn, on Tuesday next after the first Monday in November, it being the fifth day of said month, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty one, at eleven o'clock A.M., to give their votes to the Selectmen for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, and Attorney General for the said Commonwealth, and Commissioner, Clerk of the Courts, and Treasurer, for the county of Middlesex. Register of Deeds for the Middlesex Southern District; Councillor for District No. 3; one Senator for the 5th Middlesex Senatorial District—all on one ballot. Also, for one Representative to represent the 19th Middlesex District in the next Legislature of Massachusetts. The polls will be closed at half-past four, P. M.

And you are required as aforesaid to notify and warn the said inhabitants, qualified as aforesaid, to meet at the same place on the same day, at two and a half of the clock, P. M., to act on the following articles, viz:—

Art. 1. To choose Moderators to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2. To see if the Town will adopt the Ninth Section of the Forty-Sixth Chapter of the General Laws of this Commonwealth in relation to shade trees.

Art. 3. To see if the town will elect the List of Jurors, as reported by the Selectmen.

You are directed to serve this warrant by posting up attested copies thereof at each of the public Meeting Houses in said town, seven days at least before the time of holding said meeting, and causing the same to be published in the *Middlesex Journal*, and *Woburn Budget*.

Henceforth not and make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon to ourselves, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of October, A. D., 1861.

JOHN CUMMINGS, JR.,  
JOSEPH KELLY,  
E. N. LAKE,  
W. GRAMMER,  
ELBRIDGE MULL,  
STEPHEN DOW,  
E. E. THOMPSON,  
WM. TOTMAN,  
WALTER WYMAN,

John Cummings, Jr., Selectmen  
Edward Simonds, Constable of Woburn.

A true copy. Attest:  
EDWARD SIMONDS,  
Constable of Woburn.  
Oct. 25th 1861.—2 w.

**AT HALF PRICE.**

**A LOT OF HATS,**  
OF LAST SPRING STYLE, will be sold without regard to cost, by

J. W. HAMMOND,  
Lyceum Building.

Woburn, Oct. 26th, 1861.—4 lbs

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

MIDDLESEX, ss. On the 21st instant, 1861,

BY virtue of an execution process issued from the Court of Common Pleas for said County of Middlesex at the December term, A. D. 1860, to wit, on the 21st day of February A. D. 1861, of James McElroy, of Medford, in said County, against Benjamin L. Miller, of Winchester, in said County. I have taken all the right equity, title, or interest which the said Benjamin F. Miller, the day before the execution of the mortgage, had in a certain Mortgaged Real Estate situated in Winchester, in said County, and bounded and described as follows, Westward a King's Field containing one acre, thereon about forty feet of a Northern boundary of Oliver Hastings there measuring one hundred and forty feet; Southward by a Northern boundary of A. N. Shepard's land containing one acre, and eighty-eight feet. And on the TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF NOVEMBER next, at eleven o'clock, P. M., I shall offer at sale, public auction said right in equity of redemption.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn, Oct. 21, 1861.—435

To the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

GENTLEMEN:—THE undersigned inhabitants of said County respectfully represent that the boundaries of the County road, formerly the Andover and Medford Turnpike, are not explicitly defined. We therefore, your Petitioners request Your Honorable Board to view the said road and new locate or mark such alterations and improvements as shall appear to Your Honors necessary.

ELDRIDGE GERRY, and OTHERS.

Stoneham, Sept. 4th, 1861.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**

MIDDLESEX, ss. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, held on the 16th day of September, and the fourth Tuesday of October, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one;

Whereas, your Petitioners request that the Sheriff of said County, by his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the said road, and marking the same, on the TOWN HALL, in STONEHAM, on the Second day of December next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and that the Town Clerk of Stoneham, with a copy of said petition, and the same, shall remain thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper to be published in Woburn, for the space of one week, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by publishing the same in two public places in Woburn fourteen days before said view, and that no mark or alteration be made thereto, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

B.

The Shoe and Leather Reporter publishes statistics to prove that the southerners are not yet as bad off for shoes as has been represented. It shows that during the past three-quarters of the present year a sufficient number of brogans went South to supply an army of four hundred thousand men for twelve months and allow three pairs to each man.

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Frank B. Dodge, Watch-Maker and Jeweller, also, Dealer in Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 Washington St., Boston.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1859.

A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

NO. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Street.

At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

and dealer in Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 Washington St., Boston.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1859.

B.

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Attest: M. PRESTON, Ass't Clerk.

MOSES RICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

4-3w

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

## Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail; no doubt,  
And every grin so merry, draws one out."

### I'm Very Fond of Water.

A NEW TEMPERANCE SONG.

(Adapted from the *Platt Deutsch*.)

I'm very fond of water,  
I drink it noon and night:  
Not Rechab's son or daughter  
Had therein more delight.

I breakfast on it daily;  
And nectar it doth seem.

When once I've mixed it gaily  
With sugar and with cream.

But I forgot to mention—

That in first I see,

Infused with some attention,

Good Mocha or Bohea.

*Chorus*—I'm very fond of water,  
I drink it noon and night:

No mother's son or daughter  
Had therein more delight.

At luncheon too I drink it,  
And strength it seems to bring:

When really good, I think it

A liquor for a king.

But I forgot to mention—

'Tis best to be sincere—

I use an old invention

That makes it into beer.

*Chorus*—I'm very fond of water, &c.

I drink it, too, at dinner;  
I quaff it full and free,

And find, as I'm a sinner,  
It does not disagree.

But I forgot to mention—

As thus I drink and dine,

To save all apprehension,

I join some shiny who,

*Chorus*—I'm very fond of water, &c.

And then when dinner's over,  
And business far away,

I feel myself in clover,

And sip my eau sucre.

But I forgot to mention—

I love to add a snack;

To obviate distaste,

Of Whisky or Cognac.

*Chorus*—I'm very fond of water, &c.

At last when evening closes,

With something nice to eat,

The best of sleeping doses

In water still I meet.

But I forgot to mention—

I think it's not a sin

To cheer the day's desolation,

By pouring in the Gin.

*Chorus*—I'm very fond of water;

It ever must delight

Each mother's son or daughter—

When qualified aright.

**HORACE VERNET AND THE CONNOISSEUR.**—

This great master was once employed to paint a landscape, with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly lainted the landscape, with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of the perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well enough, but Jerome is not in the cave."

"I understand you," replied Vernet; "I will alter it."

He therefore took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit further in. The buyer took the painting but it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave.

Vernet then painted out the figure and gave it to his customer, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers, to whom he showed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave."

"But we cannot see the saint," replied the visitors.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there for I have seen him stand at the entrance and afterward farther back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it."

An honest old maid.—Nothing, in my opinion, (says Dean Ramsey) comes up to the originality and point of the Monroe old maiden lady's most "exquisite reason" for not subscribing to the proposed fund for organizing a volunteer corps in that town. It was at the time of expected invasion at the beginning of the century, and some of the town magistrates called upon her and solicited her subscription to raise men for the service of the king. "Indeed," she answered, right sturdily, "I'll dares me sic thing; I never could raise a man for *myself*, and I'm no ga'en to raise men for King George."

**SELECTIONS FROM PUNCH.—Secession, by Caesar.**

What fun dis her Summision am,

For ebony nigger, Pompey!—Yas, Sar!

Massa sumcede from Uncle Sam:

'Pose you and me sumcede from Massar.'

Sports and Pastimes of the Americans.—It seems to be a favorite pursuit of the Americans to get hold of a poor editor, who has had courage to differ with them, and to tar and feather him. If asked what kind of a nation America was, we should feel inclined, after hearing of the above blackguard propensity, to exclaim, "Tar-nation!"

KISSING BY PROXY.—One of the deacons of a certain church asked the bishop if he usually kissed the bride at weddings. "Always," was the reply. "And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?" was the next question. "In all such cases," replied the bishop, "the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacons!"

One of the Pike County boys at Louisville, Mo., found an old darkey in the woods who had heard that secession property was to be confiscated, and therefore commenced by executing the order upon himself. He surrendered to the invader, and gave a history of himself, concluding by saying:

"Gorry! mass, I'll brak your boots—do anything you want me, if you'll only confide old woman."

An Eastern paper says, "The greatest case of love is that of a youth in Kentucky, who got into the hollow of a tree, where he lived a whole week, peeping through a knot-hole at his lady-love, as she sat sewing a bear-skin petticoat at her window."

### SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety 's the Spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor."

A pretty face attracts—a good heart generally secures.

CYNICS are either soured good men, or more bad ones.

SLANDER not others because they have slandered you.

He spake well who said that little graves are the footprints of angels.

Those who praise you at the beginning, will ask favors in the end.

MONEY is nothing in itself; it is useful only when it departs from us.

It is easier for the generous to forgive than for the offender to ask it.

Be calm while your adversary frets and rages, and you can warn yourself at his fire.

WANTED, a life-boat that will float on a sea of troubles."

Pride is the first weed to grow in the human heart, and the last to be eradicated.

WHEN we find ourselves more inclined to persecute than persuade, we may be certain that our zeal has more of pride in it than charity.

The death-smile is the grandest thing in the world. It makes the dark past an arch of triumph into a radiant future.

It is but a step from cunning to knavery; lying makes the whole difference—add that to cunning, and it is knavery.

A young lady at Niagara was heard to exclaim, "What an elegant trimming that rainbow would make for a white lace overdress."

Young women are never if more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.

SHUT not up a brood of evil passions in your bosom; like enraged serpents, they will bite their cage.

To all men the best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

MONKS men are delighted amidst all delight, joyless amidst all enjoyment, sateless in the very lap of satiety.

WHEN children die, they only attain maturity in a reader way than by the tedious route of this mortal living.

GENTLEMEN who smoke alight that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us the more they fume the less they fret.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand, and supplied to order.

**HOUSE PAPERS.**

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticles, Puff-back, Round, Flap, Pocket and Dressing Cases; Hair, Toe, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes; Crochet Needles; Emery Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets; Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and Toys of all kinds.

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A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

THESE are two classes of men generally in the wrong. Those who don't know enough, and those who know too much.

MARRIAGE, said an unfortunate husband, is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied the not less unhappy wife, "are the grave-diggers."

An experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

A bankrupt was condoned with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he; "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

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WHEN his cousin, Charlotte Dunne, was married, Jones said: "It was Dunné before it was begun, Dunné while it was doing, and it was not Dunné when it was done."

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : NO. 5.

## Poetry.

### Our Country's Call.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Down the axe, fling by the spade;  
Leave it in its track the tolling blow;  
The rifle and the bayonet blade  
For arms like yours were fitted now;  
And let the hands that ply the pen  
Quit the light task, and learn to wield  
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein  
The charger on the battle field.  
  
Our Country calls; away! away!  
To where the blood-stream blots the green,  
Strike to defend the gentlest sway.  
That time in all his course has seen.  
See from a thousand coverts—see!  
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;  
They rush to smite her down, and we  
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,  
And moved as soon to fear and flight,  
Men of the glade and forest! leave  
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.  
The arms that wield the axe must pour  
An iron tempest on the foe.  
His scented ranks shall reel before  
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm  
By grassy steep or highland lake,  
Come, for the land ye love, to form  
A bulwark that no foe can break.  
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock  
The whirlwind, stand in her defense:  
The blast as soon shall move the rock  
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.  
  
And ye, whose homes are by her grand,  
Swift rivers, rising far away,  
Come from the depth of her green land  
As mighty in your march as they;  
As terrible as when the rains  
Have swelled them over bank and bourn,  
With sudden floods to drown the plains  
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng beside the deep,  
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,  
In number like the waves that leap  
On high the long murmuring margin of sand,  
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,  
He rises, all his floods to pour,  
And flings the profound barque that swin  
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords, of old,  
Went the fair land in which we dwell;  
But we are many, we who hold  
The great resolve to guard it well.  
Strive for the land of your green land,  
Blood and blow till man shall see!  
That night and right mayo hand in hand,  
And glorious must their triumph be!

—N. Y. Ledger.

### Select Literature.

#### STORY OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

BY BLANCHE BRANDON.

[A paper found in the knapsack of an old French officer who died 40 years ago.]

I believe in affinity—the term is hackneyed now, degraded to the use of those who hold no faith with trusting fellow mortals and mock their God with sophistries. In their sense it is but a plausible pretext for licentiousness, a miserable excuse for the wicked, and a temptation for the weak. In mine it is a holy thing, pure as the Heaven above his world, beautiful as the stars which shine upon us from its blue expanse.

Every man has his affinity and meets it once during the weary march of life, recognizing it sometimes only after it has glided past and departed from him forever, but often finding it the light of his existence, the one pure thing that never tarnishes with grief or age, that does not vanish on the confines of the grave, but glides on before him, lighting the path which leads down the mysterious endless future.

When God made man pure, perfect and like unto his own image, he gave unto him woman, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, to be his helpmeet. When man fell from purity to sin, woman fell also; but the gift was not quite withdrawn. Still in his degradation woman is man's helpmeet by the right of her creation. Still sometimes through the clouded beauty of the bond between them, falls a ray of splendor telling what they might have been to each other had the evils of sin's great serpent never entwined themselves about this world. I am an old man to write thus. A gray-haired soldier, bearing the mark of many not dishonorable scars, journeying on slowly but surely to the land of souls and ready to answer when my name is called from death's great master roll.

Yet old as I am, I have loved, and I love still, not with your love rash, reckless, hot-blooded man who mistakes a fleeting passion for a pure and holy sentiment. You would say that I had never loved for the emotion was born in a child's bosom for a child, and lives in an old man's heart for the dead. How well I remember the hour when it first awoke. It was a summer day and I sat on the root of a gnarled forest tree beside Hortense. We had been playing as other children might, and were resting in the shade, making daisy chains. Suddenly a sweet thrill crept through me and I uttered my thoughts aloud.

Hortense, I believe I love you better than anything in the whole world."

Hortense smiled at me from the soft shadow of her Gipsy hat and answered, "You ought, for I love you."

And I put my arms about her and kissed her innocent lips, and we forgot our daisy chains and sat beside each other without speaking until twilight. The music without sound amidst the forest leaves sounded strangely solemn to my ears as we walked

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

home, reminding me so much of the last dying strains of our Cathedral organ, that I wondered to myself whether it might not be the echo of music played by the hands of angels on their golden harps of Heaven.

Those were happy days Hortense; days without a cloud. We were poor men's children both of us. Living in a humble village as France possesses, knowing no greater luxuries than our brown bread and goat's milk; no costlier toys than those which nature gave us in flowers, and pebbles, and acorns. Yet these were sufficient and we wished for nothing more. Through the summer and until the autumn ended, we found stores of treasures in the wild woods. And winter had not checked our enjoyment.

When I went one day to our accustomed rendezvous and failed to find Hortense, I waited long hours but she did not come, and I went home sadly. The next day, and the next, I sought the same spot, and still she was not there. At last on the fourth day I found an old woman seated on the fallen tree weeping and rocking herself backwards and forwards.

As my steps made a rustling among the dried leaves she lifted up her head.

"Is this Francois?" she said.

"Yes," I answered, with a beating heart.

"Little Hortense wants to see you," said the old woman. "Will you come with me?"

"To Hortense?"—yes," I answered, and I put my hand in hers confidently.

We went down together toward the village, hand-in-hand.

"Why did not Hortense come to the woods?" I asked.

"She is ill," said the old woman.

"She is dying," sobbed my conductress.

"Dying!" I listened agast—"Dying! Hortense cannot die! She is too young, Old people die."

I believe that no man can say of me that I was a coward. During all the bloody scenes through which I passed, I never knew fear.—The whistling of the cannon balls was music to me. My arm seemed vested with almost supernatural power; and, though I was often wounded, I never left the field one day. Yet I thank Heaven for it now! I was never cruel. My wounded enemy was kindly cared for. My comrades and my foes alike shared every comfort I possessed; and often as I ministered to the wounded or bent over the dying in the mid-watches of the night, I fancied that I saw the shadow of a form, the phantom of a face bending beneath a flutter of white wings above me, and that the face, the form, the distant cadence of the voice I heard were those of my long-lost Hortense.

I rose slowly from the ranks, became Captain, Colonel, and at last General. I heard my name uttered with praise, and knew that our beloved Bonaparte thought well of me. For awhile my heart beat high with joy and pride, and the blows which saddened it crushed it to the earth. What need to enumerate our woes? From the hour which saw Moscow in flames our fortunes fell. The snows and solitudes of Russia saw a fearful series of disasters and disappointments, and at last the battle of Waterloo sealed our unhappy fate.

I stood in the end a gray-haired veteran, worn with toil and sorrow, bewailing the strange turn of Fortune's wheel which had cast our great Napoleon in the hands of his enemies, and imprisoned him like a chained eagle, upon the Isle of St. Helena.

I went back to my native province. At dusk, upon another Sabbath eve, I sat by the quiet grave where Hortense slumbered. The hair which had been black when last I knew there was now white with age and sorrow.—Again I whispered her name: "Hortense," I said, "little Hortense, have you quite forgotten me?" And a voice answered me, and a form stood before my sight. As in that older time, she stood in all her maiden beauty, unchanged, undimmed, with her meek hands crossed upon her bosom, and regarded me.

"Francois, be comforted," she whispered, "all earthly pomp must fade, all earthly power grow weak; there is but one forever-brilliant crown, but one invincible army—come with me!"

They lifted me up to the couch, and I bent over her. Her lips came close to my ear, and she said softly—"Good bye! I am going to be an angel, and I will take care of you. Don't cry when you go to the woods, next summer, but never love any one better than Hortense." And as I kissed her, the little arms dropped back, and there was no longer voice nor movement, nor even the slightest fluttering of her breath to be heard by the now stilled group about her.

I had but one thought as they lifted me again, and that was that the world had nothing left in it to care for.

Suns arose and set—days and nights followed each other—days passed—years faded. I grew to be a boy, and left childhood behind me. I grew to be a man, and forgot the hopes and fears of boyhood. Yet still, through all, one memory clung to me—the memory of Hortense. At twenty-one, I sat upon a green mound in the church-yard, and wept above a little wooden cross whereon was written:

HORTENSE LISLE: Aged seven.

I was weary of the drudgery of a peasant's life, and longed for higher objects and a wider field of action; but how or by what means to fulfill my hopes I had no knowledge.

And on this Sabbath evening which was also my birthday, I was sad and softened, and wept above my child-love's little grave. "You promised to come to me, Hortense," I sighed. "You promised to call for me and guide me. Come to me now—let me see you—let me hear your voice!"

It was midsummer, and the air was sultry; yet, as I spoke, a cold breeze seemed to kiss my forehead, a chill ran through my frame.

I lifted up my eyes, and in the moonlight opposite me, standing by a gravestone, I saw Hortense, purer and more beautiful than ever, but a child no longer. A maiden's gentle form and face were before me, expanded into mature loveliness without the loss of childhood's purity. Holy were the eyes, holy the lips, holy the pure white bosom over which her arms crossed themselves. Again, as in her death hour she uttered my name, "Francois!"

DIMITY is named from Damietta, a town in Egypt, celebrated for its manufactures.

### Our Sacrifice.

To those brave men of the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts regiments, and the California Battalion, living or dead, who took part in the battle of Ball's Bluff, this heartily is dedicated.

"Well, the happiness is done!  
Well, its bloody course is run!  
Let a pall of blackness hide it  
From the glances of the sun.

"Ah, the hearts that bled in vain!  
Ah, the heap of loyal slain!  
Soft—my soul—be silent—add not  
Curse to this bitter pain.

"He, the lion heart of all,  
Holding life and safety small,  
Might his country's clouded honor  
Brighten by his fall.

"Oh! ye steadfast! oh! ye brave!

"Filling now one common grave;  
Lo! the nation's bosom shrines ye  
With the cause ye died to save!

"Shall it, shall it be for naught  
That this sacrifice was wrought?  
Ha! the nation startles fiercely,  
Burning at the craven thought!

"Not until the hoary flood

"That is purple with your blood—  
On whose banks your scanty legions  
Facing brutal slaughter stood—

"From its ending to its source,

"Floweth free from rebel force;

"Not until you far blue mountains

"Have been purged of Treason's curse—

"Will we stay the costly tide

"From a bleeding nation's side;

"Blood and treasure flowing freely

"In an ocean deep and wide.

"For a spirit is abroad

"Bright and terrible with God;

"And we mark the troubled waters

"Where his burning feet have trod!

*The night after the battle.*

HOWARD GLYNDON.

*Washington Sunday Morning Chronicle.*

### The Real Social Evil.

The London Times of the 2nd inst. contains the following piquant letter addressed to the Editor.

Sir,—You lately published a Belgravian lament from seven mothers, who found their daughters trumpled by the pretty horse-breakers.

You also have taken up the cause of the women of the East, recommending them no longer to suffer themselves to be tyrannized over by the water and gas companies, who no sooner see the new-laid pavement in Fleet street or the Strand beautifully level than they instantly send their myrmidons to convert it into barricades. Will you allow a country gentleman to call your attention to a worse tyranny, under which we all groan—that of our domestic servants?

I feel I have a right to claim your sympathy after the heartless practical joke palmed off upon me on Thursday last, when your first leader began with the inquiry, "Does any one want a sharp, clever, willing servant, always in good humor?"

(the actual commencement of a smart article on Lord Palmerston). Sir, when that paper was put into my hand, I was at Bletchley station on my way to London, worse off than Jephet in search of a father, or Caleb in search of a wife, for I was looking for that which a further perusal of your article told me neither you nor any one else had to offer. Allow me to send you the result of my researches.

I premise by saying that I am an easy-going young man, who think a pennyworth of comfort cheap at three-halfpence, and am not, therefore, extreme to mark what is done amiss.

Sometimes, I admit, I must be blamed, as

without assigning any reason. I afterwards

understood that he told his successor that

"the place was well enough, but master was

so plagues dull in the buggy he couldn't

stand it." It is painful for me thus to own

that I am not always up to the intellectual

exigencies of the position, yet notwithstanding

this drawback, my servants, as a rule, re-

main with me longer than with my neig-

horts. Still, I always appear to be changing,

and each time to have greater difficulty in

finding a laborer worthy of his hire. I am

not, however, going to trouble you with my

domestic difficulties, further than to say that,

owing to circumstances over which, of course,

neither my butler nor my housekeeper had

any control, I found it imperative these heads

of departments should be changed. I, there-

fore, selected the most promising advertise-

ments in your columns, and wrote to the adver-

tisers to meet me in town.

The first that called was a butler. He was

a man of some personal appearance, which he

evidently thought it his first duty to cultivate.

His loose fitting coat was of irreproachable

cut; his waistcoat, "no reach-me-down,"

but fitting without creases, and of spotless

purity; his gloves ("was a miracle how he

got into them") were buttoned at the wrist;

his collar was turned down, and his narrow

magenta tie the nearest approach I ever saw

to what Mr. Slick called "the little ends of

nothing whittled down." On being ushered

into the room he said he had "embraced the

earliest opportunity of obeying my summons."

I perceived at once, like Agag, he must be

approached delicately, and should have felt

some hesitancy how to catchize so refined a

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

Zouaves, in remembrance of this original cap, struck up in chorus :

"Oh, say do you know  
The nightcap  
The nightcap,  
Oh, say do you know  
The nightcap  
Of old man Begeaud?"

Two or three days later the Marshal, when giving the orders to start, said, addressing the buglers, "Sound the Casquette." The name has stuck to this march, and it has led the Zouaves to many a victory.

THE STEAL SOLDIER.

Another characteristic type of the French army is the Chasseur à Pied, who truly the soldier of his age—a steam soldier; he goes from Vincennes to Paris in thirty-five minutes, or just half the time a respectable cab takes. The Chasseur à Pied, known originally as the Tirailleur de Vincennes, is quite as popular as the Zouave. The first of these epithets explains itself; as for the second, etymologists are not agreed; some asserting that it is a corruption of the word *vitrer* (a man who goes quickly), given to the Chasseurs on their formation at the camp of Saint Omer. Others declare that it comes from their green epaulettes. Iig this as it may, the Chasseurs have displayed their prowess on many a well fought field, and at the outset they inspired the Arabs with an invincible terror. In fact, during an action, everything combines to give them a terrible appearance: their dark uniforms and the hoarse sound of the bugles makes them resemble a legion of unchained demons in the midst of the smoke. On seeing them run up, the Arabs bolted at full speed. "Here comes the negro Lascars!" They shouted. Some volunteer has sung their exploits in a ballad of some thirty or forty verses, of which we supply a specimen.

The Arabs have come with a dash,  
They are here by the score,  
But the Chasseurs so neatly have settled their hash  
That they wont care to come any more.  
To visit the Cha—  
The Cha Cha-Cha—  
The Chasseurs of Vincennes!

The Chasseurs have a fearful weapon, their *tige* rifle, loaded with oblong balls, which pierces a two inch plank at a distance of twelve hundred yards; and as nearly all the Chasseurs are good marksmen, they make frightful ravages in the enemy's rank. At the outset the Arabs hit at such an enormous range, believed in some devility.

ASTOUNDING MANOEUVRES.

At Sebastopol the volunteer rides, or *infans perduis*, were recruited from the ranks of the Chasseurs. Hidden behind the smallest rise in the ground, they managed to get within range of the batteries, and then it was all over with the gunners and the artillery was speedily silenced. Any one who has not seen the manoeuvres of chasseurs à pied can form no idea of the prodigies effected by discipline and daily practice. Their ordinary pace is a quick march, their quick march a perfect race. At the bugle call they scatter in every direction, disappear, kneel down, lie on their backs, stomachs, load their guns, aim and fire in every possible position. Another signal heard, and they fall in at lightning speed, with fixed bayonets, prepared to charge. A charge of Chasseur when made at full speed, is irresistible; however dense be the mass on which they rush, they tear it open with their wide sword bayonets, and rush through it, leaving sanguinary traces behind them. At Sebastopol, Prince Menschikoff declared that they were demons. The Chasseurs are very proud of their renown for speed. One morning an order of the day was read to them, beginning thus: "Soldiers, we are about to march on the enemy." "Oh! oh!" they exclaimed, "that is not meant for us." They would have written "run." When not on duty the Chasseur maintains involuntarily his rapid pace: he has also rather a racy look; he likes to wear his shako "on three hairs," and his waist belt is drawn in most enormously, for the *vitrer* must have an ant's stomach. As he is light and well built he adores dancing, which is his strong point, and obtains success which only the Parisian Pompier can dispute with him. Very naturally the belles admire this brilliant dancer, but do not put much faith in him, for the *vitrer* is even more inconstant than the Voltigeur, who is the true butterfly of love. At Paris he affects the bosky shades of Vincennes and St. Maude. On Monday, Thursday, and Sunday he hurries to dance to the sound of the key bugles of the Barrière du Trône, delighted if he has leave to stay out of barracks till midnight; he always finds there a friend who fraternally shares with him sundry bottles of wine. It would be unjust to say a word about the bugler of the Chasseurs à Pied; it is difficult to understand how the private, loaded with haversack, arms, food and ammunition, can run without loss of breath; but that the bugler, while running like the rest also finds means and breath to sound the call is incomprehensible.

GREAT MORTALITY AMONG CHILDREN.—It is estimated that in the United States the annual number of deaths among children arising indirectly from the baneful effects of impure salaratus and amount to the alarming number of thirty thousand. The same authority asserts that the introduction of PYLE'S DIETETIC SALARATUS twenty years ago would have saved hundreds of thousands from premature death.

Every parent should procure this whole-some article which makes not only safe and healthy, but most delicious cake and pastry, Depot, 345 Washington St., New York.

COL. ELLSWORTH'S FATHER VISITS ALEXANDRIA.—On a written recommendation from the President, Gen. Porter, Provost Marshal granted a pass to Mr. E. D. Ellsworth, father of the lamented Colonel Ellsworth, to visit Alexandria. Mr. Ellsworth is a noble looking man, not far past the meridian of life. Yesterday, when reference was made to his son, the tear of parental affection trickled down his cheek, and a subdued voice indicated the intensity of his feeling.

## The Middlesex Journal, E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR, Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.  
No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, or until the publisher, and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

|   |
|---|
| One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00                                     |
| Each subsequent insertion, .75  |
| Each subsequent insertion, .50  |
| One square one year, .10  |
| One square six months, .09  |
| Half a square one year, .06   |
| Half a square six months, .05   |
| Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square. |

SPECIAL NOTICES, loaded, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

### AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. Mansfield,

Brentwood—Josiah Howes,

Reading—Thomas Richardson.

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere has been called to this paper as an advertising medium. THE JOURNAL is now largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

EACH kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1861

DEATH OF A VOLUNTEER.—Mr. Edwin H. Persons, a member of the Waltham Light Dragoons, died in camp at Readville, Dedham, on Thursday morning, of quick consumption. He participated in the battle of Great Bethel, being then connected with one of the three months Vermont Regiments. The last time we saw him, about three weeks ago, he was on his way to join his company after a short furlough, and it seemed to us that he needed more the rest, quiet, and attention of home, than he did the noise, bustle and inattention of the camp. He was frank, inoffensive and kind in disposition, and made friends where, perhaps, others would have made enemies. He was a printer by trade and worked in times past in this office, and ever bore himself with honor and propriety. In his death we have an instance of the frailty of life. A few short weeks ago he was in the full vigor of life and health; now he lies in the chill embrace of that dread messenger which sooner or later visits us all. His funeral takes place from the Baptist Church, this (Saturday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
Oh, may this truth, impressed  
With awful power, "I, too, must die,"  
Sink deep in every breast !

AID FOR THE TROOPS.—The good work of relieving the soldiers, is going bravely on in our town. The ladies are working with a zeal deserving of the loftiest commendation; and what is best of all they do not tire. The following is a list of the articles sent since our last published enumeration:

125 comforters, quilts and blankets, 204 pairs socks, 22 flannel under shirts, 43 shirts, 44 sheets, 72 pillow-cases, 65 pillows (feather and hair), 11 pairs woolen drawers, about two thousand rolls of bandages, compresses and packages of lint, 21 towels, 7 dressing-gowns, 16 pocket handkerchiefs, great variety of magazines, books, tracts, &c., a variety of jellies, dried fruit, also quantities of farina, maize, sago, tapioca, arrowroot, Irish moss, chocolate, cocoa, &c., 7 prs. slippers and shoes, 2 prs. gloves, and 1 shawl, packages of pins, needles, linen and cotton thread, buttons, buckles, yams &c., Casting and fancy soap, candle &c., chess board, dominoes, and other articles of amusement for invalids, packages of stationery, including 32 boxes of paper, 12 dozen pencils, 1300 envelopes, 2 gross pens and 5 dozen penholders.

The Committee have received in money \$60, part of which they have expended in purchasing articles, &c. The following letter of acknowledgment has been received:

BOSTON, Oct. 29th, 1861.

DEAR MADAM.—Please to express the thanks of the U. S. Sanitary Commission to the ladies of Woburn for their timely and valuable contribution.

The articles will be forwarded immediately to Washington, and will doubtless prove highly acceptable to our brave soldiers.

Faithfully,

S. G. HOWE,  
by S. E. DRAPER.

Mrs. S. Edgell Davis, Woburn.

### Prisoners of War.

The following letter, from the "War Department," which will interest all our readers, has been received recently in response to an earnest appeal that something might soon be done, by exchange or otherwise, for the release of those "prisoners of war" who have fallen into the hands of the rebels.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 19th, 1861.

REV. W. C. WHITCOMB, Lynnfield Center, Mass.—Dear Sir—Your letter of Oct. 5th is received, and I truly feel for your anxiety about your friends and relatives now prisoners at Richmond. The policy of the Government has not yet been settled as to the exchanging of prisoners; yet she does not for a moment forget her brave sons who have fallen captive, whilst defending her national integrity. When the nature may bring forth, cannot now be told. I trust, however, it may see the speedy union of now disengaged families.

With respect, I remain,  
Yours, very truly,  
THOMAS A. SCOTT,  
Actg Sec. of War."

THE LATE FIGHT AT BOLIVAR.—We see that some of the papers persist in giving Col. Geary all the praise for the capture of wheat which was made at Bolivar, a short time since. A Washington paper of last week has a whole column relative to it, and the name of Major J. P. Gould, the real capturer, does not appear once. Now, we think, praise should be rendered where it is due. If Major Gould captured the wheat, and we have the very best reason for supposing that he did, then he should have the honor. The facts in the case are as follows:—Major Gould gave information to Gen. Banks of the situation of the wheat, and he received orders at once to take it. Gen. Banks and Major Gould were the only ones cognizant of its situation until it was captured. The battle was fought by the Mass. and Wisconsin boys—the Pennsylvania troops being kept in position only by Col. Geary's pistol; which fact, probably, the correspondent of the above paper means when he says—"The gallant Geary, immediately on the right of the artillery, on foot, with great difficulty restrained his ardent troops—who were deployed obliquely, their right and left wings resting on the battery—from breaking line and marching to the summit." As there seems to be considerable rivalry for the honor of this action, we thought it well to give the facts, which we have from one who was engaged in the battle and who was in a position qualified to allow him to judge.

LECTURE.—There will be a free lecture in the Baptist meeting house, next Thursday evening, upon the war, and especially upon the battle of Bull Run, by Rev. Mr. Pierce of Gloucester, who was in that engagement, as Chaplain of the N. Y. 12th Regiment. Mr. Pierce is the able correspondent of the Christian Watchman, over the signature "Ranger," and is the best historian of the war that has been before the public.

LECTURES.—We see that the people of Boston and vicinity, are preparing for their usual course of lectures. Is Woburn to enjoy her usual literary treat this winter or not? We have heard the subject mentioned.

HOME MONTHLY FOR NOVEMBER.—This little periodical is on our table, looking as cheery and entertaining as any one could wish.

Its contents are worthy, and will make any fireside more happy around which they are read.

JURORS.—Wm. A. Colegate and Wm. Flan-

ders, were drawn, last week, as jurors to the Criminal Court now sitting at Lowell.

DR. J. M. HARLOW, of Cavendish, Vt., has taken up his residence in Woburn, for the purpose of practicing as a Physician and Surgeon. Dr. H. is a graduate of Jefferson College, Philadelphia, and has enjoyed a reputation and position in Cavendish of the highest order. His patients were among the first circles, and speak of his abilities in the best terms. Perhaps some of our readers may remember the celebrated case of a Mr. Gage who "had an iron bar four feet in length and one and one-fourth inch in diameter, shot through his head, while blasting rocks at the building of the Rutland and Burlington Railroad." It was Dr. Harlow, we learn from the Bellows Falls Times, who attended him, and brought him through his troubles. Dr. Harlow possesses recommendations from some of the first practitioners in New England, with some of whom he has been connected in the treatment of many difficult cases. The following, from Professor Phelps, speaks much in his favor as a physician:

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,  
Hanover, N. H., Sept. 23d, '61.

To whom it may concern:

I take great pleasure in giving my testimony most decidedly in favor of Dr. J. M. Harlow, for many years my professional neighbor.

As a practitioner of medicine, I have ever considered him one of the most valuable that a community could possess; uniting, as he does, a most untiring devotion to his patients, with an amount of accurate and extensive medical knowledge, as well as a sound judgment such as few are endowed with.

EDW. E. PHELPS, M.D., LL.D., &c., Prof. Theor. and Pract. of Medicine in Dartmouth College."

We refer our readers to Dr. Harlow's advertisement, which can be found under our Special Notice head.

BOSTON COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.—This College is under the care of Prof. A. D. Bill, Principal, and is located at 110 Tremont St., Boston. The branches taught in this institution, embrace everything that is requisite for a thorough Commercial Education. Prof. Bill is the inventor of the "Anti-national Penholder," which has attained great favor among the business men of Boston and elsewhere. Young men wishing to get a good, practical education, that will fit them for any position in society, are recommended to attend the above named College.

A correspondent, under our So. Reading, head draws aside the veil and exposes to the public view many of the quirks and fluctuations by which politicians "boost" themselves or their friends into office and power. Our correspondent has been "behind the scenes," although, we think, he has not been connected with any of the "schemes," and speaks from what he knows. He has drawn a picture which some can with great ease recognize, as they will not have to go further than the glass to see a counterpart.

A committee on credentials reported that 15 towns were represented by 173 delegates.

All of the Union men belonging to the County who were in the hall, were also invited to take seats in the Convention.

A ballot was taken for a candidate for County Commissioner with the following result:

Whole number of votes 116  
Necessary for a choice 59

Tim. Fletcher of Charlestown, had 77  
William Winn of Burlington, 36  
P. H. Sweetser, of So. Reading, 3

The nomination of Mr. Fletcher was made unanimous.

The remaining officers were nominated by acclamation.

THIRD COUNCILOR DISTRICT CONVENTION.—A Councilor Convention, composed for the greater part of the delegates to the above Convention, met at the City Hall, at 1 o'clock.

Amos B. V. Coburn of Lowell, was nominated as a candidate for Councilor.

The nomination of Mr. Fletcher was made unanimous.

The remaining officers were nominated by acclamation.

RESOLVED.—That we take this occasion to express our gratification and esteem to Major J. P. Gould, who is commander of the post at Harper's Ferry. The meeting was called to order by Amos Hill 2d, who stated its object—which was to receive a Black Horse Cavalry

Sword presented by Major J. P. Gould to his friends in return for a Field Officers Sword

presented him on his departure for the seat of war.

The meeting was permanently organized

by choice of John Kingman, Presdt.; Amos Hill, 2d, Secretary.

Eloquent speeches were made by John Hill and John Kingman Esq., and others, pledging the continued assistance in every thing needful for the comfort and success of our Soldiers now at the seat of war.

A committee was chosen consisting of Amos Hill, John Hill and A. Rowe Jr., into whose care the Sword and Belt were committed.

The following resolutions were then read and unanimously adopted.

RESOLVED.—That we take this occasion to express our gratification and esteem to Major J. P. Gould in connection with this war as exceeding our most sanguine expectations and deserving our warmest praise.

RESOLVED.—That the information of our company through Sargent Whitney and other sources reflects great credit upon themselves as Soldiers, and we feel they will perform their whole duty as true and faithful Soldiers.

The citizens of Stoneham feel the utmost confidence in the ability and the success of Major Gould and the Grey Eagles.

But while we are doing all we can for the comfort of our immediate friends we do not forget that our brothers in the Western States need our assistance. Already have large quantities of clothing been sent to their relief and the end is not yet.

Permit us to say if all the Northern States

would unite in recommending a more vigorous



# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

## Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt,  
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

### Girls of Past and Now-a-Days.

Alas! how everything has changed  
Since I was sweet sixteen,  
When all the girls wore homespun frocks,  
And aprons nice and clean;  
With bonnets made of braided straw,  
And tied beneath the chin,  
The shawl laid neatly on the neck,  
And fastened with a pin.  
  
I recollect the time when I  
Rod's father's horse to mill,  
Across the moor, rock and field,  
And up and down the hill!  
And when our folks went out at work,  
(It never made me thinner),  
I jumped upon a horse, bare back,  
And carried them their dinner.  
  
Dear me! young ladies now-a-days  
Would almost faint away  
To think of riding all alone!  
In wagon, chaise, or sleigh;  
And as for giving "pa" his meals,  
Or helping "ma" to bake,  
Oh dear! I would spoil their lily hands,  
Though sometimes they make cake.

### The Late Charles Mathews.

One very dark night in December the late Charles Mathews had taken his place in the right coach from Exeter to Plymouth, England, but by mistake or connivance, was expelled to the outside. The night was very dreary, and soon after the coach set off it began to rain, which, in regard to Devonshire, is to say that the water came down in torrents like a cataract. Being neither provided with great coat nor umbrella, he naturally envied the situation of those who sat under him, and to desire that comfort they enjoyed was but another throb with him to endeavor to obtain it; and in the depth of his waggery, as well as his distress, he resolved upon the following expedient:

He was the only passenger outside, and his location being the dicky, the coachman at the other extremity of the vehicle was incapable of "peeping the blanket of the dark," upon his doings. He commenced by pretending to kiss and hug a child in his arms, whose freckled whine he increased until it cut the drums of the other passengers' ears like a razor. Two of these persons happened to be females, one of whom was a mother and the other expected to be. They instantly exclaimed—

"Dear me! there's a poor child on the roof in this rain—let's take it in!"

The males, as gentlemen and Christians, were compelled to acquiesce, so down went the sash and out went a lady's head and shoulders in the pelting shower to address Mathews.

"Here my good woman," said the lady, "give me the child."

"No, no!" said Mathews, imitating the voice of a female, "mine little dear Adolphine shall not go from his mamma."

And then he commenced another series of soprano notes, interspersed with an abundance of bass hush a byes, more intolerable than the former.

"Good heavens!" said the humane female to her companions, "it's a barbarous French woman—she'll kill the poor little thing!"—Then leaning out of the window again, addressed the supposed female—"Give me the child, good woman, will you? It will catch its death. Here coachman, stop, stop!"

"Stop, ma'am," said John, "Bless your soul, did you ever hear of such a thing in such a rain as this? And if I did stop, the young ones on the dickey would frighten the cattle."

Mathews pretended to get into a passion with the child, and scolded it; at which the ladies opened upon the gentlemen, who in their turn swore, and between the squealing, growling, screaming, and threatening, a delightful tumult ensued. The dialogue, as he describes it, ran thus:

Child (squealing): Ya! ya! ya!—Mathews: Hush, hush, child, child!—Women (within): Don't use it so, good woman.—Child: Ya! ya! ya! (crossing) Mathews: You von little sstan—you cry so mosh.—Women: All owing to the French Revolution.—Child: Ya! ya! ya!—Coachman: Steady, Betty, steady!—Mathews: You are von little rascal, child.—Women: Only hear the French monster!—Child: Ya! ya! ya! Mathews: You! I will trash you in the mud!—Women: What does she say?—Child: Ya! ya! ya!—Mathews: Won't you hush: I trash you away!—Women: Oh you wretch! Child: Ya! ya! ya!—Mathews: Dere, dere, dere! In de poode!

Suiting the action to the word, he made a noise as if he had actually deposited the infant in a ditch—the cries of which grew fainter as the coach drove on. The uproar that ensued in the vehicle would have done credit to St. Giles' or St. Patrick's day. The women yelled, and the men thumped the roof with their sticks, and swore out of the windows.

"Stop, coachman, stop! murder! she's killed the child! she's thrown it into the ditch! will you stop, coachman?"

"In three minutes, ma'am," he replied, to change horses."

"But there's the child lying in the road!"

"I'll send some one from the inn to pick it up ma'am—I mustn't loose time between the stages."

A torrent of abuse now turned on the coachman; and one of the passengers, who was a lawyer, swore that if the child died he would prosecute the former, and the mother for murder.

On arriving at the inn Mathews jumped down and ran into the kitchen to dry himself. The house was instantly in confusion—the French woman was ordered to be seized—lanterns were lighted, and a party set off to retrace the road headed by the humane lawyer. No infant however was to be found, and after groping about in the ditch until they were thoroughly drenched, they returned to the inn. The lawyer was then told that the French woman had made her escape, and that another gentleman had taken his place in the coach, which was now out of sight.

### SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety 's the Spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor."

The only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

WHEN a fat man blows he is probably tired; when the wind or flower blows, it probably took, making a large and well-selected

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VOL. XI : No. 6.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

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## Poetry.

### The Greenwood's Truth.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HUGO VON BLOMBERG.

"O, greenwood mine, thou art dearer far  
Than the kingly hall to me—  
Dearer than all things else that are,  
Save thee, my spouse, save thee!"

And oh, if death now on my heart shall lay  
His hand so boony and cold,  
Shut me not in marble and bronze, I pray—  
Let me lie in the greenwood mound!"

When chant the monks, and the bells do ring,  
Uneasy my sleep would be.  
O'er my grave let the boughs of the greenwood  
swing,

And the small birds carol free."

When at length she slept death's sleep serene,  
They heeded not her request;  
In a shrine of bronze they laid the queen  
In a marble tomb to rest.

Above her a chapel they built of stone,  
And gloomy it was to view,  
Whose deep-dyed windows dimly shone,  
All dusky—red and blue.

And the years and the centuries onward passed—  
Forgot was that lady fair,  
Forgot was the king and his realm at last,  
And the chapel was gray and bare.

And the wood hath ta'en it and folded well  
To its dark green bosom deep:  
No monk chants more, and there rings no bell:  
'O'er the threshold mousies creep.

O, tell me then, hath love such grace  
To instill the love 'twould win?  
The queen now sleeps in the wood's embrace:  
True, true hath the greenwood been!

Through the windows the boughs have fondly  
pressed,  
With woodland scent and bloom,  
'Mid the whispering leaves the small birds nest,  
And carol above the tomb.

## Select Literature.

### UP IN THE AIR.

Some few months back I was called in—I am a surgeon by profession—to attend a Señor Tornados, who, despite his name, was as true an Englishman by birth and parentage as the parish of Lambeth ever bred and reared. I found him suffering from extreme debility and nervousness, brought on by the overstrained tension of the muscles and sinews. He told me that he was a rope-dancer, slack and tight; a tumbler, stiff and loose; sprite, acrobat, and bottle-equilibrist; and many other things which have escaped my memory.

His family consisted of his wife, a pale, sickly woman, somewhat older than himself, and a very handsome little girl. Accustomed as I was to witness the devotion of women by a sick bedside, and the irritability of male patients, the self-sacrifice of Madame Tornados and the demonstrative gratitude of her husband for each act of attention surprised me. He was under my care some months, and, as he recovered, grew talkative and familiar. One evening, as he sat in an easy chair, propped up by pillows, he favored me with the following narrative. I purposely suppress any professional technicalities and acrobatic *argot*, which would be unintelligible to the ordinary reader.

"You see, sir," he began, "my father was a hawker over in Jambeth Marsh. I never knew my mother, because she died when I was quite young. I don't know how it was I learned tumbling. The first thing I can remember is standing on my head close to Westminster Bridge, and a gentleman going by giving me a shilling. 'Now, my boy,' the gentleman said, 'do that again,' which I did. 'Now,' said he, 'spring!' which I did, and came on my feet again. 'Good boy,' said he, and he patted me on the head. That gentleman, Sir, was the great Mr. Du-crow. Well, Sir, of course, after such encouragement from such a man, a tumbler I became. I spared neither pains nor trouble, and practised till I became master of my art and head of my profession."

"At seven years ago—I was just twenty-three—I first met with James Ranford, who was also in my line, and he proposed that we should work together. I consented, and we travelled about and exhibited at town halls, and assembly rooms, and large rooms at inns; but we did very badly. Ranford had a wife and child, so it fell harder upon him. I was forced to lend him what little I could spare, for I could not see a young man and a little baby go without while I had it, could I?"

"Well, Sir, things got from bad to worse; and my partner, being a man of violent temper, took to drink—he was always given that way—and, I am sorry to say, he used to beat his wife. Sometimes my blood has boiled, and I have walked away for fear that I should interfere. However, I used to cheer up the missus as well as I could, and nurse the little girl, and they both grew to like me very much.

"One night, at a little place called Puddingthorpe, we had no audience at all. We were without money, and were asking each other what we should do, when the squire's son and a lot of young gentlemen came in and asked us to perform for them, which we did; and they gave us a couple of sovereigns, and, more than that, asked us to supper at the hotel. After supper the squire looked at one of our bills of the day, and said, 'Hallo! why, I see you call yourselves Messrs. J.

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"Oh, that'll never do," he said. 'You must have an *alias*; you mustn't let the public suppose that you are Englishmen. It is contrary to the rules of professional etiquette. You must make out that you are foreigners.'

"Well, at that all the gentlemen began to laugh; but it was settled before we broke up that night that, for the future, we were to call ourselves 'The Two Foscari—the spineless Siamese of Syria!'

"Our next ascent took place on the Grand Gala night of the United Order of Ancient Toxophilites. It was a still summer night, without a breath of wind. We ascended till the gardens, and the streets, and the churches looked like Dutch toys, and then got out upon the rope.

"As I took my seat beside Ranford I noticed that he had been drinking more than usual. He had lately taken to an odd way of shutting his eyes, and smiling with his lips tight pressed together; and what with his knit brows, white tights, spangled trunks, and the bit of ribbon round his head, with a paste star in the centre, he looked, as he sat swinging backwards and forwards in the air, more like an evil being than a man.

"We went through our performance, all but the last trick. As I was swinging from his two hands the thought came into my head, *if he should not hold on!*

"As I let go with my left hand, and swung only by my right, I heard his voice above me.

"'Kerr,' he said, 'are you guilty or not? I asked him what he meant.

"'You know,' he answered. 'Confess that you have wronged me: speak the truth! They are your last words! I have but to loose my grip, and down you go!'

"I tried to seize his disengaged arm, but he held it above my reach, and put his other such a position that I could not catch it, but swung entirely at his mercy.

"I leaped to reach the rope with my feet, and so hang by my heels, but I failed. I shut my eyes, and prayed Heaven to forgive me. Every act of my past life rushed through my brain; at the same time I was perfectly conscious of everything about me—the blue sky, the quiet evening, the rope, the bottom of the car, and Ranford's head inverted over me. I thought what a time I should be falling, failing, I knew how slow the sand, and how to descend. As we were sailing over London he said to me—

"'You couldn't do the slack rope up here, Foscari, could you?'

"'Why not?' I said; and as I spoke the idea flashed upon me what a splendid feature in the programme it would be: 'Perilous Performance of the Two Foscari Brothers, who will go through their imitable evolutions on a Slack Wire suspended from a Balloon floating thousands of yards above the surface of the earth!!!' A balloon, I thought, could bear the weight of two men outside it. The wire could be fastened to the sides of the car, and, when at a sufficient height, we could get out and perform.

"As soon as I reached the ground I went to Ranford, who first laughed at the nation, and then agreed to it. The proprietor of the gardens asked us to name our terms. We did so. He tried to beat us down, but at last consented, and we went up and did it!"

I interrupted by asking if the danger were not extreme.

"Not a bit," replied my patient. "If I fell from a wire fifty feet from the ground the chances are that I should break my neck if I fell from a height of fifty miles I could do no more. Then, if our feet miss, we have our hands to hold on by. However, I was saying we went up, and when we had risen a certain distance, we got out of the car and, look up at the clouds. I used to feel that the earth could not be so very distant, for, high as we had risen, the sky seemed as far off from us as ever.

"Our performance gave great satisfaction, and was favorably noticed in the daily and weekly papers. We were told that the act that thrilled the audience most was the last one we performed before descending. Ranford, who was a heavier man than I, hung from the rope with his head downwards; and then by way of climax, I let go my left hand, and hung on by my right. I never felt the least fear. We knew each other's grip, and it was all right.

"At first the aeronaut went up with us, but after a few times we were able to manage for ourselves so well that, had an accident happened to one, the other could have got safely down.

"We were earning a great deal of money, but I noticed that Mrs. Ranford looked paler and more care-worn every day, and I knew how her husband was conducting himself by that. She often told me that she wished they were poor again, as he had been much kinder in those times.

"One night—I shall never forget it—I was returning from the gardens, and, as I passed the door of Ranford's lodgings, little Evelina's nurse ran out to me, and said—

"'For Heaven's sake, Sir, go in. Master and missus have had a dreadful quarrel, and missus is going to kill herself!'

"Well, Sir, things got from bad to worse; and my partner, being a man of violent temper, took to drink—he was always given that way—and, I am sorry to say, he used to beat his wife. Sometimes my blood has boiled, and I have walked away for fear that I should interfere. However, I used to cheer up the missus as well as I could, and nurse the little girl, and they both grew to like me very much.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

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Woburn—JOSIAH HARRIS,  
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON,

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York; J. H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper, an advertiser in it, and the JOURNAL, consulted in it, in the town of Woburn, Middlesex, Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1861.

### The Hero and Patriot of America.

The subjects of the historic pen must, in order to satisfy the fastidious cravings of the enlightened *literati* (?) of the present age, embrace a series of sad events and distressing disasters; an elaborate account of the sacking and pillaging of cities, murdering and outraging their defenceless women and children; they wish to be on every page marched to the very muzzle of the lead-biting cannon, revelling in carnage and bloodshed, delighting in exciting portrayals of treason, unheeding of prodigies and adventures which, as Irving says, like cayenne in cookery, give a pungency to historic details. So great has become the demand for this kind of reading, that the historian, to be admired, must give to his species a kind of "Newgate calendar," a record of the miseries that man has brought upon his fellow beings. Monuments have been erected to the infamy of mankind, of the same omnipotent arm defend him that has sustained him on many a red field of slaughter; may he there, too, gain the victory over his adversary and in everlasting triumph repose in the bosom of his "Father and his God." As his eyes close with sweet tranquillity on sublunary things, when his ear no longer catches the sound of the clear bugle note sounding the charge, or theullen tramp of the retreating foe, and as his enfranchised spirit quits a world of turmoil, the united acclamations of praise from a mighty nation of freemen shall waft his heroic soul to the land that knows no field of blood; where his reward will be the enjoyment of the most exalted perfection of that which he has labored so devotedly to perpetuate to coming generations, "Union, peace, and liberty."

induced the act, we know not, but Scott, on the 18th of November was ordered to be in readiness and on the 30th started for Vera Cruz with full confidence in the faith of Polk, but ere he reached his destination he became aware of Polk's intention to supersede him, which plot was frustrated by Congress. On his arrival at Tampico he entirely revolutionized the army and carried successfully to a brilliant termination a campaign ever memorable in our history, graced by such names as Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, Molino del Rey, City of Mexico, &c., whose very sound causes many a hero's blood to boil. At the close of his career in the land of the Montezumas he was made Lieutenant General of the entire army of the United States.

Since the breaking out of the rebellion Scott has been the master genius of our army, and the old veteran has shown unparalleled devotion to our cause and most valiantly labored to strike a withering blow to the many headed monster that menaces us, but conscious of his country's need of a man enjoying the full faculties of both body and mind and suffering from his infirmities induced by his campaigns, he has willingly sacrificed associations so dear to him, and on the first of November—in accordance with his own request—was placed upon the list of "retired military officers," with no reduction in pay or allowances. His parting with President Lincoln and the Cabinet bespoke how dearly he prized the companionship and prosperity of those in whose hands we have placed our holy cause. Accompanied by his staff of officers, he has left Washington which he may never see again, and retired to New York. Thus has ended a military career whose star sinks unclouded and whose reflected light shall linger with us long after its setting to guide his countrymen to glory and to victory. May his remaining days know no cloud of sadness or tear of mournful grief for his country's downfall, but may his last fond gaze rest upon a land indissolubly united, prosperous, and happy. May his sufferings be alleviated by the soothing hand of his loving and grateful countrymen. His departure from this world will be an occasion of sacred sorrow. His noblest monument, a nation's gratitude, is already imperishably erected in every brave heart that beats strong and true to the honor of our stars and stripes. Noble Patriot! When he meets his last dread enemy death, in deadly conflict, may the same omnipotent arm defend him that has sustained him on many a red field of slaughter; may he there, too, gain the victory over his adversary and in everlasting triumph repose in the bosom of his "Father and his God."

As his eyes close with sweet tranquillity on sublunary things, when his ear no longer catches the sound of the clear bugle note sounding the charge, or theullen tramp of the retreating foe, and as his enfranchised spirit quits a world of turmoil, the united acclamations of praise from a mighty nation of freemen shall waft his heroic soul to the land that knows no field of blood; where his reward will be the enjoyment of the most exalted perfection of that which he has labored so devotedly to perpetuate to coming generations, "Union, peace, and liberty."

**CAUCUS.**—The caucus which was held in the Town Hall, on Saturday evening last, did not work as harmoniously and satisfactorily as some wished. There was a little loud talk and bluster, which however did not amount to much, and did not affect the end for which the Caucus was called. On the former ballot the vote stood—John R. Kimball, 108—L. G. Richardson 39. The fact we think has been clearly proved, not only in town politics but in State, that three distinct parties, each with a different and antagonistic belief, cannot work together in harmony under any circumstances. If the country is to be saved, it will be saved according to the ideas of the ruling sect, be that Republican, Democrat or Whig. Any other way is simply out of the question, and the best thing that the different organizations can do, after their many futile attempts all over the country to unite, during the past summer, is to stick to their party beliefs—there is good in all, but none all good—and go on in the even tenor of their way, but having this for their foundation: "The Union—it must and shall be preserved."

**ROBBERY IN STONEHAM.**—On Friday night of last week, the store of Mr. F. Fletcher, in Stoneham, was broken into and robbed of about \$400 dollars worth of goods, consisting of books, broad cloths, clothing, &c. The robbers understood their business, for they took Mr. Chandler's horse, express wagon, and harness to carry away their booty with. The top of the wagon was found on Winter Hill next morning. Mr. Fletcher offered a reward for the recovery of his property, but we have not heard that he has received any clue to it or the robbers.

**ZOOLOGY.**—The attention of our young people is being aroused to the subject of Natural History, by a series of lectures by Mr. Putnam, of Cambridge, whose rare advantages and companionship with Prof. Agassiz, must render him capable of presenting this subject in an attractive form. We hope that it will prove a lasting incentive to the further investigation of this grand branch of science. The lectures are delivered at the High School house on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

**A** number of our citizens have joined a company which Capt. Prescott of Concord, is raising for garrison duty at Fort Warren. They consist of Thomas Glynn, Joseph S. Wyman, John E. Tidd, Robert Pemberton, T. F. Warland, R. T. Johnson, M. W. Ham, J. L. Rogers, L. Searle, W. F. Taylor, Jos. Reed, A. Plymton, Henry James, and J. W. Page. They commence duty at once.

**E** The vote of Burlington, for Representative, was—William Winn, (Dem.) of Burlington, 40; Wm. H. Smith, (Rep.) of Lexington, 27.

## Removal of Fremont.

The gallant and brave Fremont has at last been compelled to succumb to the will of the war department. In the opinion of many he has fallen a victim to envy and personal hatred, though in an unhandled manner, or there are misdemeanors that can be laid upon his shoulders of which the public are totally ignorant. If, when the causes for his removal are given, they are not adequate to the step taken, then the people will enter a solemn protest that must be heard and respected. If we do not say that it will—it shall be proved that he has fallen a victim to the ambition of designing politicians in high places, the people will demand that sufficient amends be made to heal the deep and sore wound inflicted. Can a commander who has won the unfathomable love and respect of all under him, be a mere cipher in military judgment and tactics? Can the commander who was invited, even beseeched, on the day when the order for his removal reached him, by his brigadiers to remain with them during the hours of the coming night, that he might lead them in case the enemy made an anticipated attack, be an imbecile and unfit for his post? Can the commander who has raised and equipped an army in a commendable short space of time, and in the face of many serious drawbacks, and who was decapitated at the very moment when he was about to lead them on to victory, be a drone and mismanager? Can the commander, who, when the feelings of his comrades are seething with indignation and verging on mutiny on account of his humiliation, and when his own feelings are wrangling in his bosom from the effects of the greatest sting he ever received, is able to stretch out his hand over the troubled and angry waters, and exclaim from the bottom of his heart, "Peace—be still," have a guilty conscience and no faith that the future will set him in his true light before the world? We leave some of the denizens in and around the capital to answer these questions, as answer them they must when asked by the people, or be forever fallen. That men in high places, who have the responsibility of crushing out a great rebellion hanging on their shoulders, can find time to give attention to the animosities of selfish people which are poured into their ears, we can not see; but that such is the case, we are led to believe, if Gen. Fremont has not committed some egregious misdemeanors of which the people are not aware. The rising star of Fremont, perhaps, dimmed too much the brilliancy of their own, and they resolved at all hazards to darken its lustre. We cannot think for a moment that the President had any selfish end in view while dealing with this matter, but on the other hand he has been led captive to the will of those in whom he placed implicit confidence. That the Blairs, and others, have been a thorn in the side of Fremont is true, and that their highest ambition has been to humble him in the eyes of the people is also true, but that their arrows may rebound upon themselves, may be true too. If disaster fall upon our Western army, the responsibility must rest upon Fremont's maligned and enemies, for the cause of such disaster will be consequent upon his removal and the appointment of a man unknown to the troops comprising that army and in whom they have but little confidence. The commander under whom men grow from civilians up to soldiers, will always receive more of their trust than any other who may be placed over them,—just as the child trusts and confides in the mother that suckles him and leads him upward and onward in his career,—unless he possesses abilities of undisputed vastness. The greatest injury that can befall an army is the loss of its leader, more especially at a time when it is about to engage the enemy. It puts a damper upon its enthusiasm, and makes it feel, while entering the field, that there is something wanting; that the great guiding hand is absent, and that it is like a great ship at sea in a storm without a rudder and without a compass. We trust that the causes for Fremont's removal will be given to the public, so that every wrong impression may be corrected and the present uncertainty be replaced by reality.

**Another box of "good things"** for the troops will be sent off the latter part of next week. It is intended for the 22d Regt., and anything left at G. R. Gage's store, will be attended to. We hope that our Committee in doing their "labor of love," will not forget those men of Woburn, who are scattered in half dozens, in other regiments.

We are requested to say that all ladies who are willing to knit gloves for the Union Guard are invited to meet at the Society Room in the Crooked Church, next Monday, at 3 o'clock.

**LECTURE.**—Rev. Mr. Pierce's lecture on the battle of Bull Run, in the Baptist church, on Thursday evening, was a very fine production, and exceedingly interested the large audience present. Wherever Mr. Pierce has delivered this lecture it has been spoken of in terms of the highest praise.

**ARMY WORK IN WOBURN.**—We understand that the proprietors of the East Woburn Print Works, are prepared to give employment to a large number of persons in making Cotton Flannel Drawers, the work to be done by hand. Good sewers can apply to the Agent at the works.

**A** number of our citizens have joined a company which Capt. Prescott of Concord, is raising for garrison duty at Fort Warren. They consist of Thomas Glynn, Joseph S. Wyman, John E. Tidd, Robert Pemberton, T. F. Warland, R. T. Johnson, M. W. Ham, J. L. Rogers, L. Searle, W. F. Taylor, Jos. Reed, A. Plymton, Henry James, and J. W. Page. They commence duty at once.

**E** The vote of Burlington, for Representative, was—William Winn, (Dem.) of Burlington, 40; Wm. H. Smith, (Rep.) of Philadelphia, at \$1 per annum.

## List of Woburn Soldiers Receiving State Pay.

| 1st Regt.,              | Edmund A. Hale,     |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| Edward Carroll,         | 22d Regt.,          |
| Squires S. Tidd,        | Samuel Hooper,      |
| William H. Childs,      | Geo. W. Cobbett,    |
| Edward Davis,           | S. R. Moreland,     |
| Amos E. Tuttle,         | James Newcomb,      |
| 2d Regt.,               | William Bennett,    |
| Chas. A. McDonald,      | Daniel C. Porter,   |
| Aaron Butler,           | William Griswold,   |
| 11th Regt.,             | John E. Thayer,     |
| Oliver C. Still,        | Levi Masfield,      |
| George W. Dorr, princi- | Charles S. Dean,    |
| per at Richmond,        | Preston Childs,     |
| Michael McGaughan,      | Francis L. Bryant,  |
| 12th Regt.,             | Cornelius Connolly, |
| E. Tupper,              | Marshall P. Lewis,  |
| Adam Piennett,          | Geo. E. Eustis,     |
| Daniel W. Moody,        | Kendall F. Flint,   |
| 13th Regt.,             | Patrick Sullivan,   |
| O. S. Warland,          | Wm. H. Mullin,      |
| Edwd. K. Willoughby     | Patrick Kelley,     |
| William Miles,          | Rodney N. Flagg,    |
| Samuel S. Hood,         | Alex. M. Ritchie,   |
| 14th Regt.,             | C. Wier,            |
| John Conner,            | 16th Regt.,         |
| Patrick Kelley,         | Stephen Shinn,      |
| Edward S. Danforth,     | Edward S. Danforth, |
| Benj. Cutler, 2d,       | Gorendo J. Watson,  |
| Samuel B. Cutler,       | Charles Elms,       |
| Benjamin Tuck,          | Wm. B. Smith,       |
| Samuel Gates,           | Thomas Connolly,    |
| 17th Regt.,             | 9th N. Y. Regt.,    |
| Patrick Cogan,          | James A. Perkins,   |
| Michael Ward,           | In Navy,            |
|                         | Henry Howard.       |

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

**Wire-Pulling and Log-Rolling.**—  
Mr. EDITOR.—In looking over your valuable *Journal* of the 2d inst., I noticed and read a very able article under the above caption over the signature of "E." and it appeared to me that there ever was a time in our history when secret, mercenary, and corrupt bargaining and bribery in high places as well as low, should be exposed, that time has arrived.

We all know and feel too, that our country is at the present time passing through one of the blackest wars that ever darkened the page of history; and it behoves us to come forward united, with heart and hand,—with an instinctive sense of patriotic duty, to do all in our power to put down this rebellion and to seek our great practical lessons of duty and of patriotism at home. My friend E. has spoken boldly and unreservedly, and I may add truthfully; he speaks as one having authority and knows full well, for he says he has been there; and before I write farther I would say that *I have been with him* behind the curtain and *know also of the sly strategy*, maneuvering, bartering and bribery of unprincipled politicians, and can truly say with him, although much younger in years and therefore not having had so much experience in the "truck and dicker," that I believe that the great mass of the people don't understand and have no idea how their wishes are thwarted by unwise but cunning performers behind the scenes; and I rejoice for one that men are to be found at the present day,—honorable, high minded men, those who have held the most important offices in the gift of the people from their boyhood to their old age,—who have magnanimously served their fellow citizens in the morning, and who will as magnanimously serve them in the evening of their existence, and who will even exhaust the last hour of their being, and breathe their dying breath in the service of their town and country;—I say that I rejoice that such men are willing to come out openly and boldly and expose to view in the public journals the strategy and maneuvering of the wire-pullers.

E., now in the evening of his life, invites the people to go with him behind the curtain, for he has been there, he says, and he will show how the thing has been done in our town for the last thirty years. He says, there is to be a caucus for town officers; a man totally unfit perhaps, wishes to secure the place of town clerk; he looks around and sees one man, who, as he thinks, would like to be a selectman; another an assessor; another a constable; but men whom the people would never think of, (i.e. some people would not) as the most suitable &c.; and here I would say that it is mortifying to me, and I know it must have been to my friend E. to admit that we have been engaged in such scheming, concocting business; but believing with him that the public should know how they have been deceived by the wily tricks of the wire-pullers and maneuverers, so that the people may hereafter select our strongest, truest, and our best citizens to occupy their places of trust, I am willing to appear from behind the scene and stand upon the stage and before the people and do my humble duty, and I trust, that as E. has opened the before unwritten book, others may, and I have no doubt will, appear before the public.

Another week in camp has quickly passed. Blankets, overcoats, and other winter clothing has been distributed to the men, so that we are quite well prepared for the coming winter. Frequent Inspections, Reviews, and visits of Sanitary committees keep us in neat and trim order for all visitors and no doubt will keep many of us from the hospital during the coming winter. Strangers often speak of the neatness of our camp, and this is preserved without that strictness and almost tyranny so hard for those nurtured in free society to bear and of which the soldiers in many camps complain. Our camp is almost the only one this side the river that is not surrounded with guards by day as well as by night. Some two months since our day guards were removed, and strolling beyond drum call left to the men, and that they have not abused the confidence reposed in them, speaks well for commander and men. On the 26th there was a review of Gen. Porter's whole division. Col. Wilson's 22d was one of the best of the newly arrived regiments, and passed in fine shape at double quick. With cavalry, three Batteries of Light Artillery and — thousand of Infantry, with banners and music, it was a scene that those who planted the corn and sowed the fields over which we trod little dreamed. The same day a scouting party from our regt. went within three-quarters of a mile of Fairfax H. without meeting the rebels. All is quiet along our lines in this vicinity. The weather is fine with cold frosty mornings. We are now drilling an hour each day with knapsacks slung. The remainder of the time we spend in Battalion and Brigade movements. It would be useless for us, one of the cyphers in the number of which Gen. McClellan is the significant unit, to surmise future movements, so allow me to remain, truly yours,

J. M. B.

Dr. J. M. Harlow, of Cavendish, Vt., has taken up his residence in Woburn, for the purpose of practising as a Physician and Surgeon. Dr. H. is a graduate of Jefferson College, Philadelphia, and has enjoyed a reputation and position in Cavendish of the highest order. His patients were among the first terrors. Perhaps some of our readers may remember the celebrated case of Mr. Gage who "had an iron bar four feet in length and one and one-fourth inch in diameter, shot through his head, while blasting rocks at the building of the Rutland and Burlington Railroad." It was Dr. Harlow, we learn from the Bellows Falls Times, who attended him, and brought him through his troubles. Dr. Harlow possesses recommendations from some of the first practitioners in New England, with some of whom he has been connected in the treatment of many difficult cases. The following, from Professor Phelps, speaks much in his favor as a physician:

"DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,  
Hanover, N. H., Sept. 23d, '61.  
To whom it may concern—

I take great pleasure in giving my testimony

most decidedly in favor of Dr. J. M. Harlow, for many years my professional neighbor.

As a practitioner of medicine, I have ever considered him one of the most valuable that a community could possess; uniting, as he does, a most untiring devotion to his patients, with an amount of accurate and extensive medical knowledge, as well as a sound judgment such as few are endowed with.

&lt;p

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

a location for the Wyman School House reported several locations. One of which was a lot belonging to Marshal Wyman situated on a private way commonly known as "Johnson's Lane," 240 feet from Cambridge Street and 150 feet from present location. Said lot is eight rods in length by five in breadth, and can be obtained for \$500. The Committee thought this lot the most suitable, as nearest to the geographical centre of the district and the centre of the population, is retired from the Main Street, and would be at the same time of less annoyance to the inhabitants and a more quiet and pleasant place for the school, and accordingly recommended that the house be located thereon. The report was accepted, and recommendation adopted. Under Article 7th, the filling up of the flats near Cutler Village, was dismissed.

Very little interest was manifested in the election, and a very small vote cast. Both of the candidates for Representatives being Democrats, many of the Republicans did not vote for that officer, while others voted for W. C. Parmenter on the principle that of two evils choose the least, and he being in their opinion the best man, although both claim to be union men. The vote for Governor was Andrew, 121; Davis 87; for Representative, Parmenter 102; Winn 97; The town of West Cambridge which constitutes a part of our Representative District gave a plurality the other way which elected Mr. Albert Winn who is said to be a Douglas Democrat.

It is to be hoped that the result of this election will serve as a lesson to the Republicans of West Cambridge not to expect that the other parties will unite with them even if they do go so far as to put up a candidate of the opposite party to their own. The best way is for them to have their own candidate and stand by him whether in the majority or minority. They went into a union in good faith, and their offer having been rejected, only remains for them to go on their own way and fight their own battles.

EXCELSIOR.

## READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A citizens' meeting has been called, signed by a large number of persons, to meet in Lyceum Hall next Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, to provide means for collecting and forwarding such articles as they may wish to send to the soldiers who have gone from among us to uphold the stars and stripes and maintain the Constitution of our common country. The ladies are especially invited to be present, and it is hoped they will be present in large numbers, which will give eclat to the occasion. Many articles have already been sent, but the town will get little credit, unless they have some organization, so as to have everything move systematically. Notice of the above meeting will be given from the pulpit of the several churches next Sabbath.

Our town meeting passed off very quietly, without excitement enough to make it interesting. The whole number of votes cast was less than three hundred, or about one half of the whole number of legal voters in town. Mr. Charles Manning was chosen, by a large vote, Representative from this (the 21st) District. The article in reference to reducing the pay of members of the Legislature was, after some little discussion, passed over. The polls were opened at 9 A. M., and both State and Town matters disposed of at half-past 2 P. M. when the meeting was dissolved.

Some little stir and excitement has been produced the last few days by the report of a Hydropterygianabogaboreuspus, or pronounced by some Cougar, being seen in and about the cemetery, it was seen for the first, and probably for the last time, last Sabbath afternoon by several persons, and is represented to be a fierce looking critter about three feet in length of body, with a tail of sufficient length and capacity to eject most quibbles from his proboscis at pleasure. A company of sharp-shooters have been in pursuit of the apparently restless creature, but of his whereabouts remains a secret to himself. I am told that this animal came in sight of a hoop skirt on the occasion above alluded to, and if this be so, it is no sort of wonder he cannot be found, for animals not trained and accustomed to such prodigious spreads might well be expected to make reasonable efforts to escape.

The following shows how politicians do up things out South. They come out boldly and tell just what they want. "To the Voters of Williamsport District, Md.:—Fellow Citizens.—At the solicitations of many of my friends, I am induced to offer myself to your consideration as an independent candidate for Constable at the next election, and respectfully solicit your support. JAMES H. LONG." It will be seen at once that the above method does away with the necessity of cauusing or any underground railroad work.

From a letter received, I gather information that perfect satisfaction is not given to members of the 18th Regiment M. V. in respect to their fitting out, &c. This letter states "There is a marked difference in the fitting out of the two—the 18th and the 22d—while the last named have two suits of clothes, new tents, letters franked, &c., the 18th have only one suit (fatigue), old leaky tents and have to pay for material to clean their guns, and for all writing materials, four times their worth, and besides all this, are obliged to pay one cent extra on every letter or paper that comes to them." The above statement comes from a source that is entirely reliable, and cannot be successfully called in question nor gainsayed. Can it be possible that the authorities of Massachusetts are cognizant of this state of things in the 18th Regiment, and yet make no move to better it? While it is true that most of our soldiers are comfortably provided for, it is nevertheless true that some of them are sadly neglected and little cared for. Whether this is owing in part or mainly to the officers in such cases, I am not informed, but I am inclined to the belief that the 22d Regiment were in the condition of the 18th, as here represented, the vigilant

eye of Gen. Wilson would soon make an impression in a quarter that would very soon put a new face on things pertaining thereto. It is high time that officers evinced some care for their men if they expect their men to care for them. If it is expected of our men to fight, it would seem to be of some importance that they should be kept in a proper condition for that service, for one soldier well provided for is worth half a dozen that are not so; hence it is both policy and economy that our soldiers be fully equipped with every necessary comfort. Will it be said in extenuation that they are sometimes dispatched so hastily to the seat of war that it is quite impossible to provide good tents for them. This is equivalent to saying that there is not material wherever to supply them, for there are many men out of employment that are quite competent to this purpose. But I suppose, that just so much red tape must be used in regard to all these matters however much the soldiers may suffer in consequence.

The news from Western Virginia that encrants had surrounded the thief Floyd, was of course most acceptable. If the arch traitor is captured the Government would do well to let Barnum take him on exhibition for a few weeks, at ten cents a sight, and doubtless there would be no further necessity for any new loans.

Army clothing is all the rage here now, and Mr. W. H. Nash advertises for one hundred girls to work on the same. LENO.

## BILLERICA.

For the Middlesex Journal.

DELEGATION MEETING.—The Delegates from the towns of Billerica, Tewksbury and Wilmington, met at the School House in District No. 7, East Billerica, on Saturday night last, for the purpose of nominating a Representative for the above named towns. At the commencement of our Representative District system, it was voted to pick men first from Billerica, then from Tewksbury, then from Wilmington. This year it was Tewksbury turns to send a man, but as Billerica is interested about the cutting down of the Dam at North Billerica, it was voted to send a man from Billerica. At first the delegates from other towns did not like the plan of losing their turn, but after Mr. Talbot and some others had spoken upon the subject, the delegates passed a unanimous vote to send the Representative from Billerica, and G. P. Eliot, Esq., was chosen. He is the one sent last year, and I hope, as he has had some experience in that business, he will do all in his power to prevent the taking down of the Dam, as it will greatly injure the town as well as the Messrs. Talbot & Faulkner, for they own a mill adjacent thereto, and the taking away of all the men employed, would decrease the population and business very much.

TOWN MEETING.—At the Town Meeting held on Tuesday, "Art. 2d, to see what the town would do in relation to the Singing School Fund," was dismissed, much to the sorrow of some of the people who wanted a Singing School this Winter. We have had a Singing School during all previous Winters and ought to have one now, as the interest of the money left the town by Judge Abbott for that purpose is sufficient. "Art. 3d, to see what the town would do in relation to the case of C. S. Brown of this town, whose wife was badly hurt last Spring, by being thrown out of a wagon." This subject was discussed for some time. Mr. Brown offered to settle Tuesday for \$500, but if the town did not see fit to settle then he might call for more in some other way. Some were in favor of paying him others wished to look into the matter; at last it was voted to choose a committee of five to investigate the matter. I think that the town was somewhat to blame, as the road was bad, and perhaps he was to blame about driving.

The Ladies of the town are at work for the soldiers, and quite a number of things have been sent off.

NEW STORE.—A new store is about to be opened at "Pattensville" for the accommodation of those who live in that neighborhood. We hope that it will succeed well. This will make seven stores in town.

AMONG others that have left our town for the seat of war is Mr. Joseph Persons, father of Edwin H. Persons, who died at the Camp, at Readville, last week.

MR. HEATON, a well known citizen of this town, died at his residence on Thursday of last week. The funeral was at his late residence on Sunday at 9 o'clock, after which his remains were conveyed to Saugus for interment.

COME ONCE MORE.—The stones that come so singularly upon the house of Joshua French, (before called, by mistake, Edmund French,) in Tewksbury, came again in one week from the time they first came. This time the neighborhood was aroused and officers procured to arrest the offenders if found, but they were not.

The storm on Sunday did good service in raising the water in the wells, which was getting very low.

CAMP CHASE.—Visitors are not allowed to visit the camp without a pass. I am glad that for then it is known who goes on. Last week a number of blankets were stolen from the camp by some one who did not feel much for the soldiers. I think they had better provide them with some instead of taking them away.

THE following shows how politicians do up things out South. They come out boldly and tell just what they want. "To the Voters of Williamsport District, Md.:—Fellow Citizens.—At the solicitations of many of my friends, I am induced to offer myself to your consideration as an independent candidate for Constable at the next election, and respectfully solicit your support. JAMES H. LONG." It will be seen at once that the above method does away with the necessity of cauusing or any underground railroad work.

From a letter received, I gather information that perfect satisfaction is not given to members of the 18th Regiment M. V. in respect to their fitting out, &c. This letter states "There is a marked difference in the fitting out of the two—the 18th and the 22d—while the last named have two suits of clothes, new tents, letters franked, &c., the 18th have only one suit (fatigue), old leaky tents and have to pay for material to clean their guns, and for all writing materials, four times their worth, and besides all this, are obliged to pay one cent extra on every letter or paper that comes to them." The above statement comes from a source that is entirely reliable, and cannot be successfully called in question nor gainsayed. Can it be possible that the authorities of Massachusetts are cognizant of this state of things in the 18th Regiment, and yet make no move to better it? While it is true that most of our soldiers are comfortably provided for, it is nevertheless true that some of them are sadly neglected and little cared for. Whether this is owing in part or mainly to the officers in such cases, I am not informed, but I am inclined to the belief that the 22d Regiment were in the condition of the 18th, as here represented, the vigilant

eye of Gen. Wilson would soon make an impression in a quarter that would very soon put a new face on things pertaining thereto. It is high time that officers evinced some care for their men if they expect their men to care for them. If it is expected of our men to fight, it would seem to be of some importance that they should be kept in a proper condition for that service, for one soldier well provided for is worth half a dozen that are not so; hence it is both policy and economy that our soldiers be fully equipped with every necessary comfort. Will it be said in extenuation that they are sometimes dispatched so hastily to the seat of war that it is quite impossible to provide good tents for them. This is equivalent to saying that there is not material wherever to supply them, for there are many men out of employment that are quite competent to this purpose. But I suppose, that just so much red tape must be used in regard to all these matters however much the soldiers may suffer in consequence.

The stock referred to above, is advertised in our paper to-day, to which the attention of purchasers is directed.

## Special Notices.

### DR. J. M. HARLOW,

Formerly of Cavendish, Vermont, respectfully offers his professional services in the practice of MEDICINE and SURGERY, to the people of Woburn and vicinity, and hopes after an extensive and varied professional experience during the last 18 years, to deserve the patronage of this community. Office for the present at the CENTRAL HOUSE, Dr. H., refers to the following gentlemen:—Hon. Richard Fletcher, Boston; Ed. E. Phelps, M. D., L. D., Windsor, Vt.; John W. Graves, M. D., Lowell, Mass.; Alfred Hitchcock, M. D., Fitchburg; A. A. Rainey, Esq., 35 Court St., Boston; H. F. White, Boston; Ex. Gov. Ryland Fletcher, Otis Robbins, Esq., and Jos. Freeman, Cavendish, Vt., and the people of Cavendish, Vt., and vicinity generally.

Book-keeping Rationalized. Price, \$1.

A new work by George N. Comer, A. M., now for twenty-one years past senior Principal of COMER'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Boston.

RULED BLANKS for the same price, 35 cents per copy.

COMER'S NAVIGATION MANUAL, price 50 cents.

COOPER & LINTON'S Copy of Penmanship, \$1.

Copy of Petition and Answer, \$1.

At, M. PRESTON, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy Attest,

MOSES PRICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

4-3w

HOUSE FOR SALE OR TO LET.

The house formerly owned and occupied

by the late Capt. T. V. Sullivan, situated on

Hallston Street, is offered for sale or to let.

The house contains three rooms, with many conveniences, one of which is a furnace, and has

1500 FEET of Land

connected with it. There is a large number of good bearing apple trees on the premises. Last year 15 barrels of fruit were taken from the trees. The trees will be sold with the house. To T. V. SULLIVAN, Agent.

Woburn, Oct. 26th, 1861.—4w

WILLIAMS & CO.,

No. 65 & 67 Union St., Boston.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Plain & Fancy Tin Ware,

AND DEALERS IN

COOKING AND PARLOR STOVES.

FOR SALE, THE

FIRST QUALITY KEROSENE OIL,

AT

WAR PRICES,

With good Lamps of all kinds to Match.

Lamps altered to burn Kerosene Oil at short notice.

We also have a

Nico Lantern to Burn Kerosene Oil.

ALL ARE INVITED TO GIVE US A CALL.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

65 AND 67 UNION STREET,

BOSTON.

NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT.

The great remedy for the cure of disease,

Hot Air Bath,

OF ROMAN AND TURKISH ORIGIN, IS

NOW IN SUCCESSFUL OPERA-

TION AT

NO. 42 AVON PLACE, BOSTON.

D. R. TILTON, may be consulted upon

Diseases of the Skin, in every form, such as

Canker, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Headache, Pimples, Eructations of Every Kind.

In hundreds of cases they cause Consumption, Asthma, Throat Disease, Cataract, Cough, Dyspepsia, Liver Difficulties, Female Complaints, Nervousness, Liver Disease, Liver Complaints, Neuralgia, etc., etc. In fact, all diseases originate from a poisonous, unhealthy action of the skin on the body; and more particularly diseases of the Skin, are the agents and foundation of a great variety of diseases.

This Hot Air Bath Remedy, with some modification, and other accompanying apparatus, has found an extraordinary solvent on diseases of the Skin. Thoroughly convinced, also, that a proper treatment of the Skin will tend to eradicate the disease, I have resorted to it, and to restore the secret batteries; we shall, with the appliances, and with newly discovered Remedies and Medicines, and Medical Treatment in conjunction with the Bath Remedy, be able to meet and cure disease successfully.

Our success, thus far, leaves no room for doubt, of its great merits, and needs but a trial to be fully appreciated.

To the care-worn invalid, it is a panacea, and didactic to the ignorant, and needs but a trial to be fully appreciated.

To the people who have a leisure hour, it is a luxury, and at once gives power, vigor, energy, strength, to mind and body.

For the cure of cure, in many cases are such,

that the sick can be cured at their homes from a correct description of their case, by letters, and the necessary preparatory steps by express.

We will be the afflicted and suffering to give us a call.

We commend our system to the consideration of public.

All consultations free.

Office hours for consultation, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M.

Address, DR. L. TILTON,

5-3m. At Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn, Nov. 17, 1861.—4m.

E. PERLEY ROBBINS,

(Successor to J. R. CAMPBELL),

MARKET EATING HOUSE,

46 North Market Street,

Corner Merchants Row, BOSTON.

E. P. R. attended personally to the selection of

everything for the house, and guarantees

perfect satisfaction.

MIDDLESEX

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMP'Y.

THE annual report of the Directors shows

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

## Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt,  
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

### The Onset.—A Battle Song.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Sound an alarm! The foe is come!  
I hear the trump, the neigh, the hum,  
The cry, and the blow of his daring drum!

Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Sound! The blast of our trumpet bourn  
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone.  
What! shall we shake at a toe unknown?

Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Have we not sinews as strong as they?  
Have we not hearts that never gave way?  
Have we not God on our side to-day?

Huzzah!

Look! They are staggered on yon black heath:  
Steady awhile, and hold your breath!  
Now is your time, men!—Down like Death!  
Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Stand by each other, and front your foes!  
Fight, whilst a drop of the red blood flows!  
Fight, as ye fought for the old red rose!

Huzzah!

Sound! Bid your terrible trumpets bray!  
Blow, till their brazen throats give way!  
Sound to the battle! Sound, I say!

Huzzah!—Huzzah!

## A Practical Joke of a Chicago Fire Zouave.

A member of the New York Fire Zouaves who went from this city to join Col. Ellsworth in April, and who, until then, had been an industrious type in the Chicago Tribune office, was out on picket duty one day last month, when the following incident occurred:

An F. F. V., with rather more than the usual superciliousness of his race, rode up in a carriage from the direction of Alexandria, driven of course by his "servant." Zoo-zoo stepped into the road, holding his bayonet in such a way as to threaten horse, negro and white man at one charge, and roared out, "TICKETS?" Mr. V. turned up his lip, set down his brows, and by other gestures indicated his contempt for such mud sills as the soldier before him, ending by handing his pass over to the darkey, and motioning him to get out and show it to Zoo-zoo.

"All right," said the latter, glancing at it; "move on," accompanying the remark with a jerk at the coat collar of the colored person which sent him spinning several paces down the road. "Now, sir, what do you want?" addressing the astonished white man.

White man had by this time recovered his tongue. "Want? I want to go on, of course. That was my pass."

"Can't help it," replied Zoo; "it says pass the bearer, and the bearer is already passed. You can't get two men through this picket on one man's pass."

Mr. V. reflected a moment, glanced at the bayonet in front of him, and then called out to his black man to come back. Sambo approached cautiously, but fell back in confusion, when the "shooting stick" was brandished toward his own breast.

"Where's your pass, sirrah?" asked Zoo.

"Here, mass," said the chattle, presenting the same card which he had received from the gent in the carriage.

"Won't do," replied the holder of the bayonet. "That passes to Fairfax. Can't let any one come from Fairfax on that ticket. Move on!" A stamp of the foot sent Sambo down the road at a hand gallop.

"Now, sir, if you stay here any longer, I shall take you under arrest to headquarters," he continued.

Mr. V. grabbed up his lines, wheeled around and went off at the best trot his horses could manage over the "sacred soil." Whether Sambo ever hunted up his master, is not known.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Sublime of Shoemaking.**

It is at Constantinople that shoemaking reaches its sublime pitch, and soars into absolute poetry. The bazaars display thousands of pairs of slippers, delicate and small enough to fit Cinderella's self, and of a dazzling splendor. The bearded and turbaned artists, under whose fingers these cunning structures develop themselves, must have a painter's soul beneath their craftsman. Velvet slippers, silk slippers, cloth slippers, slippers of woven grass, slippers of Tafilet leather of crimson, of pink, of orange, white, azure, purple, of all colors except sacred green, which may not be profaned by such usage. Slippers royally embroidered in gold, brightly braided in silver, jeweled with ruby and turquoise, tufted with daintily down from the wild swan's breast of snow, wrought in seed pearls, the whitest that Oman and Scenibus can supply.

There are some slippers that seem to emulate the gorgeous coloring of gaudy insects, the glorious mail of the dragon fly, the gold powdered purple of the emperor butterfly; there are others as chastely beautiful as the pale pink shell upon the sea-shore; others again so elaborate that months must have been required for the patient needle to elaborate those golden sprigs of flowers, to complete that intricate scroll of pearl work, to which the Arabic flourish. What sort of feet are worthy of those radiant coverings—of nymphs, or peris, or actual *lona fide* women of this matter-of-fact, mutton-chop world we live in? At any rate they must be small, shapely, and fair to look upon; and it is a fact that Turkish feet are remarkably delicate in both sexes. Those superb shoes are not all for female wear; some of the simplest—mere crimson or violet velvet, stiffened with gold and floss-silk, till little of the ground-work is left visible under the mass of needle-work—are meant for dandy boys and gay young agas of fashion. True, the degenerate pachas and other officials prefer to buy their boots in the Rue Rivoli, but still the slipper trade is a gainful one.

Besides the splendid fabrics I have spoken of, and which are worn by sultanas and ladies of rank, there are everywhere exposed for sale whole mountains of the yellow slip-

pers and yellow leather socks, which Turkish women alone may wear, the red slippers, popular with the male Mahomedans, and the dull black or purple shoes to which the Greeks and Armenians are legally restricted. No Christian may wear yellow shoes, on pain of the bastinado, without he be a dragonian or under European protection; but now-a-days every non-Mahomedan who can afford it buys first his berth of naturalization, and then a sufficiency of French boots and stockings for himself and family. So in the palmy days of persecution, Jews and Gogots, in some of the most civilized realms of Christian Europe, were compelled to wear shoes of a peculiar hue, as a badge of proscription.—*Chambers.*

**SLANG PHRASES**—Never make use of phrases that are of a demoralizing tendency. There are some who think that it can do them no harm to be familiar with the name of that evil one who is abroad in the world working all manner of wickedness; and thus it is with other phrases of a like character. The common parlance of the day is interlarded with them. The tone of your conversation cannot be too high to command the respect of the good and the wise. Associate with no one who makes use of language that will have tendency to contaminate you—whose influence is of a hurtful character. Let your words be few, but gleaming with truth, virtue, and holiness.

**DR. J. BOVEE DODS' Imperial Wine Bitters!**  
for all who have not used them. We challenge the world to produce their equal.

**GENERAL RELIEF, and the PURIFYING and ENRICHING the BLOOD,** are absolutely unsurpassed by any other remedy on earth. To be about a year necessary to take effect. The wine itself is of a very superior quality, being about one-third stronger than other wines, having and improving the wine, and giving it a much smaller complaints is surprising, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that a strict attention to the least and most trifling of the body must invariably affect the mind. The subscribers now only ask a trial of

the **SCHOOL BOOKS**,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, Intermediate and Primary Schools.

**American and English**

**Family, Pocket and School**

**Bibles and Testaments, a very large stock;**

**Psalmist, Watts and Select, Plymouth Collection, and Christian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question Books, Note Book, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post, Political and Ornamental Writing Papers, White, Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes, Gillott's and Commercial Pens and Holders of various kinds, Black, Blue, Red and Indelible Ink, Covered, Plain, Transparent, and Porcelain Plates, Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper, Whitby's Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office Ink Stands.**

**EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE!**

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Type Measures, Transparent Paste, Pen Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Water and Stamps, Faber's, Carpenter's, and Common Lead Pencils, Crayons and Holders, Drawing Books, Stamps, Rubbers, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Teachers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments &c. &c.

**JUVENILE BOOKS**

**In Color, Morocco, and paper covers.**

**Blank Books and Memorandums of all kinds in general use, and Bound Loggers, Journals, Day Books, and Letter Books, Tablet Paper and Ivory Memorandums, Writing and Exercise Books, School Journals, &c.**

**FANCY GOODS AND TOYS**

**A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules, Puff, Back, Round, Fine, Pocket and Dressing Combs; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes; Crochet Needles, Emory Cushions, Port Moneys, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and Toys of all kinds.**

**Patent and Improved Spectacles**

**UP STAIRS**

**DISEASE OF THE MEDICALLY TREATED.**

**PROF. FRANKS & SON, of New York.**

**Professor Franks, Oculist, Optician by Diploma of the New York Eye Hospital, to Governor of the Eye Institution, London, on the 1st of August, 1859, and Professor of Medicine and Pathology, will attend this spectrales sedan or even require cleaning of others of stronger magnifying power, may be used, and will be supplied as well as by hand in banishing Drunkenness and Disease.**

**All Affections of the Head, Sick Headache or Nervous Headache, Dr. Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters**

**ARE UNSURPASSED!**

For Sure Throat, so common among the Clergy, they are truly valuable.

For Rheumatism, and for persons of a weak constitution—for Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, and all public speakers—for Book-keepers, Tailors, Seamstresses, Students, Artists, and all others who are subject to sedentary life, they will prove truly beneficial.

As a beverage, they are wholesome, innocent, and invigorating. Their properties are the exhilarating effects of Brandy and Wine, without toxicizing; and are a valuable remedy for persons addicted to the use of excessive strong drink, and who wish to reform. They are also a valuable remedy free from the poisons contained in the adulterated wine and liquors with which the country is flooded.

They are not only CURE, but PREVENT

Disease, and should be used by all who live in a country where the water is bad, or where Chills and Fevers are prevalent. Being entirely innocent and harmless, they may be given freely to Children and Infants with impunity.

Physicians, Clergymen, and others who care for the sick, should consider this a valuable remedy.

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL XI : : No. 7.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### Lullaby.

Come to my arms, you bewilder'd elf!  
Let me gather you, body and soul, to myself,  
Bury your silent, still eyes and hair,  
And all the glory and grace you wear,  
From twinkling feet to golden crown,  
Deep in the folds of my crimson gown:  
Clasping you close to my bosom and heart,  
A thing of my holiest being a part;  
Crooning a song in the olden rhyme,  
Tender and sweet as a vesper-chime:

Sleep, baby-boy;  
The little birds rest,  
Down and soft.  
In the mother-bird's nest:  
The lambskin are safe  
In the shepherd's warm fold:  
The dew-drop's asleep  
In the butter-cup's gold.

The violet nods  
To the daisy's dream;  
The lily lies hushed  
On the lap of the stream;  
And holy and calm,  
Like motherly eyes,  
The stars look down  
From the silent skies.

Sleep, baby-boy,  
My birdling, my flower,  
My lily, my lambkin,  
My dew drop, my dower!  
While heart against heart  
Beats softly in time  
To the murmuring flow  
Of my tender old rhyme.

—N. Y. Ledger.

### Select Literature.

#### THE CHILDREN AND THE NOVEL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Well, there," muttered Mrs. Lee, in a somewhat petulant tone, as she laid down her babe, "thank fortune, the last one is abed and asleep. Now for a little comfort."

Carefully drawing the blankets around the tiny form, she rested one hand for a few moments on the gently heaving breast, and stirred the cradle with the other, singing the while a low lullaby.

Assured from its soft breathing and quiet limbs that it was indeed asleep, she turned from it quickly, drew her low rocker to the stand, picked up the light, and took from underneath a miscellaneous pile in her work-basket, an uncovet novel.

"What a beautiful title," said she, all traces of weariness vanishing with electric rapidity from her countenance. As her eyes glanced over its pages, the dull look they had worn all day disappeared, and the light of anticipated joy flashed in its stead.

"I know I shall be pleased with it; I feel that it will be interesting," continued she. "What charming names the author has chosen. The writer must be one of unusual taste."

Hastily cut the leaves, she shaded her brow with one hand, grasped the book with the other, and commenced, in the phrase of enthusiastic novel readers, to devour the pages.

Rapidly did her eyes run over the first chapter. But then—she turned her head with a quick, impatient movement. Did she not hear a rustle in the cradle? Yes, a little head was lifted from beneath the cover.

"Too bad, too bad; he'll be awake all the evening now;" and she glided with a noiseless step to the child's side.

But the eyelids were still closed, the measured breath of slumber stole gently from the half-parted lips, and the offending hand rested in quiet beauty upon the soft cheek.

It was a fair, sweet babe, whose little heart had throbbed but one short summer. As it lay there, the spell of sinless sleep upon his brow, it seemed the type of all things pure and blest. The holier feelings of the mother's breast were touched as if by a hand from heaven. The angel began to trouble the deep waters of her soul as she stood beside that cradle-bed; and when, after a vigil of several moments, the child still sleeping, she bent her head and imprinted upon its lips the kiss of love, the healing wave flowed for an instant—then ebbed, for the novel was not yet dead.

Resuming her seat, Mrs. Lee again took her book. But the fiction seemed to have lost some of its fascination. She even put on her thimble, and threaded a needle. But a moonlight scene, where, in a honeysuckle bower, the noble lover draws a trembling girl into his bosom, and pours into her ears the bewitching words of wild courtship, added like magic on the reader's mind, and she became absorbed in the glowing picture.

The second and third chapters were soon perused, and she was entering with increased interest upon the fourth, when a sweet voice from the trundle-bed called out, "Mother, mother!"

Her ear caught the sound, but it made no impression upon her mind till it had been several times repeated; then turning quickly in a very gentle voice she exclaimed, "What under the sun do you want, Lizzie? I thought you were asleep an hour ago."

"I have been asleep mother," answered the little daughter in a timid tone. "I waked up because—"

"Because you are a naughty girl, and wanted to plague me. Strange that I can't have a minute's comfort;" and going hastily to the bed, she drew the clothes around her child, and bade her shut her eyes and go to sleep."

"I want a drink, mother; I can't sleep, I am so thirsty."

The mother looked around; there was neither pitcher nor glass in the room.

"It's always just so. I never forgot to bring up water, but you were sure to want some. Why didn't you drink last night, when I had a whole pitcher full for you?"

"I wasn't thirsty last night. Do please give me a drink, and I'll go right to sleep."

"I am not going to run down stairs again to-night; so just turn over and shut your eyes;" and she sat down again to her novel, leaving the thirsty child to its thoughts, or dreams, as the case might be.

Lizzie, as she said, wanted a drink very much, and so she turned and tossed, and tried to think of everything but water, while that was all she could think of.

"If I only had one little swallow," murmured she to herself, "I guess I could get along till morning." But she might as well have wanted a painful; there was no hope or prospect of getting any. By-and-by, she spied upon the stove-hearth a tin cup. "The baby's milk!" said she. "Perhaps that would be as good as water—I wonder if mother would let me have it." She looked toward the parent. She was absorbed in her book; her very being seemed bound up in it. The child knew too much to disturb her. But perhaps she could get it without disturbing her mother, and she did want a drink so much. She hesitated awhile, then crept quietly out of bed, stole to the cup, seized it eagerly, and took a swallow. But it tasted better than she thought it would, and her thirst was such that she drained it. Alarmed at what she had done, she was in such haste to put it down, that it slipped from her trembling hand, bounding against the stove, falling on the hearth, rolling thence on the carpet.

"Why, Lizzie Lee!" screamed the mother, dropping her book and running to the child. "I should like to know what you have been about!—spilt all the baby's milk, I'll warrant;" as she took up the empty cup. Then, seeing the carpet was quite dry, she seized Lizzie by the shoulder, exclaiming in an angry voice, "What have you done with the milk, you little plague? Tell me this minute what's become of it?"

"I was so thirsty, mother," answered the child in a pleading voice, tears starting to her eyes. "I could not go to sleep, and so—" "

"So you drank it, did you! you naughty girl," continued Mrs. Lee with increased vehemence of tone; "drank it, and I haven't another drop of milk in the house. I'll teach you to do such things;" and her hand came down heavily upon the shrinking shoulder, once, twice, three times! A wild scream of pain burst from the child's lips. Another and another; and angry and excited as the mother was, they pierced her heart as with deep arrows.

The noise startled another child who slept in the same bed with Lizzie. Frightened from its sound slumbers, it shrieked an alarm, when the babe, waking at the same moment, joined its voice with the others, not in harmony, but in one of those discords which echo so often in the nursery, stunning the ear and bewildering the brain.

With quick steps, quick hands and a softened tone, Mrs. Lee strove to calm the tempest she had raised. Lizzie's cries soon merged into piteous sobs, but Willie and the babe continued their loud screams, till the mother, in her perplexity, would fain have wrung her hands and sat down and wept with them. At last she took the babe in one arm, and Willie in the other, and at length the two youngest rested in a sweet, calm slumber.

"Lizzie," called the mother, after a long while, in a very low, gentle tone.

The child was quickly beside her.

"Bring your little chair and sit down close to me, and see if you can draw the baby on your lap without waking him."

Lizzie did as directed, and the babe was soon clasped to her heart, her lips breathing childish words of affection over its unconscious form.

Very carefully did Mrs. Lee lay down her little Willie, and for some moments she sat beside him, smoothing gently his fair hair, twining his golden locks around her fingers, and pressing the softest and sweetest of kisses upon his still lips.

Then, going to Lizzie, she took from her arms the babe, and placing it in the cradle, bent over it, whispering the fondest terms of endearment.

Sitting down beside it, she covered her face, and thought grew busy. By-and-by, Lizzie stole quietly to the chair, knelt beside it, and buried her head in her mother's lap. Mrs. Lee's hand toyed with the soft brown curls that fell over it in such rich profusion, and several times pushed them off the forehead, when the child felt the mute pressure of her lips. For some time both were silent. At length Lizzie looked timidly up, saying, in a touching voice, "I am so sorry, mother, I made you so much trouble. I'll try and never be thirsty again when you are reading."

The mother started; she drew the child to her bosom, embraced it fondly, closely as though she thought by pressure to still its painful throbbings. Then, bearing her to the bed, she sat her down, and hastily left the room.

She soon returned, a glass of water in her hand. "Thank you, mother," said Lizzie, when she had quenched her thirst, "you will have a good time to read, now, for I shall go right to sleep."

With eyes brim full of tears, the mother bent over her child and kissed her again and again. And Lizzie, feeling that she was quite forgiven, and not dreaming that she had been more sinned against than sinning, threw her arms around her parent's neck and gave back kiss for kiss. Then, nestling on the warm pillow of her little brother, she closed her weary eyes, and in a few moments was sound asleep.

For a long while the mother knelt beside the low couch, and, when she rose and sat down again by the stand, she left the novel where she dropped it, but took from her basket an unfinished doll, and with rapid pinches plied her needle.

It was late ere she placed her head upon her pillow. When she did, the doll, completed and neatly dressed, lay by the side of Lizzie; the novel, half-read, upon the coils in the stove, a handful of light ashes.

### Looking out for Slights.

There are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family, without suspecting that some offense is designed. They are as touchy as hair-trigger. Their amour propre, like a porcupine, is ever ready to erect its quills. If they meet an acquaintance in the street, who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their own irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in everybody they come into contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find that some unfortunate word, or some momentary taciturnity, has been mistaken for an insult.

To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-being, and not suppose a slight intended, unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, life takes its hue in a great degree from the color of our own minds. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person once get a reputation for being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint in his or her presence; and in this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased.

You people who fire up easily miss a great deal of happiness. Their jaundiced tempers destroy their own comfort, as well as that of their friends. They have forever some fancied slight to brood over. The sunny, serene contentment of less selfish dispositions never visits them.

Have you this suspicious tendency in your character? Lose no time in eradicating it. Whether it comes from excessive sensitiveness, or from a worse source, it will prove the bane of your life and the annoyance of your friends. You will always be "in hot water," to quote the old adage, while you retain such a weakness. Neither wife nor husband, parent nor child, friend nor acquaintance, can preserve for you an undiminished affection, if you continue suspicious, if you imagine slights that were never intended. It is both more prudent and Christian to err, if you must err at all, by not seeing a neglect that is intended. Often a bitter quarrel, a life-long alienation, may be averted by overlooking conduct which is the result of temporary irritation. How worse than foolish, therefore, to see a slight where none was intended.

The noise startled another child who slept in the same bed with Lizzie. Frightened from its sound slumbers, it shrieked an alarm, when the babe, waking at the same moment, joined its voice with the others, not in harmony, but in one of those discords which echo so often in the nursery, stunning the ear and bewildering the brain.

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"Lizzie," called the mother, after a long while, in a very low, gentle tone.

The child was quickly beside her.

"Would you like some grapes?"

"Yes, and very thankful to you," was the ready answer.

"Well, then, bring your basket."

The basket was quickly brought and handed over the fence. The owner of the garden took it and disappeared among the vines; but I marked that he was depositing it in all the rich and various clusters from the fruitful labyrinth in which he had hid himself.

The woman stood at the fence in the meantime, quiet and hopeful. At length he reappeared with a well-replenished basket, saying—

"I have made you wait a good while, but you know the longer you have to wait, the more grapes you get."

It is so, thought I, with the proprietor of all things. He says to me, and to all—"What shall I do for thee? Ask, and thou shalt receive."

"So I bring my empty vessel, my need but capacious soul. He disappears. I am not always so patient and trustful as the poor woman. Sometimes I cry out, "How long! how long!" At last he comes to me—how richly laden!—and kindly chides my impatience, saying, "Have I made thee wait long? See what I have been treasuring up for thee all the while!" Then I looked, and behold! fruits more and richer than I asked or hoped for; and I pour out my heart's thanks to my generous benefactor, and grieve that I distrusted him; and I carry away his burden with joy, and find that the longer he makes me wait, the more he gives.

Then going to Lizzie, she took from her arms the babe, and placing it in the cradle, bent over it, whispering the fondest terms of endearment.

Sitting down beside it, she covered her face, and thought grew busy. By-and-by, Lizzie stole quietly to the chair, knelt beside it, and buried her head in her mother's lap.

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She soon returned, a glass of water in her hand. "Thank you, mother," said Lizzie, when she had quenched her thirst, "you will have a good time to read, now, for I shall go right to sleep."

### The Age of Wisdom.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin  
That never has known the barbey's shear,  
All you wish is woman to win,  
This is the way that boys begin,—  
Wait till you come to Forty Year!

Curly gold looks cover foolish brains,  
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;  
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,  
Under Bonnybell's window panes—  
Wait till you come to Forty Year!

Forty times over I let Michaelmas pass,  
Grizziling hair the brain doth clear—  
Then you see through a clearer glass,  
Or look away, and never missed,  
Ere yet a month is gone.

Gillard's dead, God rest her bier;  
How I loved her twenty years syne!  
Marlian's married, but I sit here  
Alone and merry at Forty Year,  
Dipping my nose in the Gason wine.

### The Stoneham Murder.

We copy the following from the Concord, N. H., "Farmer's Monthly Visitor," dated March 31st, 1843. It will place our readers in possession of the facts of a murder that occurred just forty-two years ago, and which has become as "household words" in many of the families of Stoneham and elsewhere.

MR. EDITOR:—It may not be uninteresting to some of your readers to have an account of the awful tragedy which stands at the head of this article. I extract it from an unpublished manuscript now in my possession, which will probably be given to the public in the course of the season.

"Among the early settlers of Stoneham, there were some by the name of Gould. The name has now become quite common in that town, and in the adjoining town of South Reading. There were two families of that name settled near to Spot Pond, on the old road leading to Malden and Medford. One of the families, at the time in which the murderer took place, consisted of two brothers, who were bachelors, a sister who was a maid-of-all-work, and a widow Winship, hired help. The names of the brothers were Jacob and David; Jacob was the oldest, and owned the real estate; but David and Molly were misers. Sometimes they would let money, where there was very good security, but generally preferred to keep it in specie. Some of their gold pieces were so ancient, (having been handed down from several generations, in whom the miser principle existed) that their true value was not known. It was generally understood that they were some of the most valuable in the country, and that they had been given to the widow Winship by her father, who was a man of great wealth, and had died before her. They were sold at auction, and the proceeds were divided among the heirs.

"The most diligent search was made, nothing of the robbers could be found. That old sounder C——had fled, and no trace of him was left.

"An inquest was held upon the body of Jacob. When the widow was examined, she could not hold up her hand to take the oath, nor raise her eyes to look upon the coroner.

"It was said that she drank pretty freely of the rum that was left; but whether it was guilt, or because she was tipsy, which made her drop her hand and eyes, others must judge.

"Suffice it to say, that though the people generally suspected her of being accessory to the murder, she was never arrested on this suspicion, but was suffered to run at large, untroubled.</



# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

## DECEMBER MAGAZINES &c.,

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,  
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,  
PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL,  
HARPER'S,  
LADIES' AMERICAN,  
BALLOU'S,  
BANK NOTE REPORTERS,  
RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c.  
have been received and for sale at the WOBURN  
BOOK STORE.

## Special Notices.

WARREN ACADEMY.  
The WINTER TERM at this Institution will commence MONDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2d, and continue thirteen weeks, under the charge of Mr. D. W. Sanborn, as Principal.  
BUTTER,  
Secretary Trustees.  
Woburn, Nov. 15, 1861.

## To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—acted by desire to benefit the afflicted, anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desist him, he will furnish a copy of his prescription (free of charge), from the full and explicit directions for preparing and successfully using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please add dress REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,  
Williamsburgh,  
7-3m\* Kings County, New York.

## Book-keeping Rationalized, Price, \$1.

A new work by George N. Conner, A. M.—now and for twenty-one years past senior Principal of COMER'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Boston.

RULED BLANKS for the same price, 35 cents per cent.

COMER'S NAVIGATION MANUAL, price 50 cents.

COMER & LINTON'S Copies for Penman ship, 25 cents each.

COMER'S admirable Steel Pens, four Nos., \$1 per gross.

Any of the above sent post-paid on the receipt of price.

NAVIGATION, BOOK-KEEPING, WRITING, & C. Thoroughly and practically taught, day and evening. Separate lessons for ladies. No class system. Students aided, as heretofore, obtained. Employment Catalogues, &c., can be had at the College office, 169 Washington Street or by mail, free.

5-5w

LIST OF DR. GIFFORD'S HOMEOPATHIC CURATIVES.

PHILLIP LEE, Proprietor.

DEPOT, NO. 136 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

No.—Cures Fever, Con—Cures Dryness,

and Inflammation, Rheumatism, &c., &c.

—Cures Worm Fever, Cures Urinary Diseases.

—Cures Cold, Coughing, &c., &c.

—Cures Rheumatism, &c., &c.

—Cures Neuralgia, &c., &c.

—Cures Headache, &c., &c.

—Cures Eye Disease, &c., &c.

—Cures Ear Disease, &c., &c.

—Cures Skin Disease, &c., &c.

—Cures Disease of the Heart, &c., &c.

—Cures Disease of the Liver, &c., &c.

—Cures Disease of the Stomach, &c., &c.

—Cures Disease of the Bowels, &c., &c.

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**Wit and Anecdote.**

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt,  
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

**Mither, Blame me not for Loving.**

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

Mither, blame me not for loving;

Wherefore thus see cruel be?

'Deed I canna' frown on Jamie,

When he comes a' wooning me,

For I know his bosom's beating,

Even with affection kind,

And were I to cast him from me,

I might never his equal find.

Then, mither, blame me not for loving;

Wherefore thus see cruel be?

'Deed I canna' frown on Jamie,

When he comes a' wooning me.

Though your courting days are over,

You those days remember still;

Know, too, tha' at length when married,

'Twas not, mither, 'against your will,

Would you wish your daughter happy?

You can now that bliss import;

Force me not my hand to give, then,

Where I cannot give my heart.

Then, mither, blame me not for loving;

Wherefore thus see cruel be?

'Deed I canna' frown on Jamie,

When he comes a' wooning me.

A DISLIKE.—An ill-natured fellow quarreled with his sweetheart on the day they were married. After the ceremony had begun, and he was asked—"Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" &c., he replied, "No!" "What's your reason?" asked the minister. "I've taken a dislike to her, and that's enough," was the surly reply. The parties retired—the bride in tears—and after much persuasion, the groom was induced to have the marriage proceed. It was now the lady's turn, and when the minister asked her the all-important question, "No!" replied she, resolutely, "I've taken a dislike to him!" The groom admiring her frankness, made the master up with her as soon as possible, and a third time they presented themselves before the minister. He began the ceremony by asking the usual questions, which were satisfactorily answered this time. But to the astonishment of the party, his reverence continued, "Well, I'm glad to hear that you are willing to take each other for husband and wife, for it's a good thing to be for getting temples. You can now go and get married where you will—I'll not tie the knot, for I've taken a dislike to both of you!"

**THE EVER-PRESENT SHINGLES.**—In the time of General Jackson, a man of some note in Western Missouri built a house, and in doing so placed the shingles the wrong way—big end upward. Soon the rain came and as a "physical consequence" the roof failed to turn it off—it came right through. In great tribulation he sought the counsels of his friends. The difficulty was soon obviated; but he was greatly annoyed by illusion to the circumstance. He made a speech, and a Whig paper, showing that he misrepresented matters, said he "put the shingles on the wrong way!"

He accepted the appointment of land receiver, and the same paper copying the announcement, called attention to it in this manner: "Eh! !!"

The notice was shown to the persecuted gent, and, as soon as his eyes fell upon the index and exclamation points, he sprang up, and in a frenzy of rage exclaimed:

"Confound the newspapers—there are those shingles again, butt end upward!"

**PAPER HANGINGS!!**  
JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF SPRING-PATTERNS  
—OR—  
**ROOM PAPER!!**  
CONSISTING IN PART OF—  
Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers.  
ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING  
IN GREAT VARIETY.  
Curtains and Curtain Paper.  
PRICE—From 6 Cts. to \$1.50 per roll  
IT Costs but little! Purify the Blood! Give tone to the Stomach! Remove the System! and Prolong Life!

Price \$1 per bottle, 3 Bottles for \$5.

Prepared and sold by

**CHARLES WIDDIFIELD & CO.,**

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

78 William Street, New York.

For sale by Druggists and Grocers generally throughout the country.

**MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.**

WILL REMOVE

Boston Post, Ballou's Pictorial, New York Ledger, New York Evening Post, Lowell Box Populæ, Gazette, Transcript, and others.

Also, Dr. Smith's, Putnam's Magazine, Today's Book, &c., Newspapers and Magazines of all kinds will be furnished at short notice.

**JOSIAH HOVEY,**

Winchester, June Lyceum Building

148 Hanover Street, Boston.

13—14.

REDFERNS'

BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,

Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & Co., 458 Broadway,

New York.

Price, \$1 per box; sent free by post.

For sale by all Druggists.

10—11.

**BOOKS! BOOKS!**

FOR YOUR LIBRARY.

THE LATEST NEWS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has made arrangements

to supply of the printed Daily and Weekly Newspapers and Monthly Magazines, all of which will be furnished at the earliest moment after publication, and at the lowest prices.

THESE are the largest and choicest lot of

different styles.

Subscribers are invited to call and examine samples at the

**WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

13—14.

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# Middlesex

# Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL XI : : NO. 8.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### Union and Liberty.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and  
flame,  
Blazoned in song and blazoned in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—

UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,  
Pride of our children, and honored afar,  
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation  
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unscathed! what shall assault thee,  
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?

Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,

Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,  
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must  
draw,

Then, with the arms of thy millions united,  
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe! shield and guide us,

Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!

Thou hast united us: who shall divide us?

Keep us, O, keep us, the MANY IN ONE!

Up with our banner bright,

Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,

While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—

UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

—From December Atlantic.

## Select Literature.

### RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

It was the 16th of April, 1861—a day to be recorded—to be remembered; for on this day, across countless wires, flashed the startling intelligence, "SURRENDER OF THE FORT AND GARRISON! 75,000 MILITIA CALLED FOR!"

"Just back from Europe, in the midst of the rose odors of a lady's boudoir, and surrounded by the costly preparations for a party—laces and jewels and flowers—Edgar Mayne was reading this; Edgar Mayne—sound of heart as of limb—a young Hercules, ardent and impetuous, who for the last three years, at English clubs, and French salons, and Roman cafes, had raved and roared his patriotic belief in the Government of these United States with true American zeal. And now drums were beating and bugles blowing at its dissolution.

"75,000 men! Do you hear that, Caroline? I tell you before three months have elapsed we shall be occupied in fighting, and not flirting; so you might as well put up your flowers and flounces, and all this guaze folly," settling a strong hand down with a contemptuous crush on flowers, and flounces, and a noise.

"75,000! Do you realize it, Caroline?" looking with large brown eyes over the newspaper at the girl there, decking a guaze gown with slips of scarlet kalmia and beads of golden grain. She tossed her head at him with an air.

"Bah! blonde and flowers—that's all the women of to-day are fit for! You girls! what do you care for your country, for liberty or tyranny, so that you can have your fineries?" and rising, he half smiled at his own earnestness, and, passing her, let the strong hand drop carelessly upon her loose silky hair, dropping a remark with it to soften his previous brusquerie; for Edgar Mayne was too well bred to be deliberately rude, even to his own sister.

Later in the day, as he sat by the fire absorbed in an evening journal, the mistress of the boudoir put her gem-like face between him and the news with a question:

"Will the news of the country allow you to accompany me to Mrs. Welles's to-night, Edgar?"

He pinched the vivid cheek, and with a little grimace made answer,

"You are pretty, Carrie; but such a doll!"

Then he goes sailing off, as young men like to do,

"Oh you women, you pretty women, Carrie!"

"To think men cannot take you, sweet,

And confound you,

Ay and hold you,

And so keep you, what they make you, sweet!"

Singing the German waltz, she went up the stairs. Three hours after she came down trilling the bars of a Redowa, and enveloped in a white mist of drapery, blooming with flowers—the scarlet kalmia and beads of yellow grain nodding in her hair of dense black—hair cloudy and soft beside a face of dappled rose and white, and violet eyes hiding darkly underneath darker brows and heavy fringes.

Through the mystic changes of the German waltz, and the sweet sliding cadences of the Redowa, there went weaving a solemn strain of dissonance. Into the pauses of the dance stole subtle languors—flowers faded, banners drooped, and the wind flung in through open windows a quivering, shuddering sigh which every heart repeated.

"How stupid every thing seems! What is the matter?—what ails the night?" asked Caroline Mayne of her companion, and Byversant, in a disappointed, petulant tone.

He pushed a curtain aside, and they stood in the conservatory.

"What ails the night, Miss Caroline? We've had a shock—an electric shock—and we are a little stunned by it. One can't help thinking, while the horns and bugles are playing in there, of how they will sound a month hence, perhaps, when the bullets are whizzing round our heads.

"Do you really think it will come to that, Mr. Ryversant?"

"I think it is already here."

"Yes, I know there has been a call for troops; but I fancied there'd be a bluster, and then—"

"And then what, Miss Caroline?"

"Why, that both parties would keep on the defensive a while, but that it would finally be settled without bloodshed."

"It will be settled only with the shedding of the best and bravest blood in the country."

She mused. At length, speaking half-absently: "I wonder who will go?"

"I shall go, Miss Caroline."

"You!"—a little start of surprise, covered by a laugh of incredulity; then an exclamation, as she held out a hand with its snowy glove spotted and streaked with crimson stains.

"What is it? Ah! I see: you have cut your hand on that vile Egyptian urn against which you leaned. I did once in this very spot;" and he took the hand commiseratingly.

"No, it is nothing of the kind; it is only the red orchis that you gave me—I crushed it between my fingers."

There was a glow upon her cheek as fiery as the red orchis's stain, and a stormy gloom gathering in her eyes, while the little stained palm was dented and crushed by the fingers yet trembling from the effort.

"Ugh! how it looks like blood!" she went on. "Yes, take it off—do. I hope it isn't an omen."

"An omen?"

"Yes, of real bloodshed, and of what may follow if what you say comes true—of death, you know."

"Ah!" and a lifted look of loath pain crossed his face, "The sin is great, but it shall be washed away in a nation's blood!"

The rapt expression was yet in his eyes as the little hand, soft and cold, lay uncovered in his own; and the absent air with which he kissed it could no woman with a heart and soul gainsay. But the cool touch of the slight fingers brought him back—he was but a man, and a young and ardent one. Lingering over the fair, little hand, he said,

"I want a keepsake to take away with me when I go, Miss Caroline—a guerdon of enterprise. Give me this little glove, with its mock blood-stains. It is a fitting token of the present—a symbol of the 'blood-red blossom of war.'"

She shuddered visibly. "Oh no, no, Mr. Ryversant, not that!"

The sudden passion of her manner, the gathering color, the kindling eyes! Up sprang the hope that for six months had been living and dying in his heart. In a moment all the conventionalities had swept by.

"But you will give me something! Oh, Caroline, give me yourself!" And the young fellow bent down his head, and hid his eyes against the little soft hand in that moment of suspense.

"But you will give me something! Oh, Caroline, give me yourself!" And the young fellow bent down his head, and hid his eyes against the little soft hand in that moment of suspense.

There came a stir—a lifted curtain drenched the moonlight in a flood of gas. A ripple of laughter, a rustle of silk, and the apartment had two other occupants. One, a woman, had quickly caught the spirit of the scene. And this woman? She hated Caroline Mayne with a bone sometimes from sheer antagonism of youth and beauty; and hating her, she knew her weak points. She knew that Caroline Mayne had the dangerous reputation of a Clara Vere de Vere—whether deserved or no she did not care to inquire. So, with one of those mischievous impulses which tempt some souls, she dropped this small sneer at their feet.

"Oh! just in time to interrupt your reception, Mr. Ryversant."

He watched her a moment as she leaned against his arm—soft tints of rose, and violets dark—all a flower made to wear in one's bosom, to

"Sing and say for,  
Watch and pray for."

And as he watched a fear shot into his heart—she didn't understand! Then he said, softly, drawing her closer still, to ease the ache, "My regiment you know, it leaves soon."

"Well?"

"Wouldn't she understand?"

He waited a second—her face was out of sight—he was holding it in his breast; and she was quite still. Presently he spoke, "I go with it as—"

"You!" The utter coldness of the tone, the ringing resonance, as she ejaculated this one word, sounded like an accusation—like an accusation, pale and fierce, rose the clear-cut face, and she looked at him. He met the gaze tenderly, but sorrowfully. She waited for him to speak.

"You have forgotten, dear," he said at length, "that"—he paused a moment, hushing his heart at the memory of "that time"—"you have forgotten I told you four nights ago that I was going."

"Then!—but now—all is changed since then. Is life no dearer to you? Do you owe it to none other than yourself?" The clear-cut face gathered color, and the eyes began to fill with hot tears.

"Caroline!"—he met the angry crimson, the tearful tones, with a stern gaze: he answered steadily, "I owe it to my country!" on

she went to her carriage, and said she had just congratulated you on your engagement. Some of her nonsense, I suppose."

"No, it was quite true;" and Caroline, as briefly as possible, related the circumstances of the last half hour. Brief as the relation was, Edgar Mayne perceived in these "circumstances" the peculiar nobility which had so touched the soul of Jerome Ryversant. He bent forward and scanned her face—touched the lovely, falling hair, and the drooping kalmia, and the "gauze folly."

"Carrie, I didn't think it was in you."

"To love?"

"To be so brave. Carrie, do you know what you have done? By this one act you have bound Jerome Ryversant to you by a bond of tender admiration which years of ordinary devotion would not have accomplished."

"You overrate it. I don't see."

"You little girl!" coming over, uncheckered now by the clouds of "gauze folly," to sit beside her and put his arm about her. "Don't you see that you did it for him. I can fancy the color mounting, and the storm in your eyes; but it was easier than to let the shadow of a momentary mortification or pain rest upon your lover. No, I didn't think it was in you, Carrie. I give you my congratulations;" bending forward and touching his lips to hers.

"She is really quite splendid!" he thought. "I am glad I know her better."

Did he know her better? Did she know herself better? Let us see.

Three days followed of congratulation, of happiness. The pretty boudoir was odoriferous with the rarest flowers that a lover could find, and redolent with the fair presences of youth and beauty. Every hour he thought—this young lover—"She is the noblest woman in the world!"

Outside this rose-Eden of youth, and happiness the three days were set to sadder music while the 75,000 loyal souls were rapidly gathering under the Stars and Stripes. Did Jerome Ryversant forget that he had promised himself to his country in this new and nearer promise? In the fair letters of this rose-Eden did he forget his allegiance to his native land? He was only waiting.

At the close of the three days there would be time enough for parting words. So the three days went in a trance of happiness. He saw the sun set upon the last with a sigh that was like the echo of a farewell; and with the sigh yet upon his lips he sought her presence. She was standing by the window, the warm mellow light bathing her beauty in a celestial bloom. The lovely hair half falling, as he liked it best—the lovely figure wearing the colors he approved—and on her breast and in her hair the very flowers he had given her in the morning. The pang of parting struck deeper. She came forward in her prettiness, stately way, her head dropped to him, her proud lips melting into a smile, his guest good-night with tears in his eyes, and from whence it fell taken to the floor, gave him her stateliest courtesy for a "good-by," and swept from the room. Half-stupified with the shock, the young fellow stood a moment gazing vacantly before him, murmuring, incoherently, "And this is the end—this is the end!"

It was thus Zagoray we found him. He went up to him asking the same question his host had put him: "What is the cause of your ignorance? alone, too, in the inaction of domestic life, had hung out the pale colors of distress. Seeing her thus, he knew she loved him, though still blinded to the right. Seeing him, with a flush upon his cheek, uniformed and eager, she still less believed his love.

Her voice came coldly:

"I sent for you," she said, slowly, and with painful effort. "We parted angrily, which was not wise nor well for what may be a final parting. In my view of your undertaking I yet hold the same opinions; but we will part as friends should."

He came forward and took her hands. Once more he pleaded with her. She heard him sadly, not angrily, but yet unbelieving. He glanced down upon the fair little hands he held, but his ring had never been replaced. She was fearfully in earnest then—it was only a friendly "good-by." So, bending down, he dropped a kiss upon the two hands; and lifting his head, with "God bless you, Caroline!" was about to go, when the ghastly pallor of her face, the faint drooping of her figure, stayed him. She had no strength, nor any will to resist, as he took her in his arms. Very quietly she rested there, and when once or twice his hand went caressing down her hair a tear forced itself through the shut eyelids.

At length, rousing herself, with a motion of her hand she bent his head and voluntarily kissed him. "Good-by!" He held her tightly a moment more—then the rose boudoir had but one occupant, and this one was heedless of all pain and passion until the dawn recalled her from her unconsciousness to life and misery.

"That was before!—that was before!" she exclaimed, with quick significance; "and after, when hundreds are pressing forward, and many rejected, why should he leave me, and so soon? No, do not argue with me—I am only secondary. I thought him finer than other men, but I was mistaken; it is their own glory first—then a woman's love. If I never marry I will not take a man who makes me second in his heart. I must reign there, the first consideration; his first honor and glory, as he shall reign in mine."

"But!" He stopped, wise enough to see that only time could open her eyes to her error—time and remorse; that his words were wasted; and worse than that, adding still more to her determination.

As abruptly as he had entered he left her presence, left her to the sharp, burning pain, the consuming passion, that devastates such proud, concentrateive natures.

Thus days went on in this wild inward war which gave no outward sign. In the time she asked no questions, she made no allusion to the past; but secretly and alone she devoured every crumb of information that the newspapers offered. She, who hated politics and newspapers!

One day, in a long list of names, she read one that sent every vestige of color from her cheek—Jerome Ryversant! If she had any hope of his relenting, it was over now; but even here she gave no sign—there was an outward calm.

Three days more and he would be gone! Gone! it was a bitter word.

The night of the third day came drearily to many a heart—to none more drearily than her, sitting apart and alone in a rose-hued boudoir. The sickly scent of faded flowers filled the room—his flowers. The curtains were undrawn, the chairs and couches still strewn with the trifles that had occupied them ten days ago. All as he had left it. In this sepulchre the proud heart struggled on.

"Caroline!"—he met the angry crimson, the tearful tones, with a stern gaze: he answered steadily, "I owe it to my country!" on

she laughed in bitter scorn, then said desirously, "To your country! Wait till you are needed more imperatively; thousands are ready to go, are going; thousands abler than you. Why should you rush thus hastily forward? It is a madness; a piece of folly; you are excited with the occasion. Because

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

America, so we must expect that many things will be different here from things at home. I might tell you of many strange ways of working the people have. While I am writing a sailor is sitting close by. If you watch him you will see that he sews by pushing the needle from him instead of toward him, as you girls do. When the people milk the cows they always sit on the left hand side, not on the right. It is not thought wrong to walk into a gentleman's house with your hat on, but it would never do to go in without taking off your shoes. Nor must you ever go away from a house before you are told to. Which of you boys or girls is No. 1 at school? If you should tell a Hindoo scholar that you were No. 1, he would think you were at the foot of the class. If there are twenty boys in a class No. 20 is at the head. So when the Bible tells us that Elisha was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen himself with the twelfth, it means in our way of counting, that was with the first.

But I forgot; we are taking a walk. Do you notice how all the people you meet have marks on their foreheads? Here are some who have three marks of yellow and white, up and down. Here are others that have a broad mark across their foreheads, and even on their breasts and arms. Others have a spot as large a five cent piece just above their noses; and others a blue line running down their nose. What are they for? They are sacred marks, showing what god the people who wear them worship. They are made with ashes and chalk and are rubbed on every morning. But some of the marks are rubbed so deep, that no washing can take them out; so I have seen some christians here, who were once heathens, wearing these marks still. They are the old marks, and as those can never be washed away till death, so many spots on your souls shall not be clean gone till they pass to where the pure live and have on their foreheads a new name written. There are no marks on your foreheads, are there any on you souls? The Roman Catholics here mark their foreheads with the cross, and well show by that how like the heathen they still are.

But we have taken a long walk and the sun is up. It will not do to stay out late in this hot country for the sun is scorching. We have seen no temples as yet; let us look out for one on the way back. Just before you turn into the missionary's house on the left hand side of the road, you see a man turning round and round, bowing and muttering over something. What is he about? Go a little nearer, and there hidden behind some trees you see a small white washed house. In front of where the man is standing is a hole in the wall about two feet square, and inside it sits a great black, dirty looking image with a girdle of red flowers around its neck. Look carefully and see if you can tell the name of the image. Do you remember the story I told you about the god with an elephant's head? This is the one, for you can see his trunk as he holds it in his hand. Wasn't it strange that it should be the first idol that I saw in India? It made me think of the many Sunday Schools to which I had told the story. But here really was that idol! Yes, and here was a real man praying to it. Of course I knew before that real men did such things, yet I had never seen one till now. There he was, joining his hands together, bowing down and saying his prayers to that black stone. Poor man! Do you truly believe that such a thing as that can hear you or do you good? I could not talk to him, for I did not know his language; so I stood and looked and wondered. Pretty soon he walked around to the front side, where was another stone image. He bowed to that, with his face to the ground, turned round five or six times and bowed again, and was doing so when I left him and went into the house.

How do you suppose that temple happened to be in just that place? Some years ago there was a large well on the spot. Some priests spread a report that at the bottom of that well was a god, and that he wanted to be brought up and worshipped. So they called a great crowd of people together, had a feast, said prayers, and then sent some one down into the well. Down he went and after a time came back bringing, to be sure, the god with him. Then the people shouted out, and said that the god must have a temple on that very spot. So they set to work, the people giving money, and the building I saw was the temple which they put up for the god.

Since I began this letter I have been out with some other missionaries to preach to the heathen in another place. On the way back I saw what was a new sight to me. Under a large tree were some idols. All around the tree were swings made of wood, hung on wooden frames about six feet high. What think you, were they for? They were put there for the gods to swing in. Every dark night, say the people, when the wind blows high, the gods come out and have a swing. We can't see them because it is dark, but we can hear the swings creak, as they sway back and forth. Now I must stop. But what have I written this long letter to you for? Can you answer? Because you promised me that if I would write you three or four times a year, you would give enough money to keep a christian school. In these schools the children will be taught not to bow down to stone, but to the living God. Do you not think that they need to be taught this? I have not told you about these schools yet, because I had so much else to write about. In my next letter I shall try to. And now don't forget your pennies and when you drop them into the contribution box, wrap each one up in a prayer to God that he will make them do good for the little heathen children in India.

You affectionate friend,

DAVID C. SCUDDE.

CARPETS.—See the advertisement of the bankrupt stock which is being sold by the New England Carpet Co., of Boston.

Our Ellerica correspondence, with much other matter, is unavoidably laid over in our last, died suddenly on Sunday.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

EACH kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1861.

MASON AND SLIDELL.

The capture of Mason and Slidell, Ministers Plenipotentiary from their honor Jeff Davis to the Court of St. James, gave no little surprise and satisfaction to our people.

When the news came last Saturday that they were taken by one of our Commodores from

on board a British Mail steamer, every one once asked the question, what will England do in such a case?

What is the substance of international law on the subject?

On Monday, when the Metropolitan editors had time to collect information bearing on the case, we were led to believe that the capture was purely legal and that it was only on account of the forbearance of our officers that the steamer bearing these august personages was not made a prize of. This seemed to settle the question, but no sooner did we feel complacent in the matter than up comes the question, Does not their landing at a neutral port before being captured, place them under the protection of the British flag?

To this question some answer nay and some yeas.

Some call them fugitives from justice; if they are such, are not the slaves in Canada the same?

And have we not the same right to enter Canada and arrest those slaves, as we had to arrest Mason and Slidell on board the Trent?

Some quote the Queen's proclamation in defence of Com. Wilkes' proceeding,

but we think it does not bear on this case, inasmuch as the Trent was not engaged in this country.

It is fixed in the fork of a hazel about eight feet high. The fabric is rather light and airy, being made externally of a few twigs, and the stalks are young and slender, grass, these filled in with fine blades of the same, the whole matted and tied with caterpillar's web, and lined with very slender strips of brown bark and similar white-pine leaves. It appeared to have been forsaken, and the eggs I have never seen.

The nest found by our friend differs from the one which Nuttall describes.

The outside seems to be made of thin strips taken from cedar rails after they had become worn, resembling flax; the inside is lined with fine, fibrous roots, and there is no decayed grass about it.

Two of the nests were found pendant, not built in the fork of a tree. The eggs, four in number, are principally white, with brown spots at the large end.

Audubon, the great American naturalist, in speaking of these birds, says,

that in all his travels he never saw but five of them, and that he made it a point for two years to ascertain where they built and find the nest and eggs, but was not successful;

and he had never seen or heard of any one that was more fortunate than himself.

If this is the case, and it undoubtedly is, why is it that more exertions are not made to bring these facts to light, by those interested in the subject, when it can be done by the mere trouble of search and attention?

Another specimen is the "Unio-nasutus."

Of this species, several have been found in Horn Pond.

It is considered very rare in the New England States, by naturalists, yet by diligent search it can be found at our own doors.

Still another, and the most curious of all,

is the "Anodon fluviatilis."

Prior to the middle of last month, the simple fact of the time when this species spawn was locked up to the student of natural history within the recess of its shell, none even taking the pains to investigate the matter.

At that time several of this interesting class were picked up on the borders of Horn Pond and examined.

A difference was discovered in the appearance of the male and female. The "foot," in the male being white, in the female yellow.

Prof. Agassiz, when asked the reason why the female was yellow, at once replied,

"She must be spawning."

He then examined the specimen more closely, and when the fact became clearly apparent, he exclaimed, with scientific delight, "That was a very beautiful observation."

Truly it must have been thus, when this great man said so.

The ovaries in this species is double, while in the others, which spawn in June, it is single, and contains myriads upon myriads of minute eggs.

Those found by our friend were placed under a powerful microscope, and the shell of the molluse was seen to open and shut in the egg. This was very pleasing to the Professor, and also to those of his students who observed it.

If these, and many other beauties of the natural world, are to be found with very little trouble in our midst, why is it that our Natural History Association has not yet made any collection, for which purpose, in part, it is presumed that it was formed?

No one can compare specimens thoroughly from memory, the subjects must be side by side.

The splendors of nature are not all wrapped up in the productions of the fields; they exist also in every living and creeping thing in those merry warblers that make the woods

## Natural History.

One of Woburn's most laborious students in Natural History, has called our attention to some rare specimens and facts in his favorite study, which he has discovered and collected during the current year. One of these is the "Rose-breasted Grosbeak"—male and female, with five eggs, which he secured last June near Horn Pond, the nest being in a juniper bush. This bird is very rare in New England, so much so that when Prof. Agassiz was told that a pair, with nest and eggs, were found in Woburn, he could not credit the assertion until the veritable subjects were placed before him for his examination. Prof. Nuttal, a former Professor of Natural History in Cambridge, says—"The history of this splendid songster is very obscure, the species being rare and accidental in the Atlantic States. The remote North-Western Territory of the Union, Canada, and the cool regions toward the Rocky Mountains, appear to be the general residence of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak. Mr. Say met with it on the lower banks of the Missouri on the 5th of August, in the 49th degree of latitude. The enterprising Dr. Richardson, who accompanied Capt. Franklin into the dreary northern regions of Canada, also observed it in the latitude of 53°. It has likewise been seen in Mexico. These are, no doubt, its proper natural regions, from which it only wanders occasionally to several countries. These are often seen occasionally in the vicinity of Philadelphia, in the State of New York, and in Connecticut, but rarely, if ever, in this part of New England." It will be seen by this that our Woburn friend has come in possession of quite a rare and valuable treasure, and one that has great reason to prize highly, which no doubt he does. He has the birds "stuffed," and the eggs, which have been blown in the latest and most approved manner, are in the nest which the birds themselves built and which rests on the same twig as where they placed it, so that the whole arrangement is true to nature.

Another specimen is the "Chestnut-sided Warbler." Of this species he has three pairs with nests and eggs. He spent a day and a half in searching for one of these nests, it being so巧妙ly concealed, in a thicket not twenty-five feet square; and then, when about to give up the search as in vain, he by the merest accident discovered its situation.

Prof. Nuttal says, "This rare and beautiful Sylvia, which probably winters in tropical America, appears in the Middle and Northern States early in May on its way North to breed; they are also seen in the spring in Canada and around Hudson's Bay. A few remain, no doubt, in the same young in selected mountainous situations in the North-

States, as on the 22d of May, 1830, a pair

appeared to have fixed on their summer abode, near the summit of the Blue Hills of Milton. He says that, on the 27th of June, 1831, I observed a pair selecting food for their young with their usual address and activity, by the margin of a bushy and secluded swamp on the west side of Fresh Pond, in this vicinity; but I had not the good fortune to discover the nest. I have, however, since I believe discovered the nest of this bird in a hazel copse in a wood in Acton, in this State. It is fixed in the forked twigs of a hazel about breast height. The fabric is rather light and airy, being made externally of a few twigs, and the stalks are young and slender, grass, these filled in with fine blades of the same, the whole matted and tied with caterpillar's web, and lined with very slender strips of brown bark and similar white-pine leaves. It appeared to have been forsaken, and the eggs I have never seen.

The nest found by our friend differs from the one which Nuttall describes.

The outside seems to be made of thin strips taken from cedar rails after they had become worn, resembling flax; the inside is lined with fine, fibrous roots, and there is no decayed grass about it.

Two of the nests were found pendant, not built in the fork of a tree. The eggs, four in number, are principally white, with brown spots at the large end.

Audubon, the great American naturalist, in speaking of these birds, says,

that in all his travels he never saw but five of them, and that he made it a point for two years to ascertain where they built and find the nest and eggs, but was not successful;

and he had never seen or heard of any one that was more fortunate than himself.

If this is the case, and it undoubtedly is, why is it that more exertions are not made to bring these facts to light, by those interested in the subject, when it can be done by the mere trouble of search and attention?

Another specimen is the "Unio-nasutus."

Of this species, several have been found in Horn Pond.

It is considered very rare in the New England States, by naturalists, yet by diligent search it can be found at our own doors.

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echo and re-echo with the melody of their heaven-born songs; and in the many shells that line the borders of our coast and of our ponds. Cannot we have a collection in Woburn that will be both an honor and a source of profit to our citizens?

FOR THE UNION GUARD.—TWO boxes of "good things" were sent to the Union Guard, early this week. The contents consisted principally of mittens, socks, reading matter, &c.; and also some presents from private individuals, that would go to make up a good New England Thanksgiving dinner. That the "boys" enjoyed them all, is the earnest wish of many a loving and yearning heart in New England.





# Middlesex

# Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : NO. 9.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### The Rain.

Coldly the November rain  
Strikes upon the window pane,  
Ah, that sound, it brings again,  
Thoughts of the November rain,  
That came as coldly, years ago;  
As cold, but, Oh, we cannot know,  
When the young heart is all aglow,  
The coldness of the rain and snow.

But when years have come and gone  
And dear friends, passing one by one,  
Are sleeping 'neath the cold, white stone,  
Then the cold Northern rain  
Creeps into the sad heart's fold;  
Over and over earth dreams are told,  
Caring not how worn and old,  
Then the rain is dark and cold.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

### Select Literature.

#### THE TALE HE TOLD THE MARINES.

"Some time ago," said Jenkyns to three officers of marines with whom he was sitting smoking cheroots, "I was staying with Sir George P——, P—— House, P——shire. Great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, every thing in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke."

"Ah! she was a stunner: you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees among the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife."

"Don't be a fool!" she said. "Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on."

"Oh! Fanny," I exclaimed; "don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only—"

"I tell you what it is, now," she replied, angrily, "if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat."

"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, with strong emotion, "I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. Jenkyns, said I to myself, 'revenge! revenge!' I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor, and glanced at me. Smoothed laughter invariably followed. 'Jenkyns,' said I, 'revenge!' The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair."

"Am I to lose my air expedition?" she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car; "some one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom," she called out to me, "you understand it, don't you?"

"Perfectly, I answered.

"Come along then!" she cried, "be quick; before papa comes back."

"The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said,

"How jolly!"

"We were higher than the highest trees and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time."

"I understand the going up part," I an-

sured; "to come down is not so easy," and I whistled.

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Why, when you want to go up faster you throw some sand overboard," I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"Don't be foolish, Tom, she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

"Foolish I said. "Oh, dear no! But whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!" and over went another sand-bag.

"Why, you're mad, surely," she whispered in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

"With love, my dear," I answered, smiling pleasantly; "only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife!"

"I gave you an answer the other day," she replied; one which I should have thought you would have remembered," she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"I remember it perfectly," I answered, but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags; I shall ask that you live five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse shall I throw over a sandbag—so, lady fair, as the cabmen would say, command!" I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand."

"With all your heart?" I asked, quickly.

"With all my heart," she answered, with the same strange look.

"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand, as if he were going to take an oath; "gentlemen, will you believe it? When we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned toward her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running in captivity at the court of a foreign king. The woes of banishment among the heathen were embittered to him, by the desolation of Jerusalem and the dispersion of his own people. The transgressions of his fathers, and the calamities that had come upon their children, were to him sufficient cause for mourning and deep sorrow of heart, And worse than all this, his talents and commanding character had raised him so high in the estimate of the sovereign as to make him an object of envy and hatred to all the subordinate presidents and princes of the whole kingdom. They had entered into a malicious and murderous conspiracy to put this one honest and capable man out of their way, that they might be the less frequently exposed and punished for their rapacity and oppression. They had cunningly availed themselves of the pride of the king to secure the enactment of a "firm decree" which they were certain the hated Hebrew would sooner die than obey. And now what shall this man do? With all the malice of unscrupulous ruffians, and all the arts of court intrigue plotting his destruction—with spies watching him in his secret chamber—with informers and assassins tracking his steps by night and by day—with an immutable law of the Medes and Persians dooming him to death, if he does not deviate from the course which his conscience urges him to pursue—will this single and defenceless man do?

"Sir George," said I, "villain and Jenkyns must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble, and snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good-morning. Miss P——, I forgive you. And I retired."

"Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?"

I continued the execution of the Dead March.

"But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground."

I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:

"Will you promise to give me your hand?"

"I've answered you already," was the reply.

"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car."

"I thought you were a gentleman," said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; "I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?"

"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:

"I command you to begin the descent this instant!"

"The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said:

"We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?"

"Am I to lose my air expedition?" she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car; "some one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom," she called out to me, "you understand it, don't you?"

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## The Star of the Union.

BY GEORGE W. WILSON.

The sky is dark: save one fair star,  
All take their flight in still despair,  
But one still lives and burns afar,  
"The cherisher by a nation's prayer;  
It dwells serenely 'midst the night,  
More brightly burns with danger nigh,  
Loved emblem of a nation's might.  
The Star of Union cannot die.

Though storms assail, there will be calm:  
The lightning's flash a moment quells;  
Columbi in her fiery car,  
Above each conflict safely dwells,  
Forever sparkle in thy sphere,  
Unharm'd by passing meteor's glare;  
Thou art the star that all reveres  
The brightest gem of earth and air.

Shine on forever, silver star!  
Shed lustre o'er each soldier's grave;  
And nations watch thee from afar—  
The hope and beacon of the brave;  
A moment, woe thy face may cloud,  
But brighter, dearest shalt thou be  
When bursting from the sable shroud  
We hail thee—star of victory!

REV. MR. MARCH'S

## THANKSGIVING SERMON.

### Thanksgiving in Troubled Times.

*David 6: 10—Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled on his knees to the Lord that day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime.*

This is a memorable instance of a good man offering thanksgiving to God in time of trouble. He was an exile from his native land, living in captivity at the court of a foreign king. The woes of banishment among the heathen were embittered to him, by the desolation of Jerusalem and the dispersion of his own people. The transgressions of his fathers, and the calamities that had come upon their children, were to him sufficient cause for mourning and deep sorrow of heart. And worse than all this, his talents and commanding character had raised him so high in the estimate of the sovereign as to make him an object of envy and hatred to all the subordinate presidents and princes of the whole kingdom. They had entered into a malicious and murderous conspiracy to put this one honest and capable man out of their way, that they might be the less frequently exposed and punished for their rapacity and oppression. They had cunningly availed themselves of the pride of the king to secure the enactment of a "firm decree" which they were certain the hated Hebrew would sooner die than obey. And now what shall this man do?

With all the malice of unscrupulous ruffians, and all the arts of court intrigue plotting his destruction—with spies watching him in his secret chamber—with informers and assassins tracking his steps by night and by day—with an immutable law of the Medes and Persians dooming him to death, if he does not deviate from the course which his conscience urges him to pursue—will this single and defenceless man do?

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| One square (14 lines this type) one insertion   | \$1.00 |
| Each subsequent insertion   | .25    |
| Half a square (seven lines) one insertion   | .75    |
| Each subsequent insertion   | .25    |
| One square one year   | 10.00  |
| One square six months   | 6.00   |
| One square three months   | 4.00   |
| Half a square one year  | 6.00   |
| Half a square six months  | 4.00   |
| Half a square three months  | 2.00   |
| Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square. |        |

Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *leaded*, 10 cents per line for one insertion; each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

••• ALL advertisements, not otherwise marked on the reverse, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED AND CHARGED ACCORDINGLY.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANFIELD.

Stoneham—T. WHITFIELD.

Wellesley—J. C. COOK.

Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the Journal, at the rates quoted by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The Journal is well known in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1861.

The news, last night, from Pensacola is not the most cheering. Our brave sailors have bombarded that place, but at the time the news was despatched it had not been captured. The frigates Niagara and Colorado are reported to be very seriously damaged. Fort Pickens has not yet been breached, but it is believed in some quarters that Bragg has beaten and his whole force captured.

Affairs on the Potomac are the same as they have been for months. Picket skirmishing is going on all the time, and hardly a day passes but some poor fellow becomes a victim to this barbarous and unnecessary kind of warfare. We believe it was Wellington who would never allow his pickets to harass those of the enemy, as he looked upon such proceedings as nothing better than murder. It is high time for both sides to put a stop to the matter, and thereby show that the finer traits of human nature have not all been obliterated by the hardened features of war.

The forward movement spoken of a few days since, did not take place, and when it will occur, the future, probably, can alone tell. It seems inhuman to wish its speedy occurrence, when we know that at every step some household in our once happy land will be made desolate, but that it was over, and its consequences made apparent, is the wish of many.

### The May Case.

Below will be found the decision of Judge Richardson in the above case, which has caused much deep attention in Woburn and elsewhere. It will be seen that the Judge sums up the whole matter very briefly, and in a most laconic manner disposes of it. As to the merits of the proceedings, it is not for us to speak, each must judge and decide for himself.

"Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

At a Probate Court held at Cambridge, in and for said County of Middlesex, on the Twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one:

On the Petition of FREDERICK MAY, of Woburn, in said County, praying for the removal of his Guardian, JOSEPH BALLARD, and his trust.

This case has been thoroughly and ably presented by Geo. W. Phillips, Esq., for the petitioner, and George W. Hubbard and W. H. Crocker, Esqrs., for the respondent; seventy witnesses have testified on the one side and the other; various letters and documents have been read; the arguments of Counsel have urged the different views of the parties with much force, and at the request of his counsel I have had a private interview with the ward.

And now after having carefully considered the numerous details of the case and given much reflection to the whole matter, I have come to the conclusion that the petitioner has not proved that his said guardian is "evidently unsuitable for the trust," and has not sustained the allegation as set out in his complaint.

It is therefore decreed, that the request of the petitioner be denied and his said petition dismissed.

WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON,

Judge of Probate Court."

COLPORTEUR SOCIETY.—The ladies of the Colporiteur Society of this town, met at their room on Thursday evening, for the purpose of seeing whether or not they would do work for the army. It was concluded to do so, and a Committee was appointed to arrange matters for the carrying out of the wishes of the Society. That Committee met yesterday, and decided to knit mittens and socks, and also make all kinds of under clothing. The Society meets again at their room on Thursday evening next, at which time it is desirable that there should be a full attendance, both of members and others interested in the welfare of the army, as the work will then be ready for commencement.

The Society intends to act upon the principle that "Charity begins at home," and will first labor for the good of Massachusetts' brave sons, after that they will work for those who most need their services.

A new flag is to be procured by the Phalanx Associates, for the flag-staff on the Common. The spirit that once animated the old Phalanx is not yet totally dead.

The Woburn Rifle Drill Club now numbers 35 members, and they drill regularly on Tuesday and Friday evenings.

THE UNION GUARD PAID OFF.—We learn from a private letter, that the Union Guard were paid off last Friday. They received pay from August 10th, the day the company was organized; each private received \$35.63, whether he belonged to the company at that time or not. The amount sent home by the men, not including officers, was about \$3,000. At the time the above letter was written, Sunday last, the boxes of "good things" sent from Woburn, had not been received, but were very anxiously looked for.

BARK BURN.—On Tuesday morning last some stored tan belonging to Cheate & Cumming took fire spontaneously. The workers rallied with buckets and the fire was soon subdued.

THE piece of Poetry, published in this paper a few weeks ago, entitled "The Little Sleeper," and attributed to "Zelia Gertrude Grey," did not emanate from her pen. The mistake occurred through mistake. On our outside this week, can be found a short piece from her, which we think all our readers will join with us in saying, is a gem.

MR. GRANVILLE BENNETT, shot a fox in Burlington, this week, which weighed 10 pounds and 5 ounces.

NEW GOURNTEIFS.—Look out for 5's on Wamesit, Lowell; Warren Bank, Danvers; and Rockland Bank, Roxbury.

WARREN ACADEMY opens next Monday morning.

### Letters from the Union Guard.

HALL'S HILL, VA., Nov. 16, 1861.

This morning looks and feels like November. We have Summer one day and Winter the next. The wind has blown very hard all day, and we have been obliged to send up one of the young drummers to take in sail. We made a requisition on Confederates of the Sacred Soil for rags to change the temperature of our tent. Virginia fences are rather scarce just now.

On Sunday morning we had a Regimental Inspection by Lieut. Col. Ingraham of the 18th Mass. Regt., assisted by Capt. Wardwell of Co. B, 22d Regt. We may march within a week. The 2d Maine is within pistol-shot of the 22d. Our new chaplain arrived yesterday, Rev. Mr. Cormick of the M. E. Church.

About seventy rods from our encampment are the ruins of a beautiful residence owned by a secessionist. In front was a beautiful garden with shrubbery and a variety of fruit. Now nothing remains save the cellar, all the lumber and brick having been removed by the different Regts. A few rods from the house is a family burial spot. The stones bear the following inscriptions:—"Sacred to the memory of Simon Somers, who was born Nov. 23d, 1747, died Dec. 23, 1836, in the full assurance of a blessed immortality." "Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth Somers, Consort of Simon Somers, born 3d Sept., 1762, died 13th Nov., 1831, in the triumphant faith of the Redeemer." "To the memory of Matilda, daughter of Simon and Elizabeth Somers, born 23d June, 1811, and departed this life Oct. 25th, 1843, in the expectation of a mansion in Heaven." "Sacred to the memory of Eliza, daughter of Simon and Elizabeth Somers, born Nov. 9th, 1796, and departed this life Aug. 25, 1840, in the full assurance of a blessed immortality." Thus we see a whole family, husband, father, wife, and daughters, all asleep in Jesus. Around this spot a plain but neat fence has been erected which bears the following inscription:—"As a tribute to humanity this fence was erected by officers of the 22d Mass. Volunteers, Nov. 5th, 1861."

There is much sickness in some Regts., and we hope to go to a warmer climate.

HALL'S HILL, Nov. 24.

Last Monday the Stars and Stripes, for the first time since we have been here, were thrown to the breeze, and the boys gave a few cheers that made the fragile staff tremble.

Wednesday the grand review came off at Bailey's Cross Roads.

It really was an imposing spectacle.

The troops made a fine display, not far from 70,000 men on the ground including Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry.

The day was cloudy and the ground wet.

But the torches alighted, the bands struck up, and the bugles sounded, and the grand review began.

Return, come!—last in your lot with the advancing idea of progress of the age. Fall into the line of the Redemer's triumphal march under his banner to the conquest of the world.

The preacher referred to the text as affording both a word of encouragement and of warning—a word of encouragement to those who are on the side of God and enlisted in his cause, and a word of warning to all those who are fighting against him. There is coming a morning and a night—a morning of unclouded splendor, and a night of unending horror and gloom. To seek the one and avoid the other is alike the duty of individuals and of nations.

But how are we to know that God is with us in the controversy in which we are at present engaged? First, because we are in the line of God's providence. After defining what we mean by this, he remarked, how do we know that we, as opposed to our fellow citizens of the South, are moving with, and not against this stream, he would answer in a word. The fundamental principles of this government we seek to maintain, are in substance these—the essential equality of all men before the law—the right of all to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—protection of the privilege of citizenship, confederacy, and the sanctity of the marriage relation, and the domestic hearth—freedom to worship God.

What is the corner stone of the government if it is proposed to substitute for that under which we now live? By the honest confession of the distinguished Vice President of the so called Southern Confederacy—human slavery.

Secondly—Because we are acting in conformity with the declared will of God. This we know from the bible, where we can learn what are our duties in this crisis of our national affairs. Disloyalty to government, by the teachings of Scripturc, is treason against God. Undoubtedly there is the right of revolution, which is the right of self defense, in the case of intolerable injustice and oppression, such as no one pretends was ever practised by the government of these United States. We stand then on this ground, where we would argue with those who are arrayed in arms against us. Your fathers and ours laid the foundations of the government. Under it we have enjoyed for many years continual peace, and a large measure of worldly prosperity. It has answered the purpose for which it was instituted better than any government ever established. The fundamental principles of this government shall be eight hundred and three dollars per week.

Thirdly—Because we are acting in accordance with the declared will of God.

There is a great want of system of everything they do here, and a constant upsurge in the different regiments. We have in our neighborhood a battalion of cavalry, Colonel Gregg's regiment, a Polish brigade, two Louisiana regiments, and some others whom I have not thought of inquiring about, who are in a state of constant insubordination. In fact, they shoot two or three every week, to keep them quiet. Our men have nothing to do with them, and are kept from mingling in the common herd, and are therefore universally well thought off.

Mr. Perley M. Griffin and James A. Perkins, have returned home on a furlough, Mr. Griffin was kicked in the knee by a horse, Wednesday of last week, and his injuries compel him to use a crutch.

The Home Monthly for December has reached us. With the January number a new volume commences, and the publishers announce increased attractions. Subscriptions received at Woburn Bookstore.

The three Engine Companies of this town turned out last Tuesday evening to fit the reservoir at the junction of Warren and Summer sts. It was intended to draft enough water from the Town Meadow, but after playing a few minutes the water became exhausted and the companies returned to their different engine houses, where they partook of a collation.

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### WINCHESTER.

REV. MR. ROBINSON'S THANKSGIVING SERMON.

The two religious societies in this place united in appropriate services at the Congregational Church. Rev. Mr. ROBINSON officiated. Text in Isaiah 21st Chap. 11th and 12th verses:—"The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, the morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come."

We have here, said the preacher, a complete prophecy. The verses composing the text stand alone. They have no connection with what goes before, or with that which comes after. They might just as well be placed in any other chapter, or in any other portion of the Bible. The solution of this passage, renders its interpretation peculiarly difficult. In order to get some idea of the meaning of the prophet, the preacher took up the words one by one and explained them.

The preacher then went on to consider the peculiar circumstances under which we celebrate our annual Thanksgiving Festival—the vacant seats in the house of God, and around our firesides,—our brothers and sons of whom have stood to defend the freedom of their country's liberties, perhaps never more to return. We have come at length to realize that Mr. Webb, with so much eloquence and energy, and his services might never be had—*a hand rent with civil feuds, and drenched with fraternal blood!*

Have we no occasion for gratitude and thanksgiving? There are the common mercies enumerated in the excellent proclamation of our Chief Magistrate—a proclamation which might have come from the hand of Cromwell, and read at the head of his troop of Ironsides, filing their souls with new ardor in the cause of religious liberty and humanity—then as now combined.

Surely all is not lost, if indeed anything really is lost. And in respect to this war which we have upon us, and the loss of those brave sons of Massachusetts, whose death we deplore but whose memory will be immortalized at the stars, well does his Excellency say, "While our tears flow in a stream of sorrow, sympathy with the daughters of our people, just now bereft by the violence of the wicked and rebellious, of the fathers and husbands and brothers and sons, whose heroic blood has made verily sacred the soil of Virginia, and mingling with the waters of the Potomac, has made the river now and forever ours; let our souls arise to God on the wings of Praise, in thanksgiving that He has again granted to us the privilege of living unselfishly and dying nobly in a grand and righteous cause."

For the signal victories which have crowned our arms both on land and sea since the proclamation was issued, and especially for the success of our naval forces, whose efforts have done much to ferment and precipitate upon us our present national troubles, we do render to God most humble and hearty thanks. But are the days of the R-publi number 3 there no more of American History to be written? Have we reached the end of the great experiment of self government, which the world has lived well nigh six thousand years to witness? Let those who wish, believe it. God has indeed chastened us, and we deserved chastisement. Darkness has settled down upon this land, striking out those fair prospects in which we have been wont on such occasions as this to glory. It is with us the season of night.

And so it is with us from Mount Sain, a voice of reproach saying, "Watchman, what of the night?" But blessed be God standing upon his high and mighty post, "I am the light of the world." Tim's noble offering is the light. Freedom, Christ, and human brotherhood are the charmed words of modern history.

Return, come!—last in your lot with the advancing idea of progress of the age. Fall into the line of the Redemer's triumphal march under his banner to the conquest of the world.

The preacher referred to the text as affording both a word of encouragement and of warning—a word of encouragement to those who are on the side of God and enlisted in his cause, and a word of warning to all those who are fighting against him. There is coming a morning and a night—a morning of unclouded splendor, and a night of unending horror and gloom. To seek the one and avoid the other is alike the duty of individuals and of nations.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

The curse of ages will rest upon you, Oh youth of America! You are ungrateful, foreign ambitious or domestic lawlessness, the numerous liberties for which Washington fought, and your fathers bled!"—*Wirt's Eulogy on Washington*.

Oh youth of America! gird on your sword, For an insolent foe on your Flag is advancing, The tumbrels are loaded, and move sure but slow, And the war-horse, impatient, in trappings is prancing; Then arise in your might, and declare for the right, Reliving on God to alay all your fears.

Place your name on the roll of your Country's defenders,

And march to her aid with the brave Volunteers.

March to the battle field, men of America!

Imbued with the principles, which give so to son, And never falter or quiver in upholding the banner Which hath come down to you from our own Washington.

Well knowing you're right, stand up in your might, And placing your name with your Country's defenders,

Despite of all fears, ignoring your years,

Be counted as one in the brave Volunteers.

S. K. GILMAN.

Newburyport, Oct. 30th, 1861.

**Book-keeping Rationalized.** Price, \$1.

A new work by George N. Comer, A. M., now and for twenty years past senior Principal of COMER'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Boston.

RULED BLANKS for the same price, 35 cents per set.

COMER'S NAVIGATION MANUAL, price 50 cents.

COMER'S & LINTON'S Copies for Penman ship, 25 cents.

OLIVER'S admirable Steel Pens, four Nos., \$1 per gross.

One of the above sent post-paid on receipt of price.

**NAVIGATION BOOK KEEPING WRITING,** &c.

Thoroughly and practically taught, day and evening. Separate department for ladies. No class system. Students aided as heretofore, in obtaining employment. Catalogues and terms may be had at the College office, 139 Washington Street, or by mail, free.

5-30

Starred.

ANDERSON-SKINNER—in Reading, 21st inst. Rev. Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Charles Anderson of Roxbury, to Miss Esther A. Skinner of South Reading.

DAVIS & CO.—In Woburn, and M. Lydia J. Towne, of Woburn.

RICHARDSON-RICHARDSON.—In Woburn, 28th inst. John P. Richardson, of Billerica.

WAHLAND-COUSENS.—In Billerica, Mr. Nov.

19th, M. C. Wahlund, of Woburn, wife of Dr. Martin Payson Tracy, aged 22 years.

BOARDMAN—In South Reading, 23d inst. Mr. Elias Boardman, aged 75 years.

Died.

HOLDEN—in Woburn, 25th inst., Mrs. Betsey Holden, aged 69 years.

TENNEY—In Burlington, 23d inst., wife of Peter, Rev. Mr. Samuel Tenney, of North Woburn, to Daniel Wright, Jr., of E. Woburn, and M. Lydia J. Towne, of Woburn.

WILLIAMS—RICHARDSON.—In Woburn, 28th inst. John P. Richardson, of Billerica.

WAHLAND-COUSENS.—In Billerica, Mr. Nov.

19th, M. C. Wahlund, of Woburn, wife of Dr. Martin Payson Tracy, aged 22 years.

MARTIN—SEWALL.—In Burlington, 25th inst. by Rev. Samuel Sewall, Mr. Luther P. Martin, of the High School at Abington, to Miss Martha of Sewall, eldest daughter of the officiating clergyman.

5-30

ONE PRICE ONLY!

Good Fall and Winter

CLOTHING! —AND—

FURNISHING GOODS!

OVERCOATS!

BUSINESS COATS!

DRESS COATS!

PANTALOONS!

VESTS!

UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS!

Shirts, Collars,

Cravats, Stockings,

Gloves, &c.

CLOTHES, CASSIMERES,

Vestings, &c.,

FOR CUSTOM WORK,

MAY BE FOUND AT

MACULLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER'S,

192 Washington Street,

BOSTON,

Opposite the Marlboro' Hotel.

9-4w.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

PARTIAL Deafness, Discharges

from the Ear, Ringing noises in

the Ear, etc., relieved at once, and

positively cured if the disease has not taken place.

Examination of the ear with the Otoscope determining the exact con-

dition of the internal ear, and whether a

cure is possible.

DR. S. C. PRATT,

Late associate of the eminent English

Aurist, T. H. Greenough, M. D.,

of Russell Square, London.

No. 41 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

Office hours from 10 to 12 and from 2 to 3.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX ss.

To the Heirs at Law and others interested in the

Estate of POLLY JORDAN, late of Winches-

ter, in said County, Widow, deceased, State,

W. HERBERT RICHARDSON, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, has presented for allowance the final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased, and the same was allowed by the Probate Court to be held at CAMBRIDGE in said County, on the FOURTH TUESDAY of DECEMBER next, at noon, before the Probate Court, to whom it shall be shown why said account should not be allowed, and distribution made.

And the said Richardson is ordered to serve this notice upon all persons who have a copy of the *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Tuesday.

Judge of said Court, This Twenty-sixth day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one. 9-3w.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

WINTER CLOTHING!

Overcoats, Pants & Vests,

FROM THE

Choicest Fabrics the market affords,

Can be found at

GAGE'S.

A LOT OF HATS,

OF LAST SPRING STYLE, will be sold

without regard to cost, by

J. W. HAMMOND,

Lyceum Building.

Woburn, Oct. 26th, 1861. 4-4

**Sale of Real Estate by Assignees of Mortgage.**

**LARGE AND ELEGANT  
ASSORTMENT OF  
WINTER DRESS HATS**

NOW OPENING AT

**WEATHERN'S  
Bonnet Establishment,  
20 HANOVER ST., BOSTON,**

Together with a great variety of

**SILK RIBBONS, VELVET RIBBONS,**

**LACES,**

**French Flowers and Feathers,**

and a general variety of

**MILLINERY GOODS**

OF ALL KINDS.

All of which we offer at our usual

**LOW PRICES!**

32<sup>o</sup> Ladies will find it for their advantage not to purchase before visiting

**WEATHERN'S, 20 HANOVER ST. BOSTON.  
8-14.**

**WILLIAMS & CO.,**

**NO. 65 & 67 UNION ST., BOSTON.**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**PLAIN & FANCY TIN WARE,**

AND DEALERS IN

**COOKING AND PORTER STOVES.**

FOR SALE, THE

**FIRST QUALITY KEROSENE OIL,**

AT

**WAR PRICES,**

With good Lamps of all kinds to Match.

Lamps altered to burn Kerosene Oil at short notice.

We also have a

**Nice Lantern to Burn Kerosene Oil.**

ALL ARE INVITED TO GIVE US A CALL.

**WILLIAMS & CO.,**

**65 AND 67 UNION STREET,**

**BOSTON.**

**NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT.**

The great remedy for the cure of disease,

**HOT AIR BATH,**

OR MOUNTAIN AND TURKISH ORIGIN, IS

NOW IN USE.

**RATIONATE.**

**NO. 12 AVON PLACE, BOSTON.**

D. R. TILTON, may be consulted upon

Diseases of the Skin, in every form, such as

Canker, Salt Rhom, Serofula, Erysipelas, Scalp-Hood, Pimples, Eruption of Every Kind.

In hundreds of cases they cause Consumption, Asthma, Throat Disease, Catarrh, Cough, Dyspepsia, Liver Diseases, etc., etc. In fact, all diseases originate from a poisonous, unhealthy action of the Blood and Skin; more particularly Diseases of the Skin, and the agents and fountain of all varieties of disease.

The Hot Air Bath Rationalate, a new application, has been found to be an extraordinary solvent on diseases of the Skin. Thoroughly convinced, also, that a proper treatment of the skin will cure the disease, we have found no better way to do this than to expose the skin to the heat of air, to cleanse and purify it, to draw off all the impurities, and to restore the skin to its natural state.

This is the height of art to conceal a secret. We do not publish any secret nostrums or antiseptics, and we are equally successful in removing all the dirt and filth from the body.

Particular attention paid to repairing fine

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1858.

**CHARLES A. SMITH**

DEALER IN

**AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,**

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

Jan. 7.

**HORACE COLLAMORE,**

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

OFFICE:—14 WADE'S BLOCK,

Woburn Centre.

Jan. 21, 1861.

**A. E. THOMPSON,**

DEALER IN

**AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.**

West India Goods, Flax and Linen, Crockery and Hardware, Painted Furniture, Palms, Oils, &c.

**No. 3 Wade's Block.**

Woburn, April 15, 1854.

**CONVERSE & CO.,**

WOBURN & BOSTON R.R. EXPRESS.

OFFICES:—15 Congress Street, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Post Office hours for consultation, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M.

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

(Concluded from First Page.)  
consequence how the first charge is decided. When a criminal receives the due reward of his deeds nobody will ask whether he also received the just punishment for them. Slavery has been on trial before the nation, and before the world for half a century, and the evidence against it has been growing blacker and deeper every year, and now at last when conviction was becoming certain in the peaceful court of public opinion, it has madly broken loose from all the restraints of law. It seizes the weapons of war to murder its accusers—it sets at defiance the authority which before would have ensured it a fair and equitable trial. So that if we were still in doubt as to the real character and influence of the system, we must agree in denouncing with one voice the enormity of the crime which is committed in its defense. And when the greater crime of a winking murderer stands at the heart of the Union, and attempting the overthrow of the national government is unashamedly punished, we shall have little occasion to ask what is to be done with slavery itself. And for this deliverance from perplexity and disagreement on the one great subject of national controversy, we are indebted to the trials of this dark and calamitous year. And the result, gained at such tremendous cost, is so valuable that we can sincerely thank God that it is ours at last, even at such a price.

IV. Finally in the midst of all the trials which we are suffering let us thank God with grateful hearts for the hope of the future. The story of this eventful year will be better in the history, which shall be written at the end of the century than it does in the newspaper paragraphs of to-day. We may indeed sincerely thank God for the calamities that have come upon us. But it is a very partial view which discovers nothing but disgrace and disaster in our national history for the past year. The bounties of Providence have not been withheld by the ravages of war, nor has the earth refused to yield her increase. Far distant nations still look to America for food and employment, and with us the necessities of life may be had with the usual cheapness and abundance. Notwithstanding the waste of war, the nation has been growing rich in its material resources, and richer still in all that makes a strong and prosperous people. The great lesson of wisdom has been learned by thousands who once thought it was the happiness of life to have abundance to enjoy and nothing to do. The generous and stirring spirit of patriotism has been kindled into glowing life in thousands of bosoms, which a year ago were indifferent to the calls and danger of their country. A Massachusetts soldier on the way to the war was asked in the streets of New York if he were not doubtful in regard to the result of this contest, "No," said he, "the victory was gained when we parted from the beloved ones of home." And there have been hundreds and thousands of such partings which have already given greatness, and glory, and victory, to the character of the nation, and which afford us the sure prophecy of still greater victories to be gained in the future. The wives and the mothers, the sisters and daughters, those tears will fall to-day on the field of battle, but learned that there is something dearer and better to live for than the enjoyment of peace and abundance in their own homes. The festivities of this day will bring the cloud of sorrow upon many faces in this old Commonwealth. From thousands of homes, bereaved and aching hearts will fly swifter than the message of the electric wire to the hillsides and valleys of Virginia, and the cotton fields of Carolina, where the sons of Massachusetts are braving hardship and death for their country. The vacant places in the household will be more in the thoughts of the diminished company than those that are filled. And the absent deserve to be thus remembered in our affections, our thanksgivings, and our prayers. Many of them will return no more. The unburred bones of some are bleaching in the sun; others are buried in the fields where they fell in the sacred ranks of war. The forgotten graves of many are filled where the regiments encamped for the night and took up their buried march in the morning. Some have been swept down by the swift current of the mountain stream till they found a resting place as the drift wood, barkless and branchless, settles into the bend of the river or lodges upon the jagged rock. The bodies of some have been torn by the vultures, some have been mutilated and outraged and left to fester and blacken in the sun—some have found their grave in the deep sea. And of the many thousand living sons of Massachusetts whose absence from their homes, and the uncertainty of whose return will make this a sad thanksgiving to many families, the great majority are in such circumstances as should draw forth our hearts towards them in feelings of the deepest pity, admiration and gratitude to-day. Walking the sentry's round through the long and dreary night, and cheering night, or marching up and down as many hours in the broad light of day, a bitter task for the rifle of the concealed foe; lying upon their loaded arms all night with the expectation of being aroused at any moment by the cry of the attacking foe and "the cannon's opening roar;" pressing forward in the long and rapid march until the fainting and weary frame is ready to sink to the earth, and then without rest or refreshment, exposed to the exhausting and deadly struggle of battle; sleeping on the bare earth for a bed, beneath the thin covering of a tent or a blanket, or with none but the worn and soiled garments of the day; for much of the time living upon food such as the tenants of the poorest home in our town—containing 100 different styles.

—

**DR. J. BOVEE DODS' Imperial Wine Bitters!**

from all who have not used them. We challenge the world to produce their equal.

These BITTERS for the cure of WEAK STOMACH, GENERAL DEBILITY, and the TYPHOID and ENCEPSIS, are absolute unsurpassed by any other remedy on Earth. To be assured of this, it is only necessary to make the trial. The wine is a true medicine, and is more potent than any one-third stronger than other wines, warming and invigorating the whole system from the head to the feet. As these tones are tonic and nutritive to the whole system, and give a *sound and healthy action* to all parts by equalizing the circulation, they are excellent for diseases of the heart, lungs, kidneys, &c., &c. They are also excellent for diseases of the brain, &c., &c. Weakness peculiar to Females, where a tonic is required to STRENGTHEN and REPAIR the SYSTEM. This Bitter is subject to lassitude and faintness, should meet them as they are reviving in action.

Cold steel! To that it must come at length—Not quake to hear it spoken!

By the blows alone we strike in our strength Can the world be broken?

Up, then! No more in city or grove Let Slaves and bondsmen stand alone!

We have all had more than enough of love—Be our watchword henceforth Hatred!

We have all had quite enough of love—Be our watchword henceforth Hatred!

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By the blows alone we strike in our strength Can the world be broken?

Up, then! No more in city or grove Let Slaves and bondsmen stand alone!

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# Middlesex

# Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : NO. 10.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### Knitting Socks.

Click, click, click! how the needles go  
Through the busy fingers, to and fro—  
With no bright colors of Berlin wool,  
Delicate hands to-day are full;  
Only a yarn of deep, dull blue,  
Socks for the feet of the brave and true.  
Yet click, click, how the needles go,  
'Tis a power within that nerves them so.  
In the sunny hours of the bright spring day,  
And still in the night-time far away,  
Maiden, mother and grandmama sit  
Earnest and thoughtful while they knit.  
Many the silent prayer they pray,  
Many the tear-drops brushed away,  
While busy on the needles go,  
Widen and narrow, heel and toe.  
The Grandmama thinks with a thrill of pride  
How her mother knitt and spun beside  
For that patriot band in olden days  
Who died the "Stars and Stripes" to raise—  
Now she in turn knits for the brave  
Who'd die that glorious flag to save.  
She is glad, she says, "the boys" have gone,  
'Tis just as their grandfathers would have done;  
But she heaves a sigh and the tears will start,  
For "the boys" were the pride of Grandmama's heart.  
The mother's look is calm and high,  
God only hears her soul's deep cry—  
In Freedom's name, at Freedom's call,  
She gave her sons—in them her all.  
The maiden's cheek wears a pater shade,  
But the light in her eye is undimmed.  
Faith and hope give strength to her sight,  
She sees a red dawn after the night.  
Oh, soldiers brave, will it brighten the day,  
And shorten the march on the weary way,  
To know that at home the loving and true  
Are knitting and hoping and praying for you?  
Soft are their voices when speaking your name,  
Proud are their glories when hearing your fame,  
And the gladdest hour in their lives will be  
When they greet you after the victory.

—Transcript,

### Select Literature.

#### BLUE YARN STOCKINGS.

"What have you there, Katie?" asked a young man, in the familiar tone of an intimate acquaintance, touching, as he spoke a small bundle resting an Miss Katie's arm.

"Guess." A smile, sweet but serious, went rippling for an instant about her lips, and then faded off. Her calm eyes, clear and strong, looked steadily into her companion's face. They had met, casually, and were standing on the street.

"Zephyr?" And he pushed his fingers into the bundle.

"No."

"I give it up."

"Blue yarn."

"What!" There was a lifting of the eyebrows, and a half-amused expression about the young man's mouth.

"Blue yarn and knitting-needles." Katie's voice was firm. She did not shrink from the covert satire that lurked in his tone and manner.

"No."

"Yes."

They gazed steadily at each other for some moments, and then the young man gave way to a brief fit of laughter.

"Blue yarn and knitting-needles! Ha! ha! ha! Soldiers' stockings, of course!"

"Of course." There was no smile on Katie's face, no playful light in her eyes, but a deepening shadow. The levity shown by her friend was in such contrariety to the state of mind in which she happened to be, that it hurt instead of amusing her—hurt, because he was more than a common acquaintance.

From the beginning of our troubles Katie Maxwell's heart had been in them. Her father was a man of true stamp; loyal to his country, clear-thinking in regard to the issues at stake, brave and self-sacrificing. He had dispensed liberally of his means in the outfit of men for the war; and more than this, had given two sons, yet of tender age, to the defense of his country. Katie was living, therefore, in the very atmosphere of patriotism. She drank in with every breath the spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice. "What can I do?" was the question oftenest on her lips; and when the call came for our women to supply stockings for the campaign, she was among the first of those who responded. It was only of the morning of this day that the Quarter-master-General's appeal had gone forth, and already she had supplied herself with blue yarn and knitting-needles.

"I didn't believe you were such a little—" The young man had uttered so much of his reply to Katie's "Of course," when she lifted her hand with a sudden impulse and said, almost sternly,

"Take care, George!"

"Take care! Of what?" He affected to be still amused.

"Take care how you trifle with things that should be held out of the region of trifling."

"Soldiers' blue yarn stockings, for instance? Ha! ha!"

"Laugh if you will, but bear in mind one thing."

"What?"

"That I am in no laughing mood. Her clear strong eyes rested firmly in his, with something of rebuke in their expression."

"Tut, tut, Katie! don't look at me so se-

riously. But indeed I can't help laughing. You knitting blue yarn stockings! Well, it is funny."

"Good-morning, George." She was turning away.

"Good-morning, Katie," was answered lightly. "I'll call around this evening to see how the stockings are coming on."

When Katie Maxwell left home an hour before her step was light and her countenance glowing with the heart's enthusiasm. But she walked slowly now, with her eyes cast down, and a veil of unquiet thought shadowing her countenance. This interview with one in whom her heart was deeply interested had ruffled the surface of her smoothly-gliding thoughts. The cause of her country, and the needs of those who were offering their lives in defense, were things so full of sober reality in her regard, that the light words of George Mason had jarred her feelings, and not only jarred them, but awakened doubts and questionings of the most painful character.

Katie turned her face a little farther away from her mother, and bent a little lower over her knitting. Often had the contrast between the spirit of her brothers—boys still—and that of George Mason presented itself; now it stood out before her in sharp relief. As she sat, working in silence—for she did not respond to her mother's last remark—her thought went back in review. She clung over well remembered sentiments which Mason had uttered in her presence, and saw in them a lukewarmness, if not a downright indifference to the great issues at stake, before—now perceived distinctly. Her father talked of scarcely anything but the state of the country; George found many themes of interest outside of this absorbing question, and when he did converse on matters of public concern it was with so little of earnestness and comprehensive intelligence that she always experienced a feeling of dissatisfaction.

Katie Maxwell sat down alone in her own room, with hands crossed on her lap and eyes fixed in thought. She had tossed the small bundle of yarn upon the bed, and laid aside her bonnet and cloak. Now she was looking certain new questions which had come up right in the face. Was there in the heart of George Mason a true loyalty to his country? That was one of the questions. It had never presented itself in distinct form until now. He was in good health, strong, and of manly presence. No imperative cause held him at home. During the summer he had visited Niagara, taken a trip down the St. Lawrence, enjoyed the White Mountains, and, in a general way, managed to take a good share of pleasure to himself. The state of the times never seemed to trouble him. It would all come out right in the end, he did not hesitate to affirm; but no hand did he lift in defense of his country, not a sacrifice did he make for her safety. And yet he criticised sharply official acts and army movements, sneered at Generals, and condemned as weak or venal patriotic men in high places, who were giving not only their noble efforts but their very lives to the cause. All this; yet were his hands held back from the work.

It was observed by both Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell that Katie was unusually absent-minded at tea-time. Mr. Maxwell talked about national affairs, as was his custom, and Katie listened attentively, as was her wont. Among other things he said:

"In love of country—which involves an unselfish regard for the good of all in the country—every virtue is included. The man who is not a true patriot can not be a good citizen or a true Christian; for love of country is that vessel in the natural mind down into which flows a love of God's kingdom; and he who loves and seeks to establish that which is highest as God's universal kingdom, the earth, helps to establish all that is lowest. In times like these, when our national existence is threatened by a force of giant magnitude and intense purpose—when all that we hold dear as a people is threatened with destruction—there must be, in any man who can look on quietly and take his ease; who can be lukewarm, or put even straws as hindrance in the way of any patriotic end, however humbly exhibited, a leaven of selfishness so vital with its own mean life that it will pervade the whole character, and give its quality to every action. I hold such men—and they are all around us—at a distance. I mark them as born of base elements. I do not mean to trust them in the future. If I were a maiden, and had a lover, and if that lover were not for his country—outspoken and outacting, full of ardor and among the first to spring to her defense—I would turn from him. The man who is not true to his country—and the indifferent are not true—will be false to all other obligations in the hour of trial. Trust no man who is not ready, in this hour, to his utmost."

Katie stood for a little while, quivering under strong excitement. Then, sitting down, she crouched as one whose thoughts were pressing back upon the mind like heavy burdens. There was a dull sense of pain at her heart. George Mason had been dear to her. But the shadow of a cloud had fallen upon the beauty of her idol. He had been gathering like a thin, almost viewless vapor for some time past; and now, compacting itself almost in an instant, it was dark enough to hide the sunlight.

Gradually the brave, true-hearted girl—for she was brave and true-hearted—rose into the serener atmosphere from which she had fallen. The pain left her heart, though a pressure as of weight lay still on her bosom. The smile that played about her lip as she joined the family circle, not long afterward, was more fleeting than usual; but no one remarked the sober cast of her countenance as it died away. Her skin of blue yarn was speedily wound into a ball, the requisite number of stitches cast on to her needles, and then away went her busy fingers—not busier than her thoughts.

"What's the matter, Katie?" The unusual silence of her daughter had attracted Mrs. Maxwell's attention, and she had been unnoticed by Katie, examining her face. The maiden started at the question, and colored just a little as she glanced up at her mother.

"You look sober."

"Do I?" Katie forced herself to smile.

"Yes."

"Perhaps I feel so." Then, after a pause, she added, "I don't think this kind of work very favorable to high spirits. I can't help thinking of Frank and Willy. Poor boys! Are they not soldiers?"

"Dear, brave boys!" said the mother with feeling. "Yes, they are soldiers—true soldiers, I trust."

"What a good actress you would make!" he said, still speaking lightly, for he did not think her in earnest. "A Goddess of Liberty! Here is my cane; raise your stocking, and the representation will be perfect."

"But what a change for them, mother! Home life and camp life—could any thing be more different?"

"Life's highest enjoyment is in the mind,

Katie. They are doing their duty, and that consciousness will more than compensate for loss of ease and bodily comfort. How cheerfully and bravely they write home to us!"

No complainings—no looking back—no coward fears! What a thrill went over me as I came to the closing words of Willy's last letter: "For God and my country first; and next for you, my darling mother!" And the words still thrill me over and over again, as I think of them, with a new and deep emotion."

Katie spoke with an air of severity that sobered him.

"You are not?"

"No; I cautioned you this morning about trifling with things which should be held out of the region of trifling," she answered steadily. "If you are not sufficiently inspired with love of country to lift an arm in her defense, don't I pray you hinder, with light words even, the sordid service that a weak woman's hands may render. I am not a man; and can not therefore, fight for liberty and good government; but what I am able to do I am doing from a state of mind that is hurt by levity. I am in earnest; if you are not, it is time that you looked down into your heart and made some effort to understand its springs of action. You are of man's estate, you are in good health, you are not trammeled by any legal or social hindrances. Why, then, are you not in the field, George Mason? I have asked myself a hundred times since morning this question, and can reach no satisfactory answer."

Katie Maxwell stood before the young man like one inspired, her eyes flashing, her face in a glow, her lips firmly set and arched, her slender form drawn up to its full height, almost imperiously.

"In the field!" he said, in astonishment, and not without confusion of manner.

"Yes, in the field! In arms for your country!"

He shrugged his shoulders with an affected indifference that was mingled with something of contempt, saying blantly—for he did not give himself space to reflect—

"I've no particular fancy for salt pork, hard tack, and Minie bullets."

"Nor I for cowards!" exclaimed Katie, borne away by her feelings; and she pointed sternly to the door.

The young man went out. As he shut the door she sunk into the chair from which she had arisen, weak and quivering. The blue yarn stocking did not grow under her hand that night; but her fingers moved with unwearied diligence through all the next day, and a soldier's sock, thick and soft, and warm, was laid beside her father's plate when she came to the evening meal. Very sweet to her were the approving sentences that fell from his lips, and they had balm in them for many hours.

Only a day or two the pain lasted. Then it died out; and even as it died there were whispers on the air touching George Mason that, as they came to her ears, impelled her to say, "Thank God, that he is nothing to me!" —Harper's Magazine.

### The Northern Lights.

They shone like lightning overhead,

They flashed along shore to shore,

The bright reflection of their red

Gleams on the streets of Baltimore;

And men who sleep in cold clear,

Their progress through the heavenly heights,

Made the world ring with cheer on cheer,

Crying, "Behold the Northern Lights!"

They shone on Ellsworth's murdered form;

They gilded Lyon's fair off grave;

Where Baker's army met the storm,

They smiled a blessing on the brave.

While Treason turned her head in shame

To feel her secret thoughts laid bare,

The patriot hailed the sacred flame

That served his heart against despair.

Men of the North! fresh courage take;

Fear not to meet a little loss;

Ere long our Northern Lights shall break

The clouds around the Southern Cross.

Our banner floats over us yet,

And treason's e'er in darkness fights;

Not yet our star of hope is set,

Not yet are quenched our Northern Lights.

We will not stop to reckon all

The vacant chairs—'twere needless pain—

Of those who at Columbia's call

Joined the brave host of freedom's slain.

From every grave wherein they lie,

Shall one day burst a victor song;

The Northern Lights are in the sky,

And all the land shall smile ere long!

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—True wisdom bids parents keep their children at proper seasons in the background, in constant subjection, in obedience to an unceasing discipline. They should be limited in the number of direct pleasures and treats accorded to them, kept mostly at home, forced into regularity and insignificances. No sight is prettier or more pleasant than to watch the children of a sensible mother. It is charming to see a troop of girls in simple dresses, headed by their governess, range themselves in orderly fashion at the luncheon-table, under the eye of a vigilant mamma. Those girls are worth talking to when they are young, and are worth marrying when they grow up. Children love discipline. They like to be guided, controlled, and silenced. They enjoy being forced to think of none but childish things. It is only foolish or indolent people who plead that this cannot be done without harshness and without erecting a barrier between the child and the parent. Children find out instinctively when tenderness is real, and cling to a parent who they know loves them, however strict may be the control exercised over them. Strict discipline, childish pleasures, exclusion of children from conversation on domestic difficulties, and moderate but solid intellectual teaching, are the greatest elements of a good home education.

THE TAUNTON GAZETTE suggests as a

campaign against sleeping sentinels, let the

Government put none but wide-a-wakes on

guard.

### Nursing.

After Miss Nightingale's bright, sensible little book about Nursing, it is with some hesitation, on my own account, that I put such a title to my paper. Still, as I have seen a great deal of sickness, and what is perhaps much to the purpose, have been a good deal nursed myself, we will have, if you please, a little, quiet, general talk about nursing.

Next to hopefulness in a nurse, I would say that decision is necessary. Consult your patient's wants, but consult him as little as possible.

Your decision need not be very obvious and positive; you will be most decisive, if no one suspects that you are so at all.

Is it the triumph of supremacy to become unconsciously supreme? Nowhere is the same decision more blessed than in a sick room.

Where it exists in its genuineness, the sufferer is contradicted, never coerced; all little victories are assumed. The decisive nurse is never preeminent, never loud. She is distinct, it is true; there is nothing more aggravating to a sick person than a whisper. She never walks tip-toe; she never makes jestures; all is open and above board. She knows no diplomacy of finesse, and of course her shoes never crack. Her touch is steady and encouraging. She does not patter. She never blows her nose in a subdued, provokingly imperfect, and considerate sort of way, but honestly, and in a natural tone. She never looks at you sideways. You never catch her watching. She never slams

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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To Advertising.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of Job PRINTING done at short notice on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1861.

The Message of President Lincoln, among other qualities, possesses that of brevity, a quality which hitherto has not often been connected with such documents. We have been generally treated to a long rigmarole, the perusal of which has ever been a bore to the most patient reader. The Message, taken altogether, is clear and concise, and lays before the people the affairs of the nation in a compact form. Still there is one fault, and an important one, to be found with it—it does not give us the policy which the President and his advisers intend to pursue, when they are called upon to treat the prominent cause of this diabolical rebellion. The main spring of the war—slavery—is entirely ignored, and where many expected to find a decided opinion, they virtually found nothing. All we are well aware that slavery is the producing cause of this rebellion, and that it must be handled with iron fingers and combated with nerves of steel. No puny treatment will do. It would be useless, after sacrificing so many lives and so much treasure—which, with the loss in business, will amount finally to a sum large enough to buy and free every slave in the South—to reunite the *Confederate States*, righteously belonging in this Confederacy, and leave Slavery, politically, where it stood before the first suicidal shot was levelled at Sumter's devoted walls. Such a proceeding would be worse than nonsense, and would entail upon us, and those who succeed us, the contempt of the world, and it may be another war greater than the one which is now devastating this fair land; for there are very few instances in the world's history where a career of tyranny did not commence and end with bloodshed. We must make the South understand that anything more than a fair share in the government of the nation, is simply out of the question, and that we will not tolerate their overbearing and pompous manner for a single moment. When the government of a country is in the hands of a minority, it is not a government of the people, it is nothing more or less than a usurpation and a piece of tyranny. The government of this country has so been usurped, through the lukewarmness of the majority, and the people tyrannized over for many years; but thank heaven the time for such things is rapidly passing away, and the film which has blinded the eyes of the nation is slowly but surely being removed—we hope forever. That the slaves of rebel masters should be made freemen, and that those belonging to loyal masters should be constitutionally respected, seems to be the only course which can, under present circumstances, be pursued. The period for general emancipation has not yet arrived; it is in the "good time coming." God in his own proper season will break the chains of every bondsman and wash away the black stain that has ever darkened and sullied the otherwise bright escutcheon of America. But we must do our duty now and henceforth, both to God and to man. We must strike where the South feels most sensitive—we must strike at slavery. Heretofore we have piloted ourselves round and round the subject, never daring to touch it, and dreading every moment that some unfavorable gale will drift us upon its inhospitable shore and blast our power forever. From this fact the South has never believed us to be, in earnest in our endeavors to crush this rebellion, and from this they have also gained most of their daring and recklessness. They suppose that just as soon as the government grapples with this hydra-headed monster, that moment two parties spring into existence and render its further procedure out of the question. We must effectually eradicate this mistaken notion, root and branch, and prove to our wily enemies that such is not the case, and that we are ready to grasp their *deinde* institution with our *sæcerdotal* hands and destroy its power forever. Then and not till then, will they feel that we are in earnest, and intend to carry the war into the very heart of Secession.

GOODY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1862.—The first number of this book for the New year, has been issued. The publisher promises to keep it up to the same high standard during the coming year, that it has ever occupied. This is a sufficient guarantee for its worth. Subscriptions may be left at the Woburn Book-store.

WARREN ACADEMY opened on Monday last, with twenty scholars.

The report that the late John A. Washington's estate has been placed in charge of Commander Lee, of the United States Navy, is untrue. The estate is in charge of the old negro who was there before Judge Freese's agent, since removed, was appointed. It belongs to Col. Washington's orphan children.

The Unitarian Sewing Circle were engaged last Thursday afternoon and evening, in making clothing for the troops. On Thursday afternoon next, they meet at the residence of their Pastor, for the same purpose.

## A Peep at McClellan.

SKATING.—The season for that delightful recreation has arrived, and preparations for its full enjoyment are being made. Russell's meadow is to be placed in good condition—subscriptions for that purpose are now being collected, and any one who wishes to give a quarter or more toward that object can do so by calling upon Mr. N. H. Nichols. We understand that a gentleman has offered to procure a flag staff to be placed on the meadow, if the ladies will manufacture a flag. Certainly, under so fair an offer, they will do so.

The last news from Port Royal informs us that our pickets have penetrated to within twenty miles of Charleston. We hope that they will soon accomplish the few remaining miles that lie between them and that traitors' nest, and that they will right speedily be followed by 50,000 good and true Union soldiers. The rebels will then have an opportunity to put their threat into execution, by leaving nothing of that den but a heap of ashes, which some "greasy" yankee will soon export to Boston to be made into soap.

AT a meeting of Mount Horeb Lodge of Freemasons, held at their rooms on Wednesday evening last, the following board of officers was chosen:—W. M.—W. T. Grammer; S. W.—Charles Kimball; J. W.—William Ingalls; T.—Horace Collamore; S.—George H. Conn; S. D.—T. G. Davies; J. D.—R. B. Bean; S. S.—J. P. Stevens; J. S.—D. H. Tillson.

AT WORK.—The Colporteur Society commenced working for the soldiers on Thursday evening last. They will continue their labors on each successive Thursday evening. In future Mr. March will deliver a short lecture, and gentlemen will furnish a literary entertainment, consisting of declamations, &c. The meetings will thus be made interesting as well as profitable.

NURSING.—Our readers will find a valuable article on this subject, on this week's first page. It contains some very wise suggestions, and ought to impart to some people several broad hints. Don't look upon the article as meant for your neighbor—it is meant for you.

MR. JOHN L. PARKER, of the Woburn Budget, left town last Monday for the seat of war. He intends joining the 22d Regt. We wish him the best of health, and hope he may be enabled to do good service in the cause of his country.

SURPRISE VISIT TO REV. MR. MARCH.—On Monday evening last, quite a large number of this gentleman's parishioners gave him a surprise visit at his home. The whole affair was impromptu, and the Rev. Gentleman was surprised in reality. The evening passed pleasantly to all.

FIRE.—The tan, belonging to Choate & Cummings, which we mentioned last week as catching on fire on Tuesday, broke out afresh on Saturday, at about 5 P. M., and Niagara engine had to be brought into requisition to put it out. The tan, probably, had been smouldering throughout the week.

MR. WILLIAM WINN sold at auction on Wednesday last, the wood standing on the land of the late John Caldwell, in Burlington. After the sale of the wood the land, consisting of twelve acres, was sold to Mr. Jos. B. Sawtell, of this town, for \$15.00 per acre.

WHO HAS CHARGE OF THE CLOCK ON THE OLD ORTHODOX CHURCH? Its hands have been idle now for more than a week; and the warnings of this faithful monitor are daily missed by many. Perhaps it needs the fatherly care of the town authorities. At any rate it should be moving, if for no other reason for the sake of long ago.

A large number of Baggage Wagons, with four horses attached to each, belonging to New England Division No. 32, Gen. Butler's, passed through town on Thursday last. The wagons we understand, were made by Mr. Samuel Converse, a former resident of Woburn.

LIME GLASS LAMP CHIMNEYS are the only profitable ones to buy. They may be dipped in water and immediately placed on the lamp, and the flame turned on full at once and will not break. Try them and see.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. Dillingham, one of the best of Boston Dentists, offers his services to the people of Woburn and vicinity, at his rooms, 12 Winter street, Boston. See his advertisement.

CLOTHING.—As this is the season when many people replenish their wardrobes, we bring to the notice of our readers the advertisement of Macular, Williams & Parker, of 192 Washington st., Boston, which can be found in another part of this paper. These gentlemen have a general assortment of all kinds of Clothing, and those of our readers who visit the city for the purpose of purchasing, will find it advantageous to call upon them.

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## Letter from Major Burbank.

The following extracts, taken from a letter which was lately received by a gentleman of this town from Major Elisha Burbank, of the 12th Mass. Regt., will doubtless be read with interest by many of our readers.

MARYLAND, Camp near Darneystown, November 26th, 1861.

I am right in my glory when I have plenty of duty to do. Our Colonel is not as well versed as many others in military matters. He is a gentleman with a kind heart, and friendly feeling for the men under his command. I have most of the drilling to do. We have over one thousand men in our regiment, and the responsibility of leading so large a number into battle seems great to me. Much judgment is to be used, and the commander of a regiment should be a man of sound judgment, and should never order his men to a dangerous position unless he is sure of gaining some good and profitable result. Should it fall upon me to lead this body of men to combat, I shall not hesitate. I shall not have any fear for my own life; my fear will be for the men under me, whose lives are dear to them as mine is to me. A greater part of the men have wives and children, and if anything should happen to them, their first thoughts would be for those dear ones. Thus is the responsibility of a commander made doubly great to my mind. \* \* \* I have seen a large number of soldiers and officers since I left Woburn. There is a great lack of ability on the part of the officers, many of them are too young, and many of them are not competent for the position they hold. If we go into action, there will be many lives lost from their inability. There is another great evil in our army, and that is the free use of intoxicating liquors, and I might say it is almost without a remedy. I see this evil in every regiment to a greater or less extent, and it is my aim to stop it all I can. I have no reason to find fault with the men in this regiment, in this respect; they are very temperate. \* \* \*

I fear it would be too long a story for me to go back to the time I left Woburn, and recount all that has happened, so I will give you a short account of some things that have taken place lately. We have been moving about considerably of late, not stopping more than two or three weeks in a place, and some of our marching has been rather severe upon the men. The battle of Ball's Bluff was a hard and cruel fight. It was not planned on our part for a battle. Col. Baker went over the river without orders, and after the fight had commenced it was thought best by our generals to send him aid. The whole cause of the defeat was owing to the inadequacy of the conveyance across the river. The mode of crossing was by canal boats pushed over and back by poles, and there were not enough of them either to reinforce our men or allow them to retreat. \* \* \* At the time of the battle our regiment was about 14 miles from the place where the crossing was made, and we at once had orders to march. We started about noon in a heavy rain storm and arrived there after dark, wet and cold, with mud half way up to our knees. We remained in this position all night, without sleep, and without food—expecting every moment to cross over. The roads were so bad that the wagons could not keep up. Our regiment did not cross the river, although it was reported in some of the newspapers that it did. We are now encamped about two miles from the Potomac, in a very lonely place. \* \* \* The weather has been rather cold here, yet we have made out to keep comfortable most of the time. Most of our tents are poor; they were furnished by the State and are not as good as the army tents. We have a fire in most of them. I will give you a description of the mode of warming them. A trench is dug under the bottom of the tent, about eight feet long; it is about three feet inside and five outside; one foot deep and one a half wide. It is covered with flag stone, and the chimney is built about four feet high with sod and a barrel on the top. A fireplace is built inside with stone, which draws very well and affords great comfort to the men. Wood is very plenty here; we keep our teams out after wood and forage nearly all the time. Forage is very scarce here, and we have to send 15 or 20 miles after it; all we get we have to take without the consent of the owner. We will have to move soon on account of the shortness of this staple, and the bad condition of the roads. The very large amount of teaming which has to be done, keeps them bad all the time. We most always, when on a march, have to send a gang of men ahead to repair them, so that we can pass along. There is encamped near us three regiments—the 2d Mass., 30th Penn., and 16th Indiana. There are more than one hundred horses to each regiment, so you see that we need a large amount of forage for them.

OUR LIVING IS VERY GOOD; WE DO NOT HAVE PESTS AND PUDDINGS, AS WE SHOULD HAVE.

ITEMS OF NEWS ARE ABOUT AS SCARCE AS MONEY, AND THE SNAPPING COLD WEATHER ALMOST CHILLS ONE'S IDEAS. BUSINESS MATTERS REMAIN VERY QUIET WITH NO IMMEDIATE PROSPECT OF ANY ESSENTIAL IMPROVEMENT. ONE CAN SCARCELY TELL WHAT HE WILL FIND TO BUSY HIMSELF ABOUT ON THE MORROW, AND IN SUCH A PREDICAMENT HAS BEEN YOUR LITTLE SERVANT FOUND HIMSELF FOR MANY A DAY IN MONTHS AND WEEKS GONE BY.—THE LIKE OF WHICH IT IS HOPEFUL MAY NEVER RETURN AGAIN AS THE SEASONS SHALL GO THEIR BUSY ROUNDS.

FROM A LETTER RECEIVED FROM THE 22D REGT.

“I CAME IN FROM PICKET DUTY ON THE 24TH AND WAS GLAD TO GET HOME ONCE MORE HAVING BEEN ON GUARD NEARLY 48 HOURS. ONE PERSON IN OUR TENT HAD A BOX COME LAST NIGHT CONTAINING PIES, CAKE, AND TURKEY. IT IS QUITE COOL HERE NOW. THE GROUND WAS PARTLY COVERED WITH SNOW YESTERDAY MORNING AND LOOKED VERY MUCH AS I HAVE SEEN IT ON THANKSGIVING DAY IN OLD READING. WHEN ON PICKET WE SLEPT IN A SORT OF HUT BUILT OF RAILS AND COVERED WITH PINE BOULDERS WHICH SERVE TO KEEP OFF THE DEW. THERE WERE SIX MEN AT A POST—TWO ON GUARD AT A TIME. THE CORPORAL OF THE GUARD WOULD COME AROUND ONCE IN TWO HOURS AND RELIEVE THE GUARD. THE LAST TIME WE WERE RELIEVED IT WAS ABOUT 3 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. MY COMRADE AND I TURNED IN, AND AFTER HAVING GIVEN OUR FEET A GOOD RUBBING TO MAKE THE BLOOD CIRCULATE, WE LAID OURSELVES DOWN TO REST. WHEN I AWOKE I WAS SURPRISED TO FIND IT LIGHT. I ROUSED UP AND WITH GUN IN HAND STARTED FOR THE RESERVE—TO WARM MY FEET. THE RESERVE WAS QUARTERED IN AN ORCHARD, THE OFFICERS SLEEPING IN THE HOUSE. I WAS ON THE RESERVE THE FIRST NIGHT AND ON GUARD AT THE HOUSE; WHEN I WAS RELIEVED I WENT TO THE BUSH HUT WHICH WE HAD BUILT ON THE DAY OF OUR ARRIVAL. IN THE NIGHT IT BEGAN TO RAIN AND I CONCLUDED TO SIT UP UNTIL MORNING TO ESCAPE BEING DROWNED. I DID NOT SEE ANY REBELS IN THE NIGHT, BUT OUR ORDERS WERE IF WE SAW ONE

MAN TO CHALLENGE HIM, AND IF HE DID NOT HAUL TO FIRE, (I TOLD THE SERGEANT THAT I SHOULD LET HER RIP) BUT IF WE SAW TWO, TO PASS THE WORD “ENEMY” ALONG THE LINES. SO MUCH FOR MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AS PISTOLET.”

FROM A LETTER RECEIVED FROM THE 13TH REGT.

“I LEARN THAT THE STONEHAM BOYS RECEIVED AN ABUNDANT SUPPLY OF GOOD THINGS FOR THEIR THANKSGIVING, AND THAT RIGHT MERRILY DID THEY ENJOY THEM, WHILE THEY DID NOT FORGET TO FURNISH THE READING BOYS WITH A LIBERAL SHARE. THIS IS COMMENDABLE AND WORTHY OF MORE THAN A PASSING NOTICE, AS SHOWS THAT THEY ARE BANDED TOGETHER AS A BAND OF BROTHERS AND HAVE A MUTUAL INTEREST IN ONE OTHER'S WELFARE, WHICH IS VERY PLEASING TO FRIENDS AT HOME.”

WHAT CAN I DO?

“IF YOU ARE IN A CONDITION TO LEAVE HOME—that is, IF THE CARE OF A FAMILY OR ESTATE DO NOT MAKE YOUR PRESENCE POSITIVELY IMPERATIVE, IF YOU CANNOT SERVE YOUR COUNTRY BETTER WHERE YOU ARE THAN IN THE FIELD—ENLIST. IT IS A DUTY, A PRIVILEGE.”

“IF YOU CANNOT GO YOURSELF, SEND YOUR MONEY. SHOW YOUR CONFIDENCE IN YOUR COUNTRY AND IN THE CAUSE, BY INVESTING IN YOUR CAPITAL, SO FAR AS IS CONSISTENT, IN UNITED STATES BONDS OR TREASURY NOTES. EVERY BODY WHO HAS BEEN HOARDING HIS MONEY SINCE THE WAR HAS BEEN APPROPRIATED BY THE GOVERNMENT, AND IF YOU HAVE ANY MONEY LEFT OVER, SPEND IT IN THE PURCHASE OF UNION BONDS.”

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

## Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt  
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

### Skating Song.

Bless me! what a very nice  
And comfortable trade is  
This of capering on the ice,  
And skating with the ladies!

Smiling, innocent, and bland,  
Lady that I wait on,  
Lays her foot within my hand  
And bids me skate the slate on.

Tenderly her foot I grasp,  
And Cupid's arrow ranks,  
In the heart while I clasp,  
That small, bewitching ankle.

Every knot my fingers fly  
Sets me strangely thinking  
Of a certain warmer tie,  
And a knot of stronger linking.

Up and off, in staggering haste,  
I, no harm designing,  
Slip my arm about her waist,  
To keep her from declining.

Bless me! what a very nice  
And comfortable trade is  
This of capering on the ice,  
And skating with the ladies!

### An Aged Lover.

"No longer a lover!" exclaimed an aged patriarch; "ah! you mistake me if you think me blotted out my heart. Though silver hair falls over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tints of flowers, the singing of birds, and, above all, the silvery laugh of a child. I love the star-like meadows where the buttercups grow, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with the ringlets flying loose in the wind, years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love you aged dame. Look at her. Her face is careworn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the same bitter cup with her, and so shared, it seemed all sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of life; but like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity. Together we have placed flowers in the caskets, and folded the hands of the dead; together we have wept over little graves, through sunshine and storm we have clung together; and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old style kerchief crossed, white and prim, above the heart that beats so long and truly for me, the dim blue eyes that shrinkingly front the glad day, the sunlight throwing a parting farewell, kisses her brow and leaves upon it faint tracery of wrinkles, angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad, young face that won me first, and the glowing love of forty years thrills my heart till tears come. Say not again I can no longer be a lover. Though this form be bowed, God immortal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hand palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded,—yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the powers of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quenchless flame."

A Town Squire.—Toward the end of the last century, the Rev. Mr. B—, minister of the parish of Abercorn, on a Sunday, when he had occasion to be absent, confided his pulpit to a young practitioner, who fired off one of those fatal sermons we have all listened to, missing every aim but the only too evident one of ministering to the vanity of the speaker. Strutting out in the evening with one of the young ladies of the family, the flush and elation of the morning's performances still unsubsided, and chancing to pass a cottage from whence proceeded the sounds of evening devotion, he eagerly drew near to listen. "It would be so curious," he said, "to hear what these simple, uneducated people had to say." A voice, tremulous with age, was pouring forth one of those fervent prayers so frequently to be heard among our pious peasantry, one which might have been uttered by some David Deans on the hill-side. Somewhat solemized, and in evident wonder, the young preacher listened attentively, till, from general supplication, the old man came to particulars, and besought God to mercy on "the poor parish of Abercorn, for they had been fed out of a tooth spoon that day." The young man shrank away, having heard rather too much of what such people had to say.

**PAPER HANGINGS!**  
JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF—  
**ROOM PAPER!**

### SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety 's the Spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor."

Why is a flea like a railway-engine? Because it moves over sleepers.

"Bombardment of Fort Sumter!" as the little girl said when she popped her corn.

The young forget quickly, but they feel keenly.

A sedate coat very often covers a heart in full bloom.

Why do women like stays? Because they feel so-located by them.

If our clothes are not well cut, we are very apt to get cut ourselves.

Age is venerable in man—and would be in woman, if she ever became old.

To keep warm in a cold day, women double the *capes*, and men double the *horn*.

To what does the Government owe its success in money-hunting? Ardor in the *Chase*.

Why are Lincoln and Hamlin "one and inseparable"? Behold the reason! Abraham Lincoln.

Why are doctors' prescriptions good things to feed pigs on? Because there are grains in them.

The BATTLE OF LIFE.—Courtship is the engagement or siege; the proposal is the assault, and matrimony the victory.

Aristotle was asked what are the advantages of learning. He replied, it is an ornament in prosperity, and a refuge in adversity.

The philosopher Fraser says, "that though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts; and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Troubles are like babies—they grow bigger by nursing. Don't meet troubles half way, for they are not worth the compliment.

The man who plants a tree little knows what he is conferring on posterity—especially if it is a birch tree.

Brittania's breast with pity swells.

For slaves, their wrongs are never forgotten.

Poor maid! we fear her bosom's swell

Is but the rise and fall of—cotton.

The timid man trembles before danger—the coward during it—the brave man, when it is over.

People who are always talking sentiment have usually no very deep feelings. The less water you have in a kettle the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke.

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it!" But reflecting a moment, he added in a tone of compensation, "And yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm!"

What a glorious world this would be if all its inhabitants could say with Shakespeare's shepherd: "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I wear; I owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm."

New Discoveries.—A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatos. The club with which an idea struck the poet. A stick to measure narrow escapes. The hook and line with which an angler caught a cold. An umbrella used in the reign of tyrants. A knot from the board a man paid twenty shillings a week for. A glass of lemonade made of a sour temper and the sweets of matrimony.

Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from both

also, Grease from oat Coats, and Oil from arbutus with out injury.

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Fancy Stores in New England. It may be had at wholesale of MANSFIELD & FEESSENDEN, 148 Hanover Street, Boston.

WE offer the country trade and consumers, a complete assortment of every variety of LIQUORS, WINES, &c., and would say that our experience of more than FORTY YEARS as Importers is not only a sufficient guarantee for the quality of our Goods, but that it enables us to offer advantages to buyers that cannot be excelled by any house in Boston. Owing to the difficulty of procuring, in many towns, a strictly pure and reliable article of Liquors & Wines for medicinal and other purposes, we have for many years given special attention to filling orders for Private Use, and consumers will find it greatly to their advantage to send their orders to us direct, as we employ no travelling or other agents whatever. Persons who require Pure Liquors and Wines, in large or small quantities, may rest assured that all orders will receive our best personal attention, and that every article sent from our house will be satisfactory in every respect. Communications by mail will receive prompt attention, with full and complete catalogue of goods, prices, &c.

I. D. RICHARDS & SONS,  
87 & 89 State Street, Boston, Mass.  
Boston, April 6, 1861.—39 yr

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.

WILL REMOVE

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MIDDLESEX MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPY.

THE annual report of the Directors shows the condition of the Company June 1st, 1861.

Property at risk, \$9,407,390.00

Amount insured last year, \$1,200,000.00

" taken last year, \$21,839.00

Cash Assets, \$5,555.04

Losses paid last year, \$6,948.38

Dividends paid last year, \$14,098.73

Dividends paid last year, \$5,868.92

ABRAHAM THOMPSON, AGENT.

At the annual meeting of the Company, held June 10th, 1861, the following named persons were chosen Directors for the ensuing year:

Daniel Shattuck, Nathan Brooks, Stephen Barker, George H. Converse, John Thompson, Woburn; James Russell, West Cambridge; Joel Adams, Lowell; George W. Bacon, Newton; Charles C. Smith, Boston.

The losses during the last year have been larger than for several years past. The amount at risk and the cash assets have been increased.

DANIEL SHATTUCK, President.

N. BOWERS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Concord, June 27th, 1861.

East Woburn Grocery Store.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy.

RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants

of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly hand large and well selected stock

GROCERIES of all descriptions, and of great quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.

East Woburn, Sept.

NOTICE.

PICKERING & CO., intend carrying

on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufacturer's door. Name of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Works, Main Street, Woburn.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAPS, STONE, MARBLE, CRYSTAL, WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

H. PICKERING,  
16, HARVARD PLACE, BOSTON.  
(Opposite Old South Church.)

Gold Leaf, Dentists' Gold Plate Wire and Solder constantly on hand

Gold and Silver Assayed, Melted and Refined.

January 25th, 1862.—IY.

J. F. PICKERING,

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860.

What a compliment to his countrymen Carlyle paid when he said, "Great Britain is inhabited by thirty millions of people, mostly fools!" Carlyle, we suppose, knew

what he was about, my dear," said his grandmother to a little boy who was sliding along the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I'm trying, grandma, to steal Papa's hat out of the room, without letting the gentleman see it, for Papa wants him to think he's out."

What a compliment to his countrymen Carlyle paid when he said, "Great Britain is inhabited by thirty millions of people, mostly fools!" Carlyle, we suppose, knew

### WOBURN BOOK STORE!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS  
STATIONERY, WRITING-PAPER,  
BLANK BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY  
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Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry,  
Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general  
Literature. A constant supply of all the

SCHOOL BOOKS,

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niate and Primary Schools.

American and English

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large stock; Psalmist, Watts and

Select, Plymouth Collection, and Chris-  
tian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question

Books. Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post,

Political and Ornamental Writing Papers. White,  
Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes—

GILLOTT'S and Commercial Pens and Holders

of various kinds. Black, Blue, Red and In-  
delible Ink. Covered, Plain, Trans-  
parent, and Porcelain Slates; Cart-  
ridge, Drawing, Blotting and  
Tissue Paper. Whitney's

Patent, Portable, Fan-  
ey and Others Ink

Stands.

EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE !

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory

Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil  
Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing  
Wax, Wafers and Stamps, Faber's, Carpenters, and  
Common Lead Pencils, Crayons, and Holders,  
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Brushes, Pen Cases, Paper Tearers, Bill Files,  
Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and  
Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments,  
&c., &c.

JUVENILE BOOKS,

in Cloth, Morocco, and paper covers.

Blank Books and Memoranda of all kinds in  
use, Full and Half-bound Ledgers, Journals,  
Day Books, and Letter Books. Tablet Paper and  
Ivory Memorandums, Writing and Exercise  
Books, School Journals, &c.

HOUSE PAPERS.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Win-  
dow Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable  
articles at LOW PRICES, always hand, and supplied to order.

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticles; Puff  
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Crotchet Needles, Emory Cushions, Port Monnaies,  
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Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and  
of all kinds.

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Imperial Wine Bitters!

from all who have not used them. We challenge

the world to produce their equal.

These BITTERS, for their cure of FEVER, SPASMS,

COLIC, DIARRHOEA, PAIN, PUFFING and ES-  
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by any other remedy on earth. To be assured of this, it is only necessary to make the trial.

The wine is very specific, quieting the head,

and one-third stronger than other wines, warming and invigorating the whole system from the head to the feet. These BITTERS are the only medicine in the world that can strengthen the heart and nerves, and invigorate the whole system and give a fine tone and healthy action to all its parts, by equalizing the circulation, and removing all the morbid humors.

At the Lowest Prices.

NEW PIANOS.

At \$17

# Middlesex

# Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : No. #11

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### The Curse of Laura upon her Seducer.

Let the libertine read, tremble and repent.

*Note.—If the spirit of the deceased rich man mentioned in the 16th Chapter of Luke's gospel had reason to fear any such assassinations or approaches from his enemies or relatives in this world, it is remarkable as seen from the invisible world, he is plain why he should wish that his five brethren might not come to that place of torment!—*

*From these black regions, these infernal plains, Where God's just wrath is dreadful triumph reigns;*

To thus, assured! these doleful lines I write, Lost at I am, and plunged in endless night; And while my woe-born numbers grating roll, Give a full loose to all my friend-like soul; Think not, detected wretch, 't escape thy doom; Hell moves to meet thee, hell thy destiny home;

While yet from these distracting torments free, I fled a stranger to myself, and thee;

Thy gentle arts allured me first astray, And turned my steps from virtue's pleasant way; Taught me through labyrinths of sin to run, And formed my heart a picture of thy own; Snared by thy wiles, impassioned by thy song, With heedless haste, I madly pressed along;

A threatening God, with blasphemies denied,

His precept slighted, and his power defied,

To thee, Lorenzo, all these pangs I owe;

And tears of blood that unavailing flow;

In an ill moment snatched from earth away,

A guilty exile from the realms of day;

Ye powers! seize him, send your lightnings forth;

And instant sweep him shrieking from the earth;

In these black flames immerse his black'd soul;

Where I may see him writhing and hear him howl;

This comfort on my tortured heart bestow:

His cries shall somewhat mitigate my woe.

Didst thou not teach me once to scorn these chains?

And laugh at 'hell's' imaginary pains?"

Let me my own sad destiny relate

And thou, Lorenzo, tremble at thy fate;

With grim despair, I make my dark abode,

Beneath the terrors of an angry God

In everlasting darkness here confined

A thousand sad reflections haunt my mind;

Here groups of hideous demons round me wait,

Sport with my pangs and ridicule my fate.

Now fall before my sickning sight they place;

Now, offered mercies to my mind recall;

And tell me how I madly scorned them all;

Mock my tormented soul, with anguish wrung;

And toss my intamy from tongue to tongue.

Still to enmity all the woes I feel

And aggravate the sharpest pains of hell;

Far from my gloomy cavern I behold

Heaven's glorious frontiers, bright like burnished gold.

Where, God, in grandeur all his grace displays,

And high-born seraphs swell the song of praise

I too, with them, might tryd yon shining plain,

Where endless joy and peace celestial reign;

Had not my youth, by the fatal friendship led,

Pursued thy steps?—Perdition on thy head!

When will the hour arrive, to walt the o'er?

May throning demons round thy bed appear,

And breathe their curse in thy tingling ear;

Whisper the horrid secrets of thy doom,

Then furious drag thee to thy loathsome home! Then here, before my ghost, thy soul shall flee.

And find no fury half so fierce as me;

While I pursue thee through the dreary shade;

And pour my keen reproaches on thy head;

Blast thy sight, sting thee with fiercest pain;

And furious dash thee with my sparkling chain.

Where'er thou turn'st, my angry ghost shall fly;

And haunt and curse thee through eternity!"

\*See the Scripture, Isaiah 14 : 9.—Jude 6.

## Select Literature.

### A Medal from the Royal Humane Society, and How it was Won.

Some dozen years ago, before the railways now thrilling like arteries through the land were in existence, I went with two friends to lodge in Cornwall. The place was the most retired I ever saw. Far removed from the cross country road, and only reached by venturing over a track—it could not be called a path—winding along the edges of cliffs, often two or three hundred feet above the beach, it was a place to delight all whose good fortune had carried them within sight of it.

The house we occupied had only its situation to recommend it. Fixed down at the seaward end of the valley, it looked like a child's toy among those magnificent hills. We could look from our beds of a morning to the ridge of the hill high above us, and nothing more splendid ever greeted human eye than when the rising sun seemed to rest a moment—a world of light—on that emerald hill-top.

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"But my old head is forgetting the story. Well, well, you must please to excuse it. It does make my blood boil to hear such fables."

"Twas seven years last November, I mind it well, me and Ned was standing as your honor and me is now, by my old hut here. It had been a bitter dark night of weather, and was still so dark, we could not even see the cloots of foam that kept flying in our faces. I'd just put the mill-a-going with some barley, and was minded to lie down for a nap (for you see I always wake when the corn's down, and so don't trouble the mill), when I thought I heard a gun. I could not make sure, for the wind was lashing the waves mountain high, and the rake of the beach was most enough to stun a body. Says I to Ned, 'Ned, you're a more spray man than me, just take a look out to sea.' Well, he'd not gone but a step or two when the report came again full and true, and then even my old eyes could see the flash. I stepped up and turned off the water, and Ned and me went and called up the neighbors. I sent a boy on horseback to bring more help, and getting the ropes and things we should want, if anything could be done for the poor creatures on board the distressed ship, we went to the point we thought she would strike on. We had no help from our eyes, but were guided by our knowledge of the wind and tide.

"It might be about five, or between that and six o'clock, when we got to Saltstone. We could not stand against the wind, but were obliged to lie down on the edge of the

cliff to try to discover the vessel. It seemed a whole night, though I suppose it could not be more than an hour, before we could see or hear anything more than the flash of the gun and the roar of the wind and waves. After a bit we touched hands, and went back to a more sheltered place to talk over what was best to be done. Some were for lighting a fire to try to guide them into Widemouth Sand-bay, but I knew 'twas no use, for I was sure the vessel had not a rag of canvas standing to help her helm, even if the hell itself was still serviceable, and so she could never make a reach to clear Deadman's Corner, and might miss the only chance of running into deep quiet water near the Cupboard Rock.

"All at once, while we were doing what to do, we heard a crash and cry, such as only a stranded ship and the perishing souls on board of her can make. Ah! you talk of Cornish wreckers—but there were wet eyes among us then, and men's hearts that never knew fear fluttered like leaves on the lime-tree.

"We stood right above where the vessel struck. Sheer up from the beach—we measured it afterwards—two hundred and fourteen feet. A mouse could not have found footing down that cliff, and as it was within an hour of high water, no help could come to them poor souls but by letting some one down from the place we stood on.

"The dim light of morning just enabled us to see each other, and the white line of the shore-waves. Some thought they could see the wreck; I cannot tell if it was so. For certain we could hear now and then, fainter and fainter, the cry of mortal man.

"I can't stand this no longer," says Ned, at last, "I can't stand here in health and strength with my two hands idle, while they, poor creatures, are beaten to death against the very rocks we stand on. Bear a hand, here—I'll go down this place!"

"We stood like men blind and deaf for a minute, and then all tried to persuade him out of it, for we thought it was certain death.

"Ned was fearful to tell him the truth, in case it might make him worse, so he laughed and said:

"You've been so long sleeping off the effects of your wetting, that they are gone and left you. But 'tis time we know'd we next stand on."

"With that the tears came into his poor dim eyes, and catching Ned's hand he said:

"I remember now. Were none saved but me?"

"Ned was fearful to tell him the truth, in case it might make him worse, so he laughed and said:

"Give my love to Mary and the children, and if I never see them more, don't let them come to the parish."

"Ho shook hands all round, and then stepped off, and in a moment he was hanging all his weight on the rope we held.

"For God's sake, lower away!" he cried, "I see them."

"We saw them, too, for God rent the black clouds, and looked through to see that noble deed. In the east there was a space of clear sky, through which a stream of light fell on the scene before us. An awful scene it was! The ship was broken to pieces, and with every turn of the waves her timbers tossed and worried, and among them were the sailors. Some pass help for ever, and two or three still striving hard for life.

"Just as Ned touched the beach, one man was swept out from the narrow ledge we were trying to hold on to, with every third or fourth wave breaking over them. The man Ned came to first was just such another for height and strength as himself, and we held our breath with terror, when we saw by his actions that he was (as is often the case) driven mad by his danger, and was struggling with the only man who could save him.

"For full five minutes they wrestled together. Sometimes we thought of pulling Ned up, and so making sure of him; for it was a hard choice between that poor demented stranger, and Ned's young wife and three little children. But then the water left them once more, and we saw that Ned had him down with his knee on his chest, and we knew if the tide gave him time he was his master. So it proved. He whipped a turn or two of rope round his arms, and catching him tight to him with his left, he gave the signal to haul away.

"They had barely left the rock—when the whole keelson of the vessel was thrown against the place they stood on. We had them in our lift, however, and if the weight had been twice as much it would have come to grass if the ropes had.

"We were all too busy drawing them up, to look to see what happened on the way. I hold it as Bible truth that there's scarce another man but Ned would have brought that sailor up. He had, as I have said, one arm around him, and with the other, warded himself from the sharp face of the cliff, but he had some grievous bruises for all his courage and strength.

"When the man found himself lifted up in that strange way he got more raving than ever, and finding he could not use his hands he fixed his teeth till they met. For all the pain and danger Ned held on, and I shall never forget to my last hour what I felt as we drew them in over the edge of the cliff, and knew they were safe.

"Poor Ned, we laid him in a sheltered cove, and would have put the stranger with him, but we soon found he was too wild to be trusted free, so we bound him for his safety.

"In few minutes after they were landed Ned's wife came. We had sent a boy for some spirits and things, and he, younger like, told what Ned was about. None that were there will ever forget that fair young thing as she fell on her knees by her hus-

band's side, and swooned away with her head on his breast.

"Ah, the man that had just braved such danger wept like a child, as he smoothed the golden hair of his wife.

"As weak as a child he was, too, from loss of blood. Well, other women came soon after, and bound up their hurts, and we got a cart and brought them down to my house.

"Eleven men and three boys were the crew of the Hesperus, as the ship was called and one man saved. He lay for days—very quiet at last—and scarce spoke a word. What he did say was about his mother and the name of some young woman. When we stripped him—by the doctor's orders—we found a little packet hung round his neck by a black ribbon, and as it was wet with salt water we took it away to dry. My wife, who tended him more than the rest, said he seemed to keep still groping for something in his bosom, so she put it back round his neck again; and when he found it there all right, he never strove to rise and call out as he did before. It is not for me say, but my old woman always considered that packet to hold some true love-token. She often said she wished she knew, for she thought how glad mother and sweetheart would be to know he was alive.

"Well, he went on in that same strange way nigh on three weeks, and we did not know so much as the name of the sick man. Just as Ned was going about again all well, we thought the sight of him might bring the stranger to his recollections. So Ned went and sat by the bedside till he woke. It was getting near Christmas, and we wanted the poor man to be well enough to enjoy the time with us. When he opened his eyes Ned held him by the hand, and said he—he was alive.

"I can't stand this no longer," says Ned, at last, "I can't stand here in health and strength with my two hands idle, while they, poor creatures, are beaten to death against the very rocks we stand on. Bear a hand, here—I'll go down this place!"

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"Give my love to Mary and the children, and if I never see them more, don't let them come to the parish."

"The first, the second, and third class, Repentance in the station house Where passengers are taken in; No fee for them is there to pay, For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible is the engineer, It points the way to heaven so clear; Through tunnels dark and dreary here, It does the way to glory steer.

God's love the fire, his truth the steam, Which drives the engine and the train; All here who would to glory ride, Must come to Christ, in him abide.

The first, the second, and third class, Repentance, Faith and Holiness; You must the way to glory gain, Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come then, poor sinner, now's the time; At any station on the line, If you repent and turn from sin, The cars will stop and take you in.

perhaps a little spark of hope might remain, though all seemed gone.

"Ah! here comes Ned, he'll be proud to show your honors the medal."

"So we walked to Ned's cottage hard by, and were delighted to find that, though seven long years had passed—years that had robbed him of his fair young wife, and laid her with her new-born babe in an early tomb—his dark eyes would brighten and his fine form look taller as he exhibited that well-earned medal from the Royal Humane Society.—Once a Week.

The Emperor stood upon a loose board, which alone protected his feet from the water which deluged the plain. Nothing remained for the Austrians but unconditional surrender.

The next day was clear, cold and brilliant, when a scene was witnessed seldom paralleled in the annals of war. Thirty-six thousand Austrians marched out from the city and laid down their arms before the conqueror.

Napoleon stood upon the hillside, before a camp fire built by the side of a windmill, which alone protected him from the wind.

"I receive you," said Napoleon, "in the only palace which I have inhabited for the past two months."

"You have made such good use of that habitation," Francis replied, "that it ought to be agreeable to you."

The terms of peace were soon concluded, both as with Austria and Russia. When the Emperor Francis had withdrawn, Napoleon walked for some time thoughtfully before the fire, and was overheard saying—

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be disseminated until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereto at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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SPECIAL NOTICES, *labeled*, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent inserting 5 cents.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted *EXACT ORDERED AND CHARGED*.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—DR. J. D. MANSFIELD.  
Stoneham—E. T. WHITTING.  
Winchester—JOHN HOWE.  
Beverly—J. H. BROWNSON.

S. M. STENGENL & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper, as it is a very tried and true journal. The JOURNAL contains largely news of the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

EVERY KIND OF JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1861.

The present lull in war proceedings affords the public a good opportunity for meditation upon the future, and reflection upon the past. It affords a good opportunity for each one to arm himself up and prepare to meet the consequences of the impending strife with a firm and undaunted hardihood that will overcome every obstacle which comes in the way of our national existence and our liberties. We are now, as it were, in a pivotal situation, or at the turning point of the war, when it is supposed by many that the hard work of the rebellion is about to begin. We have hitherto confined ourself exclusively to the editing of the outside pages of this paper. The name of the acting editor will be duly announced. The articles signed with an asterisk (\*) were mine; of these I will retract many; my associates who indicate their respective writings by the initial L, and by the marks f, t, & c, are alone responsible for their thoughts thus labelled. I repudiate my war doctrines, utterly and forever.

JAMES REDPATH."

" The verdict of the Sheriff's Jury in the case of Amos Shattuck es. Stoneham Branch Railroad Company, has been removed to New York City, where it is to be continued under the name of the *New York Weekly Argus*. The number for last week appeared in an entire new dress which is neat and gives it a fine appearance. The literary department of the paper is in able hands and will compare favorably with that of many others. The motto of the paper—"To maintain the Constitution and Restore the Union"—gives the basis upon which it is to be conducted, and which will command it to all Union-loving men. It is published by Comstock & Cassidy, at Cor. of Park Place and Broadway, New York, at \$2.00 per annum.

" THE SATURDAY EVENING POST."—This paper is published at Philadelphia, by Deacon & Peterson, at \$2.00 per year. It is not of the flash literary style so common now-a-days, but contains a variety of substantial matter which cannot be found in any other newspaper; and compared to many of the New York weekly papers, it is as "Hyperion to a Satyr." All the important news of the week, finds a place in its columns, together with Stories, Sketches, Essays, Agricultural articles, Poetry, Humorous articles, &c., all of which go to make up a first class family paper. Every two dollar subscriber for 1862, will receive a large Colored Map of the Slave holding States, which is "four feet in length by three feet in breadth." To clubs the price comes cheaper. Send for a copy and examine for yourself.

SKATING.—Russell's meadow has been in good condition under the direction of two or three of our citizens, who have the well-being of the public at heart. A dam has been erected, and seats placed in various parts of the meadow, so that, weather permitting, the lovers of this invigorating sport will be able to enjoy themselves "hugely" during the days of the present winter.

We are requested to state that the Park will be open to all well disposed persons, but any one inclined to riotous or disorderly behavior will be excluded.

FESTIVAL.—The Sabbath School connected with the First Cong. Church, will hold a Christmas Festival in the Vestry, on Christmas evening. A tree, laden with presents for the children and others, will be the principal attraction. A merry time may be anticipated.

A son of Mr. R. Pickering was badly scalded this week, on the arm and shoulder, by the upsetting of a vessel full of fat.

MR. G. M. Whiting, formerly organist of the First Cong. Society, of this town, has received an invitation to go to Albany as organist of a church there, at a salary of \$1200, but has declined the request.

MITTENS.—For the information of ladies or Societies, we beg to inform that Dr. Howe wishes to have all army mittens knit without a finger.

LEWIS'S GYMNASTIC MONTHLY.—We have received the January number of this periodical, which commences the second volume. It is devoted to the dissemination of Dr. Lewis's views on Physical Culture. The Dr. so far, has been quite successful in all he has undertaken, and the interest in Physical Culture which he has awakened will not be like-ly, very soon, to die out.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. For the use of Schools and Academies. By Geo. S. Williams, A. M.—This is a work which has long been needed both by the public and schools. The Constitution of this country, and its various bearings, have never been clearly understood by all members of society, from the fact that they have never been made subjects for close study in our schools. The little book before us presents the foundation of our institutions in such a manner that the smallest child, possessing but common understanding, can comprehend many, if not all of its principal points; and those whose education is more advanced, can learn the whole subject matter in a term of 13 weeks, besides attending to other studies. This book should find a place in every household, as it will be found very explicit on all Constitutional subjects—and very convenient for solving doubtful matters. This work is for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

GAS ACCIDENTS.—We see by the daily papers, that several accidents have occurred from gas explosions. The cause has been—looking for leaks, near the meter, with a lighted lamp. If people will be so careless as to do re-see how accidents are to be avoided. We trust that the people of Woburn, and surrounding towns, where gas is used, will be more cautious.

See Dr. Dillingham's Advertisement.

James Redpath Renounces his War Policy.

In this week's *Pine and Palm*, this eccentric individual comes out in a card, which we publish below, and renounces his previous war policy *in toto*. The cause which has brought about this sudden change appears to come from the knockings of that silent monitor, which finds a place in every breast, and which never fails to warn us when we do wrong. Mr. Redpath has been the extreme of Abolitionists, and has endeavored to bring about slave insurrections—which is nothing more than another name for the wholesale murder of innocent women and children, and the repetition of such scenes as characterized the massacre of St. Bartholomew; he has favored the immediate emancipation of the slaves, without any forethought; in short, his policy has been everything that sober-minded thought men abhor, and everything that was monstrous and out of the question. We shall return to sound, common sense with pleasure, and hope he will grow in grace and wisdom as each year rolls round. In his case we see the truth of the maxim, "It is never too late to mend," made doubly clear.

A PREPARATORY WORD.—Having come sincerely convinced that many of the political doctrines that I have advocated in my writings are dangerous and abhorrent to the higher sight; the murderous policy, for example, of inciting the slaves to insurrection;—which I have urged repeatedly and with terrible mistake zeal—I wish to announce here that I shall retire from the participation in the political management of this journal, excepting for the purpose of retracing past errors, until such time as I feel that I have earned a clearer and more human and Christian view of the duties of the freeman to the enslaved.

I shall confine myself exclusively to the editing of the outside pages of this paper. The name of the acting editor will be duly announced. The articles signed with an asterisk (\*) were mine; of these I will retract many; my associates who indicate their respective writings by the initial L, and by the marks f, t, & c, are alone responsible for their thoughts thus labelled. I repudiate my war doctrines, utterly and forever.

JAMES REDPATH."

" The verdict of the Sheriff's Jury in the case of Amos Shattuck es. Stoneham Branch Railroad Company, has been removed to New York City, where it is to be continued under the name of the *New York Weekly Argus*. The number for last week appeared in an entire new dress which is neat and gives it a fine appearance. The literary department of the paper is in able hands and will compare favorably with that of many others. The motto of the paper—"To maintain the Constitution and Restore the Union"—gives the basis upon which it is to be conducted, and which will command it to all Union-loving men. It is published by Comstock & Cassidy, at Cor. of Park Place and Broadway, New York, at \$2.00 per annum.

" THE SATURDAY EVENING POST."—This paper is published at Philadelphia, by Deacon & Peterson, at \$2.00 per year. It is not of the flash literary style so common now-a-days, but contains a variety of substantial matter which cannot be found in any other newspaper; and compared to many of the New York weekly papers, it is as "Hyperion to a Satyr." All the important news of the week, finds a place in its columns, together with Stories, Sketches, Essays, Agricultural articles, Poetry, Humorous articles, &c., all of which go to make up a first class family paper. Every two dollar subscriber for 1862, will receive a large Colored Map of the Slave holding States, which is "four feet in length by three feet in breadth." To clubs the price comes cheaper. Send for a copy and examine for yourself.

WASHINGTON A YANKEE CITY.—Washington is essentially a Yankee city, at the present time. In every department, business is thriving to a degree unparalleled in its history. Real estate has advanced to unexpected figures, and it is a matter of impossibility to fit suitable accommodations for the vast influx of business pouring in upon us. Enterprise is now the watchword, where a short year ago inactivity and decay prevailed. Vigorous competition has reduced the price of many of the necessities of life. Old monopolies have been scattered to the winds, and the consumer generally is benefited by the change. The Washington of to-day is totally different from the Washington of 1860. Many are unacquainted with the cause of the transformation, and look with wondering eyes at what is only a legitimate consequence. The fact is, the antiquated coaches of the past regime have rolled away, and the lightning locomotives of Northern energy replace them. Thus will it be in other latitudes than this. The fossil remains of an obsolete idea will serve as mementoes of a *dark age*, and happiness and prosperity will be the results of its annihilation.—*Vice la Yankee*.—*Washington Republican*.

We call attention to the Card in another column of Charles C. Tucker, Pension and Bounty Land Agent at Washington City. Those entitled to Pensions, Bounty Land or Bounty Money, can have their Claims prepared and forwarded to Mr. Tucker upon calling at this office.

CAMP CHASE LOWELL.—There are now at this camp 2000 men, comprising the Maine 12th Regiment, numbering about 900; the Massachusetts Regiment, mostly raised in Lowell and vicinity, and not yet numbered, containing about 900 men; two companies of cavalry, of 275 men; and the portion of the Fire Zouaves already recruited. Gen. Butler's Brigade will consist of six thousand men. The 26th Massachusetts and the 9th Connecticut have already gone in the Constitution. Col. French's regiment will probably embark in the Constitution on her return.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. For the use of Schools and Academies. By Geo. S. Williams, A. M.—This is a work which has long been needed both by the public and schools. The Constitution of this country, and its various bearings, have never been clearly understood by all members of society, from the fact that they have never been made subjects for close study in our schools. The little book before us presents the foundation of our institutions in such a manner that the smallest child, possessing but common understanding, can comprehend many, if not all of its principal points; and those whose education is more advanced, can learn the whole subject matter in a term of 13 weeks, besides attending to other studies. This book should find a place in every household, as it will be found very explicit on all Constitutional subjects—and very convenient for solving doubtful matters. This work is for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

GAS ACCIDENTS.—We see by the daily papers, that several accidents have occurred from gas explosions. The cause has been—looking for leaks, near the meter, with a lighted lamp. If people will be so careless as to do re-see how accidents are to be avoided. We trust that the people of Woburn, and surrounding towns, where gas is used, will be more cautious.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A PAIR OF STOCKINGS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

MENTAL CULTIVATION.—The long winter evenings are upon us, and without any thing to keep our minds active, they will prove very monotonous. Heretofore we have had a Lyceum, which has beguiled many an hour and imparted much good information; this winter we are without this desideratum and must look for amusement elsewhere. The war just at this time does not furnish us with enough excitement to keep our feelings from freezing, if it does above zero. Why cannot our literary characters, come together, and furnish amusement for our citizens? This is done in other towns, and can be done in Woburn if the attempt is only made in earnest. The remark has been made that there is no town in this vicinity, wherein so little talent can be found as in Woburn; but be this as it may, we think there is more talent in Woburn than has ever yet been shown, and all it needs to make it observable is cultivation. Who will put the ball in motion and keep it rolling until it runs its course and accomplishes its ends? Shall Echo answer "who?"

With profound esteem and respect  
Permit me to subscribe myself  
Your friend,  
(Signed) PATIENCE TILDEN.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WAR ITEMS.

SCITUATE, MASS., October 23, 1861.  
To His Excellency, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,  
President of the United States:

Honored Sir—The undersigned, a rural octogenarian of this town, desires to give you some small token of her profound respect for your character, both as a man and a statesman, that end solicits your acceptance of the pair of stockings herewith enclosed, which were knit by her own hands during the last month.

It is quite unnecessary for me to inform you how highly your character is estimated in our "Old Bay State." Suffice it to say, that we invoke the God of nations and all mercies to spare your valuable life, that you may, ere you go hence, see the complete suppression of the unholy rebellion which is now desolating our late happy country.

In conclusion let me add that, though the undersigned has lived in "single blessedness" for eighty years, she goes in for Union with all her heart, soul and remaining strength, on this great national emergency.

With profound respect,  
Your obedient servant,  
(Signed) A. LINCOLN.  
Miss Patience Tilden, Scituate, Mass.

who sit during the last singing—their numbers are few, and mostly those whose age makes the "Grasshopper a burden," or else those who have very young families under their charge, therefore they cannot always do as they would. I like his hints much, but I am surprised he should fail to notice the growing habit of some "would be fashionables" of coming only in the morning.

There are some pews always vacant in the afternoon, and what makes "Excelsior's" omission more strange is, that the vacant pews are near where he sits, and he cannot but have noticed the common, and I am sorry to see him growing custom. It does seem as though the afternoon service should be attended, if it is of importance enough to have the minister preach. I also notice another circumstance, that "Excelsior" seldom reports or notices the afternoon sermons. Now I think they are almost always the best sermons. I hope he will take the hint and in future give us a sketch of the afternoon as well as the morning sermon. But close by saying, that as you have so valuable and pleasant a correspondent from Winchester, I have not the heart to find fault with him.

PERSPECTIVES.

Winchester, Dec. 10, 1861.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A Hard Way.

Mr. Editor—Is your paper ever seen in Congress? For once, I should like to speak loud enough to be heard in that body.

The divine oracles teach us that the way of man teaches the same truth. The present state of our country is teaching it in thunder tones. Our fathers transgressed in framing laws to please the slaveholders of South Carolina and Georgia. I know all that is said of indispensable compromises and I know the result of such compromises in the present bloody strife. But the short answer to all this is, we certainly have now at last a Congress assembled without a representative from South Carolina or Georgia and without any other element that need to stand between its acts and the eternal principles of justice and righteoussness.

In speaking of sickness, he says, "no sinecure. I have to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and some days never take my foot out of the stirrup from that time till 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and then just time for the horse to eat his dinner, and then away I go again till 8 or 9 o'clock at night."

In speaking of sickness, he says, "the only medicine the doctor gave was "Dover Powders." "He is an old fogey, who feels your pulse, looks at your tongue, says "humph," gives one of these powders, and leaves squeaking his boots as hard as he can."

Among the wants of the sick mentioned, is that of reading matter, or checkerboards to while away the long dreary hours.

Under date of Dec. 1st, he says the weather is very cold here, and storms the whole time. Benjamin in addition to his other duties took care of his sick brother and in the various positions which he has held shows ability to discharge them aright, and it is to be hoped that he may be located where he desires to be as Clerk to the staff of General Burnside.

David says that their Regiment is in the advance, only one Mass. 9th being ahead of them in location. They live in pretty good houses, have meat twice a day, baked bread fresh every day. Some of the boys grumble now because they lived so poor before they enlisted, that they do not know what good living is. The only thing that he complains of as regards the food, is that the man who picks out the "horse" alias beef, does not pick out young ones but takes old tough fellows.

One night it rained so hard, that he was awakened in the middle of the night by it, and found that there was a little river running under his bed and about a foot of water in his tent.

While in the hospital at Washington he had a nice bed and everything that was good. An old lady waited upon him and done every thing in her power to make him comfortable. He was there eleven days and went from an ambulance to the camp. In speaking of the last grand review, he says it was a hard day for us. We had to march about five miles with all our equipments on and had our knapsacks on from 8 o'clock in the morning till 6 o'clock at night. We drill every day from 7 till 6 o'clock with only intermission enough to change our things and eat our meals.

Thanksgiving was the poorest one that he ever spent. "His turkey was salt horse, but for all that we had a very good time. No drill, and had a large fire built at night in the centre of the parade ground and then had a merry dance, although there were no ladies yet we had as good a break down as one would wish, officers and all joining in it.

Gen. Wilson although he has given up the command, yet sees that they are well provided with all needed articles. As regards clothing this young soldier says he has had as much as he can carry, and from the list given, it is evident he has a good supply.

PERSONAL.—E. C. Stevens formerly a dealer in carriages in Hanover St., Boston, has bought the house occupied by Mr. Charles McIntire and taken up his residence therein.

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

Died.

**SMITH**—In Woburn, Dec. 11th, Miss Josephine D. Smith, aged 10 years, 8 months, 21 days. Funer. at this (yesterday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from the Baptist Church.  
**LEATHIE**—In Woburn, Dec. 11th, Mary E., daughter of William and Charlotte Leathie, aged 9 months.  
**MCALLISTER**—In Reading, Dec. 5th, Mary McAllister, aged 10 years, 2 months.

**ONE PRICE ONLY!**

Good Fall and Winter

**CLOTHING!**

—AND—

**FURNISHING GOODS!**

**OVERCOATS!**

**BUSINESS COATS!**

**DRESS COATS!**

**PANTALOONS!**

**VESTS!**

**UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS!**

Shirts, Collars,  
Cravats, Stockings,  
Gloves, &c.

**CLOTHES, CASSIMERES,**

Vestings, &c.,

**FOR CUSTOM WORK,**

MAY BE FOUND AT

**MACULLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER'S,**  
102 Washington Street,  
**BOSTON.**

Opposite the Marlboro' Hotel.

**CHRISTMAS--1861.**

**TOYS, FANCY GOODS, &c.**



JUST OPENING at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, a large lot of Toys and Fancy Goods, consisting in part as follows—

Dolls and Doll Heads in variety, Fruit, Bead, and Willow Baskets, Cushions, Wax Angels, Beads, Drums, Whips, Whistles, Rattles, Domino Masks, Paper Soldier-Zouaves, Fire Engines, Toy Brushes, Jumping Mice and Jacks, Wagons, Rhizas, Harmonicas, "No-ses," &c., &c.

Alabaster Inkstands, Pearl and Shell Card Cases, Pearl and Ivory Paper Knives, Domino Backgammon Boards and Checkers, Men, Pox Boxes, Watch Stands, Bracelets, Necklaces, Portemonnaies, Perfumery, Hair Oils, Extracts, Brushes, Combs, &c., &c.

**WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

**SPONGE FOR CURRIERS' USE.**  
JUST received, 500 lbs. of best Curriers' Sponges, which will be sold cheaper than the same article can be purchased for Boston.

**B. W. CONANT.**

Woburn, December 7th, 1861.—2 m.

**A Wonderful Little Microscope,**

MAGNIFYING small objects 500 times, will be sent to Woburn Bookstore on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in silver, and one pink stamp. Fiv<sup>e</sup> of different powers for one dollar. Address MRS. M. S. WOODWARD, BOX 1853, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

3m—12.

**Almanacs for 1862.**

LADY'S, OLD FARMER'S, LEAVIT'S, & CH. AND CHRISTIAN ALMANACS for 1862, can be found at the

**WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

**Diaries—1862.**

A LOT OF DIARIES FOR 1862, can be found for sale at the

**WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

**ARMY CHECKER BOARDS.**

PERSONS having friends in the army, will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE, some very convenient ARMY CHECKERS, which are well made and well packed. It will be NINE CENTS to send this article by mail, call and examine.

**BOUNTY LAND, PENSIONS, &c.**

TO DISABLED SOLDIERS, SEAMEN,

TO MARINES, and Widows or other heirs of those who have died or been killed in the service.

**CHAS. C. TUCKER**, Attorney for Claimants, Boston, and Agent for the Adj'ty. of the City, D. C.

Persons who are disabled by reason of wounds received, or disease contracted while in service, and Pensions, Bounty Money and Arrears of Pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service.

Bounty Land procured for service of the other wars. CHAS. C. TUCKER, Washington, D. C.

Also, address MIDDLESEX JOURNAL Office, Woburn, for further information.

**GIFT AND JUVENILE BOOKS,**

CONSISTING OF "A Gift for You," "Letters of Ladies Names," "A Popular Gift Book," "Sunbeam Paper," Autograph Books, Annals, &c., "Speculates for Young Eyes," "Ten King," "Christmas Stories," & a lot of Libraries containing a variety of eminent books.

At WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

**BIBLES! BIBLES!!**

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of the above, in various styles of Binding, and all prices, can be found for sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

**GAMES!**

A VARIETY OF NEW GAMES—"The REBELLION," "MILITARY," "COQUETTE," &c., &c.—can be found at the

**WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

**PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.**

A GOOD ASSORTMENT of the above, is offered for sale at the

**WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

**BOOK-KEEPING RATIONALIZED,** by George N. Comer. Price \$1. For sale at Woburn Bookstore.

## Sale of Real Estate by Assignees of Mortgage.

**DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH,**  
A SURE REMEDY FOR A  
BAD BREATH,  
SORE MOUTHS,  
CANKER,  
DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS,  
NURSING SORE MOUTH,

AND the best specific now in use for any diseased condition of the mouth. It is particularly beneficial to persons wearing

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH,**  
completely destroying every taint of the mouth, absorbing and removing all impurities, insuring

**A SWEET BREATH**  
to all who make use of it. **NO YOUNG LADY OR YOUNG GENTLEMAN** who is afflicted with a BAD BREATH

should delay applying this remedy, for it is a certain cure, and is approved and recommended by every physician under whose notice it has been brought.

**BAD BREATH**  
is an offence for which there is no excuse while

**DR. WM. B. HURD'S Mouth Wash,**

can be purchased.

Many persons carry with them a bad breath, greatly to the annoyance and often to the disgust of those with whom they come in contact, without being conscious of the fact. To relieve yourself from this beggar this.

USE DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH.

Price, 37 cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 1 Spruce Street, New York, and also Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & I. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 292 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

**DR. WM. B. HURD'S TOOTH POWDER.**

This Powder possesses the CARBONIC WITHOUT THE INJURIOUS PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL, and is free from all Acids or Alkalies that can in the least injure the Teeth.

ITS ACTION BEING ENTIRELY MECHANICAL—POLISHING WITHOUT WEARING THE ENAMEL.

**Dr. Wm. B. Hurd's Tooth Powder**

IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL EMINENT DENTISTS.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, 25 cents per Box.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 1 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & I. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 292 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

**DR. WM. B. HURD'S TOOTHACHE DROPS**

FOR THE CURE OF

**TOOTHACHE**

produced by exposed nerves.

**TOOTHACHE.**

Parents can relieve themselves from that distressing weakness caused by

**LOSS OF SLEEP,**

and their children from great suffering, by keeping

**DR. WM. B. HURD'S TOOTHACHE DROPS**

in the house.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, only 12 cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

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Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & I. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 292 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

**DR. WM. B. HURD'S NEURALGIA PLASTER,**

FOR THE CURE OF

**NEURALGIA OR TOOTHACHE**

produced by cold.

LOCAL NEURALGIA

is immediately cured by their application.

They are like a charm, and are perfectly harmless,

in their nature; do not produce a blister, and leave no unattractive results.

Dr. W. Hurd's Neuralgia Plasters

never fail to give satisfaction to all who test them.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, only 15 cents each.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

Address PRINCIPAL OFFICE, TRIBUNE BUILDING, NO. 1 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & I. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 292 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

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FOR THE CURE OF

**NEURALGIA OR TOOTHACHE**

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

## Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail; no doubt  
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

**The Last Man of Beaufort,**  
Tis the last man at Beaufort,  
Left sitting alone,  
All his valiant companions  
Had "vaniouss" and gone;  
No speech of his kindred  
To comfort is nigh,  
And his liquor's expected;  
The bottle is dry!

"We'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
Or harshly condemn—  
Since your friends have all 'mizzed,'  
You can't sleep with them;  
And it's no joking matter  
To sleep wif the dead;  
So we'll take you back with us—  
Jim, lift up his head."

He muttered some words  
As they bore him away,  
And the breeze thus repeated  
The words he did say:

"When the Major's all out,  
And your friends they have flown,  
Oh, who would inhabit  
This Beaufort alone?"

**A FAMILY SCENE.**—At a farm house in Chester county a precocious and inquiring juvenile, who had been to the Post Office, rushed into the house with a Chester County *Times* in his hand, when the following conversation ensued:

JUVENILE.—Pa, what do these figures and letters mean, stuck on the edge of the *Times* with a little strip of yellow paper?

PA.—Why, that's the name by which it is directed to us.

JUVENILE.—Yes, I know about the name, but here it says Jan. 1, 1857; What does that mean?

PA.—A little fidgety—Why, that, my son, is some mark the printers have—they understand it.

JUVENILE.—Don't you know what it means? Pa—Never mind, don't be too inquisitive.

JUVENILE.—Well, anyhow, old Toby who was at the Post Office, said it meant that you hadn't paid for your paper in most five years and you had better sock up, for you was as able as any man in the township, and printers couldn't live without money any better than other men.

MOTHER.—There John, I've told you a hundred times that it was a sham that you didn't pay for your paper. I declare I blush for shame every time I take up that paper and think how faithfully it comes and supplies us with news and how you keep the printers out of their honest dues. I hope now that drunk old Toby and your own children talk about it, you'll be ashamed of yourself and pay up. You ought to make the printer a present of a Christmas turkey to pay interest!

John slipped out of the house and was gone an hour. When he returned he looked ten years younger as he informed his wife he had asked the Post Master to frank a letter and had enclosed ten dollars—paying up old scores and something in advanced. John slept soundly that night, without the usual nightmare (in which he always fancied himself ridden through the air by a printer's devil). He has never been troubled with it since.—C. C. Times.

**AN INDIAN WIFE.**—"I was the wife," said the Indian woman, "of a Blackfoot warrior, and I served him faithfully. Who was so well served as he? Whose lodge was so well provided, or kept so clean? I brought wood in the morning, and placed water always at hand. I watched for his coming, and he found his meat cooked and ready. If he rose to go forth there was nothing to delay him. I searched the thought that was in his heart, to save him the trouble of speaking. When I went abroad on errands for him, the chiefs and warriors smiled on me, and the young braves spoke soft things in secret; but my feet were in the straight path, and my eyes could see nothing but him. When he went out to hunt, or to war, who aided, to equip him, but I? When he returned, I met him at the door, I took his gun, and he entered without further thought. While he sat and smoked, I unloaded his horses, tied them to the stakes, and brought in their loads, and was quickly at his feet. If his moccasins were wet, I took them off, and put on others, which were dry and warm. I dressed all the skins he had taken in the chase. He could never say to me, Why was it not done? He hunted the deer, the antelope, and the buffalo, and he watched for the enemy. Everything else was done by me. When our people moved their camp he mounted his horse and rode away, free as though he had fallen from the skies. He had nothing to do with the camp; it was I that packed the horses, and led them on the journey. When he halted in the evening, and he sat with the other braves and smoked, it was I that pitched his lodge; and when he came to eat and sleep, his supper and his bed were ready!"—Irving.

**A SALUBRIOUS CLIMATE.**—A Yankee speculator, who had immense tracts of land for sale in the Far West, used frequently to say that a gentleman who was travelling there saw a very old man sitting at the door of a log cabin, weeping bitterly. "My friend," inquired the gentleman, "what is the matter with you?" "Why," replied the old man, "daddy just gave me a awful hukking, cos I wouldn't rock grandaddy to sleep." The gentleman rode off, fully satisfied with the salubrity and healthiness of the district, to produce such unparalleled instances of longevity.

"Friend Mallby, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in thy church."

"But" said the Clergyman, "I that's that you were opposed to have an organ in the church."

"So I am," said Tommy, "but then if thee worships the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have good instruments."

The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette, has taken out a patent for stone cutting.

## SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety's the Spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor."  
The light of other days—Candles.

Why is a newspaper like an army? Because it has leaders, columns, and reviews.

When a woman intends to give a man the mitten, she begins by knitting her brows.

"All's well that ends well," said the monkey, contemplating his beautiful tail.

A new sewing machine to collect rent, mend manners, and repair family breaches, is much needed.

**A TALL MAN.**—They have a man out west so tall that he lets himself out at camp meetings for a steple.

A young stockholder having married a fat widow worth \$100,000, says it wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.

"Now, children, who loves all men?" asked a school inspector. The question was hardly put before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly, "All women."

An Irish guide told Dr. Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

To cure hams, first ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedies; and if you do not succeed in curing them, it is't your fault.

"Oh, spare me, dear angel, one lock of your hair!" A bashful young lover took courage and sighed;

"Twice a sin to refuse so modest a prayer,

"So take the whole wig," the sweet creature replied.

"JULIUS, was you ever in business?" "In course I was." "What business?" "A sugar planter." "When was that, my colored friend?" "Da day I buried dat old sweethearth of mine."

LIVING ON SMALL MEANS.—For breakfast, eat three cents' worth of dried apples, without core. For dinner drink a quart of water to swell the apples. Take tea with a friend.

COMPLIMENTARY.—By George! I must shoot you; I made a vow that I would kill any man uglier than myself."

"Fire away, stranger; if I'm uglier than you I don't want to live!"

## PAPER HANGINGS!!

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF

## ROOM PAPER 11

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers.

## ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING

IN GREAT VARIETY.

## Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to \$1.50 per roll

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Papers ever offered in this town—containing 100 different styles.

Persons are invited to call and examine samples at the

**WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

## SHIRTS.

PATENTED NOVEMBER 1st, 1858.

## THE MEASURES

are

A, the distance round the Neck.

B to the Yoke.

C to the Sleeve.

D to D distance around the Body

E to E length of the Arm-pits.

F to F the length of the Shirt.

## BALLOU'S Patent Improved French Yoke SHIRTS!

PATENTED NOVEMBER 1st, 1859.

A New Style of Shirt, warranted to Fit.

By sending the above measures per mail we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of Shirt, and return by express to any part of the United States, at \$12, \$15, \$18, \$21, &c., per dozen forwarded for less than half-a-dozen shirts.

Also Importers and Dealers in MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

25 Wholesale trade supplied on general terms.

7 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## MIDDLESEX MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMP'Y.

THE annual report of the Directors shows the condition of the Company June 1st, 1861.

Property at risk.....\$5,940,759.00

Amount insured last year.....1,466,616.00

Deposits, etc.....25,839.00

" taken last year.....50.00

Cash Assets.....65,048.98

last year.....23,008.98

Losses paid last year.....14,008.73

Dividends paid last year.....5,298.92

ABIAH THOMPSON, AGENT.

At the annual meeting of the Company, held June 10th, 1861, the following named persons were chosen Directors for the ensuing year:

Daniel Shattuck, Nathan Brooks, Stedman Bush, George Heywood, Concord; Abijah Thompson, Daniel Abbott, and Cambridge; Joel Adams, Lowell; George W. Basson, Newton; Charles Tower, Stow.

The losses during the last year have been larger than for several years past, and amount at risk and the cash assets have been increased.

DANIEL SHATTUCK, PRESIDENT.

N. BROOKS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Concord, June 27th, 1861.

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants

of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES of all descriptions, and of the best quality. I also Candy and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold to the proprietor.

T. A. SMITH, Jr.

Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.

January 25th, 1862—114

A LOT OF HATS,

OF LAST SPRING STYLE, will be sold without regard to cost, by

J. W. HAMMOND,

Woburn, Oct. 25th, 1862—41

The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette, has taken out a patent for stone cutting.

## WOBURN BOOK STORE!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS STATIONERY, WRITING PAPER, LEATHER BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY GOODS, &c., has just been added to the former stock, making a large and well-selected

VARIETY OF GOODS,

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry, Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general Literature. A constant supply of all the

SCHOOL BOOKS,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, Intermediate and Primary Schools,

American and English

, Family, Pocket and School

Bibles and Testaments, a very

large stock; Psalmist, Watts and

Select, Plymouth Collection, and Chris-

tian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question

Books. Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post,

Political and Ornamental Writing Papers, White,

Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes;

Gillott's and Commercial Pens and Holders of various kinds. Black, Blue, Red and Indelible Ink. Covered, Plain, Trans-

parent, and Porcelain Slates, Cart-

ridge, Drawing, Blotting and

Tissue Paper. Whitney's

Patent, Portable, Fan-

ey and Office Ink

Stands.

EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE !

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transfer Plates, Pen Leads, Superior Comma and Perfect Sealing Wax, Labels, Stationery, Paper, Carpenters, and Joiners, Lead, Porcelain, Clay and Holes, Drawing Books, Stamps, Rubber Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Backs, Paper Travers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Rollers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c. &c.

## JUVENILE BOOKS,

in Cloth, Morocco, and paper covers.

Blank Books and Memoranda of all kinds in general use, and Half and Bound Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, and Letter Books, Tablet Paper and Ivory Memoranda, Writing and Exercise Books, School Journals, &c.

## HOUSE PAPERS.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, and various kinds of paper, from the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand, and supplied to order.

## FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticles; Puff Box, Round, Fine, Pocket and Dressing Combs; Hair Comb, Toiletries, Dressing Boxes; Crotchet Needles, Emery Cushions, Port Monnaies, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing Cards and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and of all kinds.

## PICTURES.

Alfred Hitchcock, of Carthage, New York, has written to us concerning his new series of Pictures, called "ALONZO GRAY," Principal Brooklyn Heights Seminary."

"The Pictures I receive from you are excellent, and I am very anxious to make them available to the public."

"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for his daughter," said Hitchcock.

"I am sorry to tell you that I have no piano."

"I am sorry to tell you that I have

# Middlesex Journal.

# WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stowham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : NO. 12.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.  
Lines on Death of Abbie F. Wadsworth.  
WRITTEN OCTOBER, 1861.

AIR—*Playful Hymn.*

Summer, gladsum summer, say,  
Oh, what hast thou borne away?  
Pause a moment, tell me why  
Those we love are first to die?

Oh, ye burning stars of Eve,  
Do ye see my spirit grieve?  
Speak out from out your ether blue,  
Tell me am I heard by you?

Beauteous tree of Olive green,  
Thou art earth's change haunten seen,  
Wave thy branches to and fro,  
Tell me dost thou sorrow know;

Little bower of Linden shade,  
What has made thy green leaves fade?  
Tell me thy pretty Linden tree,  
Dost thou grieve at change-like me?

When the flowers were blooming fair—  
While their fragrance filled the air,  
Thou didst come with ley breath,  
And robbed my garden cruel death.

Fade away from mortal view,  
Chant we requiems over you;  
Know that flowers and mortals must,  
Make alike their bed in dust.

Lovely one! with angels dwell;  
With thy spirit all is well;  
Loved of Jesus—live alone,  
Bask in thy Redeemer's love.

CEDAR DALE COTTAGE, Woburn, 1861.

## Select Literature.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARY FORMAN.

Mr. Curtis sat alone in his office; it was just at the turn of the day, when the shadows in the corners were softly trooping forth to turn the twilight into darkness. There had been unusually painful cases in the court upon that day, and the lawyer's brow wore a look of thoughtful sadness, and he leaned his head on his hand with an air of weariness which was at variance with his strongly marked features, and the energy of his usual movements and words. Rousing himself after an hour of thought, he lighted his room, and then sat down to write; his first task was the following letter:—

MY DEAR MADAM: It grieves me, both as an old friend and your professional adviser, to have to tell you that our last hope failed to day. You have assured me from the commencement of the suit that you looked for no other issue, and I most sincerely trust that the blow will be lightened by the anticipation of the result of our efforts. In any way that I can be of service to you, allow me to assure you that it will be my highest pleasure to be employed. Hoping that you will call upon me for any advice or assistance that you may need now, I am ever yours very truly,

A. CURTIS.

Mrs. E. BARCLAY.

He had scarcely finished writing the direction of this epistle, when a loud ring at the bell announced a visitor. He looked up to see at the door a small, childlike figure, dressed in mourning, with a veil over the face.

"Mr. Curtis, I believe," said a very sweet voice, and raising the veil the lady showed a face to match the gentle accents. She was very slight and small, and her fair smooth hair, large blue eyes and small features gave a winning childish look to her face, with which a close widow's cap and heavy black attire made a touching contrast. Mr. Curtis rose instantly, handed the lady a chair, and then waited to hear her errand.

"You are Mrs. Barclay's legal adviser, I believe."

Mr. Curtis bowed assent.

"I am Mrs. Hastings; your uncle would know me well, but since I left home, I find I have lost an old friend in his death."

"I have heard my uncle speak frequently of Mrs. Barclay's friend, 'little Claire.'"

"Yes, I am 'little Claire.' I returned from Europe yesterday, and for the first time heard of—"the blue eyes were filling fast—"of dear Mrs. Barclay's troubles. I came here instantly to ask you to tell me all, for the accounts I hear vary."

"I should be—" Mr. Curtis paused.

"You are a lawyer," said Mrs. Hastings, smiling, "and I am making a blunder, I see, in my request. Did Mrs. Barclay, or your uncle ever tell you anything about me?"

"Only that you were a very dear friend of the lady's."

"Then, if I will not weary you, I will tell you my story, and you shall then judge whether it is best to answer my questions. Seven years ago, last Christmas eve, I was made an orphan. My father was a drummer in the orchestra of one of our theatres; my mother embroidered collars. One evening, Christmas eve, there had been a pantomime in the theatre in which my father was engaged, which required music behind the scenes, and in passing from the rear of the stage to the front, he fell into a trap, which was invisible in the dim light, and was killed instantly; they brought his body home, and the shock, acting upon a frame weakened by toil, poverty, and illness, was too much for my mother; she went from one swoon to another, and died in my arms just as the dawn of Christmas peeped into our little room. I was then just fifteen years of age; for the day which brought this weight of sorrow was my birthday."

"My parent's death threw me upon the world utterly penniless, and I was very

young, sir. I am telling you all this to prove how much I owe to Mrs. Barclay. My parents had been poor from my birth, yet I was not wholly without education. My father had a natural genius for elocution, and had trained my voice for reading, while my mother taught me to sew, and an old violinist, a friend of my father's, had given me instruction in music. I could read, play on the piano, sing and sew; so, after I had seen all my parents' property sold to pay their funeral expenses, I started with a brave heart to make my living. You may well shake your head. I had not one friend out of the theatre, and there was no money to spare amongst them, so I went, my childish hope of obtaining work, from door to door. It was very small, and some smiled pityingly, some contemptuously at the idea of trusting the little wandering with sewing. A whole week passed, and I had not earned one cent. Then I tried the stores; there, too, I failed.

"She left the house immediately after the claim was made," said Mr. Curtis, "and was only persuaded, after a very long course of urging, to resist the demand."

"Where is she now?"

"In H——."

"But how does she live? Was there nothing left?"

"Nothing! From luxury she was deprived of all. She is now teaching French in a young ladies' seminary. It will be a year in January since she has been there."

"Claire's tears were flowing fast; but, after a moment's pause, she said brightly: 'All the events of my life, excepting the last'—

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## Story of a Handkerchief.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Excuse me, sir!"

The first speaker was a fashionably dressed young man, and his interlocutor a beautiful young lady. Their situation was the most embarrassing in the world, for as the gentleman turned the corner of a street, he had been unexpectedly confronted by the fair damsel. After a succession of desperate efforts to pass each other, which only resulted in various disagreeable collisions and mutual attractions and repulsions analogous to the manœuvres of two electrically pitted balls, they had come to a stand-still. The blush on the lady's cheek, although deep and rich as the crimson on a sunset cloud, was nearly equalled by the corresponding hue of the gentleman's face. One last, despairing movement on his part to pass his lovely antagonist, was unfortunately succeeded by a simultaneous endeavor on hers; and perceiving almost irrepressible mirth on the countenance of his companion, who stood a few feet distant to watch the issue of the rancorous, the gentleman raised his hat from his head, and, marching at right angles directly to the curbstone, gave utterance to the above ejaculation, which elicited its fellow from the rosy lips of the young lady. With a bow and glance from her bright eyes of mingled amusement and vexation, she availed herself of his retreat, and passed on, entering a shop a short distance below. Our hero cast his eyes behind him as she went by; and, noticing that she had dropped her handkerchief, he hastily picked it up, and was on the point of following her to return it, when, observing a name in one corner, he coolly pocketed the delicate *mouchoir*, and rejoined his companion. The latter received him with mock gravity, while merriment evidently filled his soul to the very brim.

"Bravo!" was his salutation. "Ralph, you are in luck to-day; I envy you your *tete-a-tete* with so charming a neighbor. 'Pon honor, now, don't waste your kisses in private on that handkerchief; without doubt, it was a fair prisoner of war; but be magnanimous, and give it to me. It shall be framed in magnificent style, and receive my profound adoration."

"I should like to gag you with it, Harry," retorted his irritated friend.

"'So I will,' returned the sympathizing Harry; "I'll fish for your body afterwards and bait my hook with Celia's handkerchief; dead or alive, you will snap at it. But if you return the dainty article, to-day, I'll give you the adored Celia, for one is as much her property as the other."

"You are an unregenerate pagan, Harry," replied the young man, reddening; "if you had the sensibility of a boiled lobster, you would know that self-respect requires me to excuse myself in her eyes, and—"

"O, I understand, interrupted Harry, taking leave of his companion at the corner of a street; "I appreciate the delicacy of your sentiments. But take my advice, be sure to conciliate mamma, and don't forget to send your humble obedient his share of the cake. Adieu, mon ami—*vive l'amour!*"

"Confound the scamp!"

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice had been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| One square (14 lines this type) one insertion,  | \$1.00 |
| Each subsequent insertion,  | .25    |
| Each half square (seven lines), one insertion,  | .20    |
| Each quarter square, insertion,   | .10    |
| One square one year,  | .20    |
| One square six months,  | .10    |
| Half a square one year,   | .10    |
| Half a square six months,   | .05    |
| Half a square one month,  | .05    |
| Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square. |        |
| Large advertisements as may be agreed upon.   |        |

SPECIAL NOTICES, leaded, 12 cents per line for our insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

97 All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNDERLINED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANFIELD,  
Stoneham—E. T. WHITTIER,  
Winchester—S. N. H. HOOTON,  
Beverly—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. FENTON & CO., Boston and New York, S. H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. It is the only journal largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and it will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

# The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1861.

The news which was scattered with the velocity of lightning from one end of the country to the other, last Monday morning, created a profound sensation, yet it did not last long. Wall and State streets exhibited feverish symptoms, and from the bulls and bears of these localities the people caught much of their excitement. In Washington the news was received calmly among officials. After the first thrill had passed over, both the people and the press began to look the matter squarely in the face and to discuss its varied bearings in a rational mood. The universal decision arrived at, was, that the subject, when it became a matter for decision between the government of this country and that of Great Britain, should be met promptly and fairly, and that nothing of an unfair nature could be tolerated for a moment.

The condition of Mason and Slidell was looked upon by many, as simply out of the question, and that where we now had but one bond upon them we should have two, in order that their security might be made doubly sure to us. The roar of the British press was returned with interest, in short we stood upon our dignity fearlessly and unawed.

In calculating our chances, should we become embroiled with England, we must not overlook some very prominent facts. In the first place we must candidly look at our strength, both on sea and land, neither flattering nor underrating it. A navy cannot be built or manned in a day, nor in a year. Neither can an army of men be turned into an army of soldiers in the twinkling of an eye. But on the other hand, it takes much precious time to do each one of these things, and in measuring swords with England we must consider that England is prepared in all these things and ready to strike a heavy blow at any moment. The two hundred and odd vessels mentioned in Secretary Welles' report, as belonging to our navy, must not be rated as efficient war vessels, many of them being only transports. The number of ships capable of meeting those of Great Britain, does not exceed twenty-five, as the whole number in our navy, at the breaking out of the rebellion, did not exceed forty-five; and since then we have added very few that can be classed as men-of-war and capable of doing the duty required of such ships. And it must also be remembered that a large proportion of these forty-five ships, have as much work on their hands as they can attend to in making the blockade effective, and in protecting our commerce from the inroads of Southern pirates. If England is bent on going to war with us, she will commence without delay, and will first seek out our most vulnerable points and attack us there. These points she can easily find anywhere along our seaboard. What power has the fleet in Boston harbor, or in New York harbor, or in any other of our harbors, to repel the attack of a powerful British fleet? Why almost none. The apathy that has stolen over us from a peace of fifty years, has rendered us defenseless and open to attack from any selfish nation that might set fit to take advantage of us while engaged in crushing the meanest and most hypocritical rebellion that has ever disgraced man since the breath of life first entered his body. Another of our weak points would consist in the blockade which we have established over the Southern ports. This would also receive early attention from the enemy's fleet, which would be the means of breaking it up and at once giving such aid to the rebels as they most need for the successful prosecution of their fiendish work.

Neither must we consider the half million of men which Secretary Cameron told us had been enrolled for the defence of the Union, as soldiers capable of conducting offensive operations. Many of these men have not yet graduated from the position of raw recruits, yet they possess that which is capable of transforming them into the very best soldiers in the world,—if we except an antipathy which Americans have to becoming soldiers,—not even excepting the vivacious French. Yet to make them such will require a long time and much active service in the field, and a closer attention to drill and discipline than they have yet given. There was much truth in what one of Prince Jerome Bonaparte's staff said after he returned to

France, "That the Americans were trying to do, in six months, for their army, what it has taken the French seventy years to do for theirs." If we have to meet the soldiers of England in an open field fight, their discipline and experience gained from many a hard fought field in the Crimea, will tell fearfully against us.

But to all this there is an offset. If our navy is small, and not strong enough to cope with that of Great Britain, we still have that which is capable of doing her more harm than though we were to batter to many of her wooden walls to pieces. We have privates in hundreds that we can bring to bear upon her commerce, and which would do her power more harm than though she had lost a fourth part of her navy. We could "let slip those little dogs of war" in swarms, and sweep her commerce from the sea like chaff before the whirlwind. They have served us well in previous wars, and will serve us again if we are compelled to seek their aid; so that on the sea we can stick a very formidable thorn in the side of the British Lion.

We think that there is not much to fear from an invasion on land. When men are compelled to fight for their homes and all they hold near and dear, as we would be, they always put their whole soul and body in the work, and when they do strike it is with herculean strength. But in order to meet Great Britain with comparatively free hands, we must strike the death-blow of this rebellion at once, and crush its formidable power beyond resurrection. Until this is done we should not venture on a war with England, if we consider our national existence worth a mess of pottage. In twenty days, or even a less time, after the first harbinger of actual war reaches us from across the Atlantic, (if it ever does reach us,) let our scattered army be gathered together and the terms of peace, which must be unconditional surrender, be dictated to the rebel congress at Richmond, or wherever that migratory body can be found. Then we will be able to attend to foreign foes, with greater hope for success.

In calculating upon war with England, and the distress which we will entail upon her by stopping the exportation of breadstuffs, let us consider that she is more in need of cotton now than she is of bread; and that unless we finish this war, she will get as much cotton as she needs, which will not only give new life to her looms, but will also fill the empty coffers of the South and give new life to the rebellion which has defied our power so long. But war has not yet been declared, and let each one pray that it never may be.

## To the Union Guard.

The following letter from Capt. S. I. Thompson of the Woburn Union Guard, acknowledges the receipt of the articles sent by the Ladies to his Company previous to Thanksgiving. It will be seen by the letter that the boxes were about eighteen days on the way, and that a portion of the estates were in a bad condition. It is to be deplored that large parcels sent to the soldiers do not reach them as quickly as small. We were told yesterday, that a large box which was sent from a neighboring town, did not reach its destination until four weeks from the time it was sent, and that many of its contents were rendered useless. This should not be the case; when goods are entrusted to an express; when you should be promptly forwarded.

HALL'S HILL, VA., Dec. 4, 1861.

Mrs. S. E. DAVIS.—Dear Madam.—Your very kind note of the 18th ult., enclosing invoice, etc., came duly to hand on the evening of the 20th in advance of the packages. I beg your pardon for not acknowledging the receipt of it before. I delayed it in daily expectation of the arrival of the packages, which I am happy to state arrived safely this evening. Everything was found in good order as per invoice, excepting a portion of the estates which were spoiled in consequence of the long delay on their passage. The boxes were opened immediately upon their arrival here and the contents distributed, the private packages to those to whom they were addressed. The articles of clothing invoiced to the company, were distributed; to those who had no mittens or gloves, one pair was supplied, and those who had not two pairs of stockings, were supplied from the very liberal quantity provided by you and your associates, which fully made up all deficiency in those articles at the present time. The papers and magazines were read with interest and professedly with much pleasure and interest.

The Committee appeal to the women of the country for its support. It is authorized, but not paid by Government—it has not an article supplied to it by Government. Let us, in our fortunate and well-ordered New England, give freely to this Agency, which works for the whole country. We are proud of sending our troops well provided; our governors and mayors go to Washington to look after our sick and wounded; let us then work for the Commission, which is the friend of the sick and wounded from the whole Union; and give thankfully, if not for our own sons and brothers, for those who are some of our country, and brethren of all loyal women.

The NEW ENGLAND WOMEN'S AUXILIARY ASSOCIATION is an authorized branch of the Sanitary Commission Boston. Dr. HOWE, a resident in Boston, is one of its chief officers, and works in concert with us. Its object is to get from every woman of New England such assistance as she is able to give, in money, clothes, socks, yarn, feathers, or other available materials. Much has been given, but we believe ten times as much may be had. Send us whatever you can give. Every article which we forward is marked, so that it is not liable to be lost or sold; and so that the person who receives it may know whence it comes. We sort and classify all that we forward, so that when received it may be registered, and used as needed, thereby saving much time and expense at Washington. Do not be afraid of over-supply. Mr. F. L. OLIMSTED, the accurate Secretary of the COMMISSION, says in a letter of November 16th,—"The Women's Relief Society of New York, —There are at least 300,000, and perhaps 600,000, souls in hostile array in Virginia and Maryland. If we should undertake to provide hospital-clothing for only 40,000, it would take more than two years to accumulate, at the rate of the last fortnight—which is better than ever before—a sufficient provision of it, even if during that time we gave out none at all.

Our Rooms are at No. 22 Summer Street. All packages and boxes should be addressed to the New-England Women's Auxiliary Association, 22 Summer Street, Boston.

Every letter addressed to the Executive Committee of the New-England Women's Auxiliary Association will be answered, and all correspondence acknowledged by the Committee, who wish to receive the cost of printed acknowledgments.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY is now presented, to buy Carpets at low prices, from the Bankrupt Stock lately sold at auction, by the order of the Assignees. This stock contains the usual variety of Carpet stock, selected for city retail sales, and was sold at auction, in one lot, by order of the Assignees, for cash. It brought a little over half its cost, and was purchased by the New England Carpet Co., and has been removed to their warehouse, at 75 Hanover Street, where it is being retailed to their customers.—Boston Daily Journal.

SOCIAL FESTIVAL.—The Members of the Young Men's Christian Association, will hold a Festival in Lyceum Hall, next Tuesday evening (Christmas eve.) Every thing that is usually provided on such occasions, will be furnished at this time. The object in holding the Festival, is to furnish means to make the Association more useful and also to lessen the expenses of the members. We hope that our citizens will see fit to attend this Festival, and thereby bring about the desired result.

The Ladies connected with the Social Circle in North Woburn, will hold a Festival in Webster Hall, on Thursday Evening, Dec. 26, 1861. The proceeds to be appropriated for the support of public worship in North Woburn.

FORTRESS MONROE.—The following named persons left this town yesterday for Fortress Monroe, for the purpose of becoming attached to the transport service at that place under Mr. T. J. Porter i—Marshall L. Richardson, T. V. Sullivan, A. S. Leslie, Charles Parker, and B. F. Chamberlain.

FRANCE.—That the Americans were trying to do, in six months, for their army, what it has taken the French seventy years to do for theirs." If we have to meet the soldiers of England in an open field fight, their discipline and experience gained from many a hard fought field in the Crimea, will tell fearfully against us.

SAD DEATH.—On Saturday morning the body of Mr. Asa Holt was found in his workshop on Beech street, in a shocking condition,—being literally burnt from head to foot. A Coroner's inquest was held on the body by Coroner White of Medford, with Messrs. Sherman Converse, John Johnson, Hiriam Whitford, Jonathan Hammond, A. H. Haywood, and Horace Collamore, as jurymen. After viewing the body, the jury adjourned to the Selectmen's Room, where they examined several witnesses, but without eliciting much as to the cause of death. The jury returned after a short deliberation returned the following verdict:—"That Holt came to his death by burning. Cause of fire, to the jury unknown."

The most probable cause yet given for the death of Mr. Holt is as follows: The last time a light was seen in his shop, was at about 20 minutes past nine. He probably soon after prepared to return home, and when about ready to start, took up a fluid lamp, the tube of which did not fit closely, to light his pipe with, and tipping up the lamp the fluid must have spilt upon his clothes and the tube dropping down ignited them; he then went out of doors, and started for the woods near by, pulling his clothes off as he went along—first his coat was found and then his vest, the remainder of his clothing being either burnt off or torn off. On reaching the woods it appears that he laid down and rolled upon the ground, as a portion of the grass was found burnt. In the immediate vicinity of where he laid down, a portion of his skin was found, which was probably torn off, while he was exerting himself to put out the flames. He then got up and returned to the shop, and gathering some leaves together for a pillow, laid down and died, in such agony that it was well known nothing was done.

DR. CUTTER examined the body and said that death was not caused from the inhalation of the fumes, and that he must have lived two or three hours after the accident.

TRIAL OF ANNA A. DOWER.—The Supreme Court has been sitting at Cambridge, for the past four days, on the trial of Anna A. Dower for the murder of Mrs. Rhoda M. Wilkins, of Lowell, in March last. The case was given to the jury at half past eleven o'clock yesterday, and at two o'clock they agreed upon a verdict. The Court having adjourned until three at that time the court house was densely filled with spectators, a large portion of whom were ladies. When the jury came in to court the excitement was intense; and when the clerk asked—"Mr. Foreman is Anna A. Dower the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"—pin might have been heard to fall, such was the stillness; and when the fatal word "Guilty" was pronounced, the prisoner raised her hands and exclaimed, "My Heavenly Father," and nearly fainted away. She was soon after removed from the court. Mr. Brown, her counsel, has made a motion for a new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence, which will be heard next week.

DR. DAVID P. HOLTON, who is lecturing extensively on Physiology and is seeking to promote physical culture in schools, has made an important suggestion, that every town in the country should collect and preserve the letters of its sons engaged in the war. In future years the volume that they form will be read with deep interest by the descendants of those who are now engaged in the defence of the government of their country.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

turner. We have never opened a number without learning something we never knew before, and obtaining valuable information for the benefit of our readers. The Publishers, Messrs. MUNN & CO., of 37 Park Row, New York, have deserved the success which they have achieved. No one should visit that city without calling at their palatial establishment, which is a museum of inventive genius, collected from the entire world. If any of our friends away off in the country do not know this work, and will take our advice, they will mail \$2 and become subscribers immediately, or by applying to the Publishers they can obtain a specimen copy gratis, which will be sure to confirm the truth of our recommendation."

We fully indorse the above, and would recommend our readers to take Prentiss's advice, and subscribe for the paper. A new volume commences on the first of January, and it being a valuable work of reference, containing, as it does, the only official list of patent claims published in the country, every number should be preserved. The paper is published every Saturday, by the well-known patent agents, MESSRS. MUNN & CO., who have conducted the paper during the past sixteen years.

In addition to furnishing specimen copies of the paper gratis, the publishers will send a pamphlet of advice to inventors, free of charge. Address,

MUNN & CO.,  
37 PARK ROW.

## Special Notices.

### HENRY MORFORD, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

The distinguished and popular Humorist, will deliver a lecture before the South Reading Literary Association,

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 27TH,  
—IN THE—  
Universalist Church, So. Reading.

### SUBJECT—FUN.

Lecture will commence at 7 o'clock. Doors open at 6 o'clock.

Tickets 25 Cents.

Sold at the POST-OFFICES in SO. READING, READING, STONEHAM and MELROSE, and at the door.

C. W. EATON, Sec'y.

### To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few days by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—actuated by desire to benefit the afflicted, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will cheerfully send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), free full and explicit directions or preparing and successfully using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,

Williamsburgh,  
Kings County, New York.

The N. Y. Tribune says that you have a good article for the advertiser. This is the most natural and suggestions made by the Tribune, and we propose to follow it. We have got Doct. Gifford's Homeopathic Remedy, and will take advantage of the large circulation of this paper, to let all know of it. They are too well known already as curative agents to need much said in their praise and we shall only say that a complete assortment is sold at the Woburn Bookstore. M. S. Burr & Co., Boston, are Agents, or sent anywhere on receipt of price, 25 cents, post paid.

PHILIP LEE, 136 William St., PHILADELPHIA, PA., will send you a manual free. See that each box has his name.

### Married.

KIRKLAND CALDWELL—in Woburn, 17th inst., by Rev. Dr. Stubbins; Mr. Wilber Kimball, of Lynn, to Miss Maria F. Caldwell, aged 61 years, 8 months. Hulse, in Woburn, 18th inst., Asa Holt, aged 54 years, 4 months, 28 days.

BOYCE—in Reading, 14th inst., Fred, B., youngest son of Benjamin M. Boyce, aged 35, m. 8 d.

### ONE PRICE ONLY!

Good Fall and Winter

### CLOTHING! — AND — FURNISHING GOODS!

### OVERCOATS! BUSINESS COATS! DRESS COATS! PANTALOONS! VESTS!

### UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS!

Shirts, Collars, Cravats, Stockings, Gloves, &c.

### CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Vestings, &c., FOR CUSTOM WORK,

MAY BE FOUND AT MACULLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER'S, 192 Washington Street,

BOSTON.

9-4w. Opposite the Marlboro' Hotel.

### Assignee's Notice.

MIDDLESEX SS.

COURT OF INSOLVENCY.

NOTICE is hereby given that the third meeting of the creditors of CALVIN RICHARDSON JR., of Winchester, will be held at the Court of Insolvency, at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of December instant, nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Assignee.

### SOCIAL FESTIVAL.

#### THE WOBURN

Young Men's Christian Association will hold a SOCIAL FESTIVAL & FAIR,

#### IN—

Lyceum Hall, Woburn, CHRISTMAS EVE,

#### TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24TH, 1861.

The usual variety of Fancy Goods, Pictures, Cakes, etc. will be served, and the

#### ICE CREAMS AND OYSTERS

A good BAND will be in attendance, and Singing, under the direction of Mr. W. H. CLARKE, will enliven the occasion. Mr. Clarke will sing one or two Solos.

Tickets 20 Cents—Children half price.

WOBURN, Dec. 31, 1861.

#### FRENCH'S CONICAL

#### WASHING MACHINES.

THE most simple, durable, convenient and economical article ever invented for washing.

Will do the washing of an ordinary family perfectly, without any labor, and in a short time, which are simple and easy. It will wash at one time, six shirts, or two dozen small articles, in about six or seven minutes, or their equivalent.

It will wash delicate fabrics, such as lace, &c., the greatest care is required while with this machine the most delicate articles can be washed.

These results are produced by the constant rotation of the rods while the machine is in motion.

Families, laundrymen, boarding-houses, &c., will find it a great convenience, and steamers, and in the army, who have these machines in use, highly sent in their testimonial voluntary. The enclosures of the Press are very interesting, some of which I have pulled in a neat sixteen parts.

In addition to furnishing specimen copies of the paper gratis, the publishers will send a pamphlet of advice to inventors, free of charge. Address,

MUNN & CO.,  
37 PARK ROW.

### DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH,

A SURE REMEDY FOR A

BAD BREATH,

SORE MOUTHS,

CANKER,

DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS,

NURSING SORE MOUTH,

A ND the best specific now in use for any diseased condition of the mouth. It is particularly beneficial to persons wearing

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

completely destroying every taint of the month, absorbing and removing all impurities, insuring

A SWEET BREATH

to all who make use of it. NO YOUNG LADY OR YOUNG GENTLEMAN who is afflicted with a BAD BREATH

should delay applying this remedy, for it is a certain cure, and is approved and recommended by a physician under whose notice it has been brought.

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# Middlesex

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

# Journal.

VOL XI : : NO. 13.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### The Night After Christmas.

The following is an amusing parody upon Clement Moore's unequalled "Night before Christmas":—

"Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house

Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse ;  
The stockings, so lately St. Nicholas's care,  
Were emptied of all that was eatable there.

The Darlings had duly been tucked in their beds—

With very full stomachs, and pains in their heads,

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,  
And Nancy was rather gone in a nap,

When set in the nursery arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my sleep, crying—"What is the matter?"

I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze—

Tore open the curtains, and threw off the clothes ;

While the light of the taper served clearly to show

The piteous plight of those objects below ;

For what to the jolly father's eyes should appear

But the little pale face of each sick little dear ?

For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick,

I knew in a moment now felt like Old Nick.

Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same,

What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name—

Now Turkey, now Stuffing, Puma Pudding of course,

And Custards, and Crullers, and Cranberry sauce ;

When I'd ranged round all round to the right,

Yes—Lollipops, Flapdoodles, Diner, and all ;

Like pellets which archins from pompons fit fly,

Went figs, nuts and raisins, Jam, jelly, and pie,

Till each error of diet was brought to my view,

To the shame of Mamma and Santa Claus, too.

I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped back,

And brought out a phial marked "Pulv. Ipecac,"

When my Nancy exclaimed—for their sufferings shocked her—

Don't you think you had better, love, run for the Doctor?

I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof,

When I heard the sharp clatter of old Judah's hoof.

I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,

When the Doctor came into the room with a bound.

He was covered with mud from his head to his feet

And the suit he had on was his very worst suit ;

He had hardly had time to put that on his back,

And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack.

His eyes, how they twinkled ! Had the Doctor got merrym?

His cheeks looked like Port and his breath smelt of Sherry,

He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,

And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow.

But inspecting their tongues in despite of their teeth,

And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,

He felt of each pulse, saying—"Each little belly Must get rid"—here he laughed—so his rest of that sort of that jolly."

"They'll be well by to-morrow—good-night, Jones, good-night!"

## Select Literature.

### A CAMP FIRE STORY.

NOW AND THEN.

Doing guard-duty on one of these clear, frosty nights, is what I call a "big thing." Standing before a huge fire, glimmering rays shoot into the dense pine forest, which surrounds you as if they, too, had partaken of the spirit of vigilance, and were searching for some hidden foe, one's mind naturally is affected, and every shadow and tree has an association which awakens the soldier to a full appreciation of his sentinel duties. But such a night as last night—dark, dreary, wet and disagreeable in the extreme—has an entirely different effect, and we clustered around the fire piled high with seashell rails, which at times seemed to exert its best light and most genial rays to spread humor and life among those who stood smoking around it. Then as if exasperated at the failure, it would splutter and crack, contending furiously with every drop of rain, and hiss out a strong reproof at the element which was making the sentinels so uncomfortable. But the guard must be vigilantly maintained through the night, we dare not sleep, for you must know that sleep courts the soldier's eyelids as sweetly under the dropping rain as it does in his tent, if perchance he has a gun blanket for his bed, and a knapsack for a pillow.

I proposed a song, but the only music that could be raised was made by a little corporal, who doled out in a most melancholy style, "Some days must be dark and dreary." This seemed to be the only song that the corporal knew, and the only one of that kind that we wanted to hear. Under these auspices I proposed a story, and the sergeant of the guard, an old Mexican soldier, "up and told" the following, which I quote, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words :

Seated in my tent, one evening, just before the battle of the city of Mexico, the captain came to me with, "Corporal, I have been requested to send a trusty non-commissioned officer to the general council to-night as a messenger. Will you go?" I replied in the affirmative, thanking the captain for his confidence. Our company was, at that time, detached from its regiment, and was doing special duty at General Scott's headquarters.

In the discharge of that duty I had made a

point of being specially attentive, and had thereby gained the confidence of our captain, and once or twice was commanded by old "Fuss and Feathers" himself. I brushed up my old clothes, and brightened up my shoes and brass plates in the neatest manner possible that evening, and presented myself to the Adjutant General for instructions.

I found that the council about to meet for the consideration of General Scott's plans for taking the city, was to be composed of all the colonels in the division, and that my duty would be to go errands, and attend to bringing chairs, papers, or whatever might be required.

Well, the council met, and I was at my post. It was the finest body of military men I had ever seen together, and when they assembled around that table, and the old general stood towering high above the rest, I could not help but admire him more than ever. After the customary salutation and organization, they sat down in regard to rank, beginning with General Worth, and succeeding each other in seats, as seniority in rank gave them privilege. It was no time for delay, and the general spoke rapidly and with earnestness, occasionally referring to some one on the right or left, for information or corroboration. Thus carefully and explicitly were the movements and marches, the sallies, and sorties, the whole plan developed, so that all seemed to understand. But presently a plan was discovered, something was wrong and I saw by the perplexed look of those around the table that some serious mistake had been made, but for what cause, my knowledge of military affairs did not enable me to judge. A dispute arose between some colonel and the engineer-in-chief in regard to the position and strength of some battery, and the topography of the surrounded country. The colonel said that frequent reconnoisance of the ground, from the fact of being encamped near the place in question, led him, in direct opposition to the chart of the engineer, to protest against its truthfulness, and he would urge upon the general to make himself sure of the condition of affairs before fully completed his plan. But this would not do; it was necessary that very important and vigorous movements should take place upon that very section of the defence, and without a correct knowledge of the place, no action could be carried on with safety or certainty. It seemed, in fact, to be a main point, at which positive success would have to fall to the American forces.

Finally, the colonel said that there was a young lieutenant in his regiment who had a correct chart of the defences, and a map of the demesne thereto adjacent. The engineer-in-chief said: "Very well, sir, you had better send for your authority, and let us see this great map." The general nodded his approval, and the colonel gave me the name and address of the lieutenant. The encampment was not very far away, and I mounted my horse and rode off in haste to the regimental headquarters, and found the very man I was in search of in the colonel's tent, with draughting paper on the table before him, and sketches of the city and its surroundings scattered everywhere. I handed him the note, which he read and hastily tore up, asking me if I could wait until he could borrow a horse? I told him I could, but had not long to wait, for he came back in a few moments, and carefully wrapping up his surveys, he placed them in a long tin case, and, mounting, prepared to follow me. On the way he conversed with so much earnestness, and in such a mild, interesting manner, that I felt encouraged to talk and chat, contrary to my usual practice when on horseback. He informed me that he was a graduate of West Point, and that he had there fallen so much in love with the science of geometry, that he had made it an almost constant study, and that now he found it very interesting, in the interval of duty, to make sketches and surveys of the city.

When we arrived at the general's quarters again, the lieutenant was introduced, and at his colonel's request produced his charts. The party were astonished at their finish and fine execution, and when, after examination, they were found to be perfectly correct, General Scott came forward, and grasping the young lieutenant by the hand, personally complimented him on his skill, and thanked him for his efficiency. The chief engineer, somewhat chagrined at this display of learning on the part of his young rival, sneeringly said: "General, perhaps this young man has some plan by which this part of the defenses may be attacked." Upon inquiry, it was found that he had a plan, which was produced with some degree of reluctance and laid before the assembly. It was read, and criticized, and corrected, and finally, to make a long story short, adopted with some amendments by the council. This displeased the engineer, who seemed to think that the lieutenant, though but a few years his junior, had no right to display so much knowledge of a science which did not belong to his branch of the service.

"I need not tell you," continued the sergeant, "that, in the taking of Mexico, a few days after the plan offered by this lieutenant was of signal service, and that he was breveted soon afterwards."

Here the story ended, and the sergeant relapsed into his "pipe and silence." We all looked for a while into the fire, when one of the sentinels asked him what the name of this young lieutenant was. He slowly puffed

the smoke from his mouth, and answered: "I believe his name was George—George B. McClellan."

"And who was that engineer?"

"I believe his name was George, too—George T. Beauregard."

And we all smoked and looked into the fire, until the sentinel called out:

"Grand rounds! Turn out the guard!"

### Effect of Imitation.

Men and monkeys are called imitative animals; and if they never imitated anything but what was useful and good, the characteristic would be an amiable one. As far as the monkeys are concerned, we say nothing. Their reasoning faculties are not guided by any sense of consciousness. With mankind, it is different. Noble deeds do inspire some men, and their imitative faculty leads them, perforce, to do noble things likewise; but the perverseness of human nature, or rather its proclivity to evil, more frequently leads it to imitate much that is vicious, and to take a special delight in duplicating scenes of mischief and malignity. Women are little better than men in this respect. The Camille of the stage has tempted many an unprincipled girl to throw herself away merely to enjoy scenes of piquant debauchery, just as Jack Sheppard, in the play, has given many a boy his first impulse toward dishonesty.

Considering these facts, and the imitative nature of humanity—particularly youthful humanity—does not a strict morality require that our books and plays, our novels and dramas, should be written with a special eye to the improvement of our race? Should not everything that is calculated to hold up vice in an attractive form, or to varnish over with a sickly sentimentality the wickedness of the world, be banished from every position in which it may influence the well-minded? And should not everything that is heroic, noble, chivalric, honest, and endearing, be so presented as to fascinate the imagination, and inspire all with a disposition to copy such exalted examples? If so, then we greatly need a public censor; for if the truth is told, since we are really a drama-loving people, our penitentiaries owe far more for their contents to pernicious performances, than to all the "original sin" left in the human composition.

Goon Advice.—These timely considerations occur in a sermon recently delivered by an enlightened and patriotic clergyman :

The state of the times demands liberality and a generous expenditure on the part of those who have the means—whose income is greater than their wants. Such as these should not study economy, should not aim to save as much and spend as little as possible. I hear many of this class talking of retrenchment, of reducing their expenses, of denying themselves and their families this and that to which they have been accustomed. I say no. This is a mistaken policy. Why should you save? You are in no danger of suffering, Why should you spend less, you who have more than enough, while thousands around are wanting employment and bread, and have nothing? What is to become of this class if every rich man, every family whose income exceeds, by much or little, their current expenses, begins economizing and diminishing expenditures to the lowest point possible? What is to become of these people without work or money? They must live. They must have bread. Give them employment and they will earn it. If you do not, they must still have bread, that is certain, and somebody must furnish it. No, I say again, saving closely, with those who have abundant means, is false policy in such times as the present. Suppose your income has been annually four thousand dollars—and suppose you have lived at the expense of three thousand dollars, is it wisdom, is it mercy, to reduce your expenses to two thousand dollars, on the plea of hard times? It is not hard times for you. Better far keep on spending your three thousand dollars. Do not expect to save anything while the war lasts and thousands are in danger of being out of employment. Live as you have lived,—spend all your income, even if you never did before. I hear many of this class talking of retrenchment, of reducing their expenses, of denying themselves and their families this and that to which they have been accustomed. I say no. This is a mistaken policy.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as a valuable medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of job PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1861.

Before another number of the JOURNAL reaches its readers, the year which is now at the threshold of death, and the hours of which have seen the birth of the greatest calamity that has ever befallen this, and we might add, or any other nation, will have been gathered to its predecessors and become a matter for history. And in accordance with a time-honored and very popular custom, we wish our patrons "A HAPPY NEW YEAR"—happy in everything, spiritual as well as secular. For us to go further, will entail the necessity of our saying something more that has been said over and over again; just as it is impossible to write or speak upon any of the popular topics of the day, without saying something that has been said by somebody, somewhere, before; and were we to stop here some might look upon it as work half done.

"If wishes were horses," it has been said, "beggars might ride;" and if wishes were happiness we all might be happy, for no one is so miserably poor but that he has some friend, let that friend be ever so humble, to wish him well. In wishing our friends a Happy New Year, they must take the wish for the reality should that much coveted boon not fall to their lot. It is useless for us to desire constant happiness. If clouds did not obscure the splendor of the sun, we would not value so highly its cheering rays; and if our lives were one continual course of happiness and serenity, we would not value them as we should, for the reason that we would not know their worth. So that it requires mingled joy and sorrow to make life what it was designed to be—happy.

To some the year about to commence will be fraught with happiness; their worldly schemes and desires will prosper, and all things will move on smoothly and satisfactorily; for in the midst of so much bliss, petty annoyances will be unnoticed. To others it will be a sorrowful year; the rod will fall heavily upon them; their hopes and expectations for the future will be blasted, and kind friends and dear ones will go the way of all flesh. But to all our sufferings there will be a bright side, if we will but seek it. When the spirit lowers and the frail body refuses to bear its burdens, the Angel of Hope will whisper blessed words of love and kindness in our ears, lifting us up and cheering us on until the goal of our desires is reached and our afflictions are ended. We are all born to sorrow; yet if we will view our troubles on all sides, we will find much that will enliven and lend new life to the monotony of time's course and give us hope and trustfulness wherewith to battle the obstacles which are ever arising to ruffle the complacency of our march to the grave. If we sit down and mourn over each little discord that jars life's harmony, we will never be free for a moment from sorrow or turmoil. But if we will bear up boldly against the storm, believing that ere the rising of the morrow's sun it will have passed away, and forever, we will find our burdens lightened and our spirits revived.

To look upon the faces of some people makes us think of a barren spot of ground upon which the sun has never shone. All soul appears to have fled, and in fleeing left a vacuum which nature, in abhorrence of such, has endeavored to fill with wrinkles and sours, but without success. The presence of such persons alone—to use a strained expression—seems competent to sour the sweetest cream. We think the "oldest inhabitant" could not tell when a smile last gambolled over their countenances. It is wrong and useless for a man to appear as if he were burdened with all the trials and troubles of the community, when, if he chose, he could feel and seem cheerful. This is not the kind of life that man was intended to live. He who passes a lifetime grovelling in the slough of despondency, has not fulfilled the end for which he was created. He has not reached the height which his Maker intended he should reach, nor yet has he done the good that he should have done; his existence has been only a sham, and he goes down to the grave leaving behind him a memory which is as fleeting as the wind which howls a requiem over his solitary resting place. If a man has any soul within him like to see him show it. We like to see it illuminating his counten-

ance and shedding a radiance on all around him, at all times. Ugh! it makes our teeth chatter when we meet a small-souled, pinched-up man, who seems so much the niggard that he cannot bestow even a smile upon a friend when he meets one, and who is nothing but a walking icicle.

Then let us make the coming year truly happy, both to ourselves and those around us, especially let us make home happy, by wearing a pleasant countenance and by doing all the good we can; so that when the time comes for us to balance our accounts with 1862, we will have no reason to mourn over things done or undone.

Perhaps some will accuse us of looking only on the dark side, while penning these few simple lines. That there are some great hearts which are ever overflowing with goodness, and which are never contented except when they are making others happy, is true; and for the sake of human nature, we are thankful that it is so. They need no encomiums, their deeds speak louder than the strongest words. "May their shadows never be less," or fewer in number.

Again we wish our readers, one and all, "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

### Christmas Doings in Woburn.

Christmas, we think, is fast becoming a general holiday in New England. Years ago Thanksgiving absorbed all the interest which is now divided between that day and Christmas. Our people begin to feel that they need more holidays; more respite from labor. They find that "all work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." In the South, and in our large cities—New York and Philadelphia especially—the Christmas holidays are very generally observed. The slaves in the former are allowed a fortnight's rest, and make use of the opportunity by visiting adjacent plantations and spending a short time with their different friends. We are not exactly aware of the way their masters spend their time, but most likely it is in carousing and riotous living. In England, "from ear-morn to dewy eve," Christmas, above all other days, is the most observed; and probably it is more from the sumptuousness of the observance, than any other cause, that she has gained the appellation of "merry England." It has even been to her a day fraught with merry-making and all that serves to lighten the cares of life and gives a new impetus to the spirits. The peasant in his cot, and the king upon his throne, have even enjoyed their "merry Christmas"—either in eating good plum-pudding, partaking in athletic sports, or engaging in the chase. But this has nothing to do with "Christmas Doings in Woburn," in 1861. Let us see what was done.

On Christmas eve the Young Men's Christian Association held a Festival in Lyceum Hall. The arrangements made for making the Festival successful, were ample, but the attendance of visitors was not large, and financially it was not a success. The evening was enlivened with both vocal and instrumental music, and those who were present enjoyed themselves fully.

On Christmas evening the children belonging to the First Congregational Sabbath School, with their teachers and a number of their parents, assembled in the Church and Vestry, for the purpose of receiving the bounties of a richly-laden Christmas tree, and otherwise enjoying themselves. The exercises of the evening commenced in the Church, with singing by the children, under the direction of the organist, Mr. W. H. Clarke. Rev. Mr. March then read selections from Scripture, after which he offered up prayer. Brief addresses were then made by Mr. J. G. Pollard and the Pastor. In this connection we take pleasure in mentioning the music. The singing was very good, but the playing by Mr. Clarke was truly excellent. We have heard musicians say, those who are competent to judge from experience, that the playing on this occasion has never been equalled in Woburn, and that they have paid dearly in Boston to hear no better music. This must be both gratifying to the Society and to Mr. Clarke.

The gathering, after the exercises in the Church, repaired to the Vestry, when the burdens which weighed so heavily upon the branches of the tree, were soon dispensed. The bright beams which lit up each little face as the presents were distributed, must have made the most sorrowful heart beat gladly and have carried the memory of the oldest persons present back to the time when life to them was all a dream and the future but a blank. Some of the gifts were valuable, and were gratefully received by the recipients. The conduct of the children throughout the evening was exceedingly good and deserving of the highest praise.

The Baptist Society had a social gathering in their Church, the same evening, in which the children largely participated. Previous to taking Supper, the congregation were entertained by addresses from Rev. Mr. Ricker, the former pastor of the Society, and Rev. Mr. Thomas of New York, and others. Three Supper Tables were set in the Vestry, the young occupied the first, the old the second, and the middle-aged the last; and the large company which sat down enjoyed the many good things before them with a keen appetite. It is supposed that between five and six hundred persons took supper. Much of the time was passed in social converse and singing. During the evening, the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Bronson, was presented with a purse of money, by Mr. John D. Tidd, on behalf of some of his parishioners. The present came unexpectedly to the Rev. gentleman, and was thereby rendered the more acceptable. The music furnished in the Supper room, by the Woburn Social Orchestra, was highly spoken of and much admired.

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—This very readable magazine, for January, has come to hand, filled with all that is entertaining and agreeable. It is the best magazine of its kind in this or any other country. It is for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

AN OLD SETTLER.—In excavating an old well on the farm of Jessie Nickerson, in North Chatham, recently, a bed of oyster shells was found at the depth of several feet from the surface, and among them a *live oyster!* As the well was filled up some *seventy* *feet* since, and has never before been excavated this oyster must have reached the ripe old age of *eighty years*, or more!—*Burstable Patriot.*

THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY, intend having a Social Gathering in Lyceum Hall, on New Year's evening.

### Lecture by Hon. Edward Everett.

This talented gentleman has consented to deliver a lecture in Woburn, next Tuesday evening. His subject will be—National Affairs. He has delivered this lecture in some of our leading cities and the metropolitan papers and people speak loudly in its praise. When the gifted talent of an Everett is brought to bear upon a subject it is sure to be treated ably, clearly and understandingly. The price of tickets for the lecture, is set at fifteen cents, and no one on these terms, can afford to be absent.

This lecture is given under the auspices of the Young Men's Literary Association, and it is remunerative it will be the first one of a course. We hope that the success which the Association will receive on the above occasion, will lead them to increase their public spirit and give us a good course of Lectures.

RESIGNATION OF REV. MR. MARCH.—This gentleman has sent in his resignation as Pastor of the First Congregational Church, and the matter will be acted upon by the Parish next Thursday evening. Mr. March, we understand has accepted a call from Philadelphia, and will enter upon his duties there in a short time. It is to be deplored that Mr. March has been compelled to take this step, as he is a man eminently qualified to perform the many arduous and delicate duties which fall to the lot of a minister of the gospel. Under Mr. March's faithful preaching, his Society has increased in numbers and grown in grace; and a successor, possessing all his qualities, will not speedily or easily be found. But our loss will be his gain.

TO SPORTSMEN.—Many persons are in the habit of shooting various kinds of birds without any other object in view than sport. Now if those persons will leave such specimens as may fall into their hands, it makes no difference what kind they are,—at the Post Office in Woburn, they will confer a great favor upon a gentleman who is endeavoring to make a collection of all the birds found in Massachusetts.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The Report shows the affairs of the College, as far as funds are concerned, to be in a very good condition. This is owing to the bequest of the late Col. Wade becoming available, of which the report of the Secretary says:—

"This bequest, with the income of the Scholarship Fund for two or three years, amounting to over four thousand dollars, becomes available very opportunity, both for the College and for students; so that, though the past has been one of the worst possible years for collecting funds, it has, in fact, been the most fortunate year, financially, of any in the history of the College.

"The natural effect of the Scholarship Fund will be to attract a large number of excellent candidates; for, as Col. Wade correctly remarked, many of our best students will be those who have not the means to sustain themselves. Already is this effect observable; for in my year have so many promising candidates applied as within the few weeks since the Scholarship Fund was announced as open to applicants."

The Treasurer reports the Assets to be \$1,685.22, and the Liabilities \$1,650.00.

NOVA SCOTIA GOLD.—The Nova Scotia gold mines are increasing in importance every day. A short time ago a man secured a lump worth \$2700. The following item will give our readers some idea of the quantity of gold which is being found in that Province. We copy it from the *Pictou Chronicle*:

"We have received the Twelfth Annual Report of the New England Female Medical College." The Report shows the affairs of the College, as far as funds are concerned, to be in a very good condition. This is owing to the bequest of the late Col. Wade becoming available, of which the report of the Secretary says:—

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CHRISTMAS HYMN.—Many a year has come and ended, With its joys and with its pain, Since the Saviour's star ascended In the heavens' blue domain.

Shepherds, on that holy even, Gazed, and wondered and adored, When the Angel of Jehovah Told them of the blessed Lord!

How in Bethlehem of Judea On that very night was born, Jesus, Emmanuel, the Saviour, Come to save from sin and scorn,

List to the celestial anthem— How its tones the spirit thrill; Be to God the highest glory— Peace on earth, to men good will."

LISTEN TO THE WONDROUS STORY! Of the great Messiah's birth— "Sent of God," and heir of glory, Yet rejected of the earth!

Decis of mercy and of kindness Hallow Jesus' sacred name— O' the folly and the blindness, That can spurn the Saviour's claim!

It is a pilgrimage of duty, And of toll for others' woe; Radiant with heavenly beauty, All his acts their seal reveal.

From his birth night in the manger To the crossifixion hour,

He to human aid a stranger, Trusted in Jehovah's power!

Still his star above is glowing With a pure and steady ray,

Every sinful wanderer shewing,

To the blessed Christ, the way.

Still proclaims the heavenly angel— Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Heed the voice of God's evangel— In all hearts let Jesus reign!

P. H. S.

GREENWOOD, Dec. 25th 1861.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### Letter from the Union Guard.

We have permission to use the following private letter, which has been recently received from a member of the Union Guards.

HALL'S HILL, VA., Dec. 11, 1861.

The weather for the past week has been delightful—more like May than December. A week ago four hundred of the 22d including myself, with four days rations, went out on picket duty, about six miles from Camp, near the Leesburg Turnpike. One hundred of the men under Capt. S. I. Thompson were quartered in an old log house, minus doors and windows. We managed to keep comfortable at night by hanging up rubber blankets to the windows; and to prevent the enemy from seeing the light from the window—as we expected trouble near the lines—a mammoth fire-place, capable of containing half a cord of wood, was kept blazing during the night.

About dark while the men were getting supper ready, the faithful sentinel gave an alarm. He heard the tramp of cavalry; "fall in" was the order, and in less time than it takes to pen this, a hundred bristling bayonets were in the street, and would have been a match for three times that number of cavalry, had they appeared; but they did not, and so the men went to their quarters disappointed. While I was posting the guard, the sentinel informed me that he saw three armed rebels who fled to the woods as soon as discovered by our sentinels.

Last Saturday a painful accident occurred in the Regt. A soldier, who had been on picket duty, was cleaning his musket, and thinking that it had been discharged, capped and snapped it. The deadly messenger flew with lightning speed through the tent, passing through the body of private Heath, through the tent again, and with fearful rapidity across the parade ground, and over the shoulder of another man. Verily in the midst of life we are in death.

An esteemed friend, Mr. G. R. Gage, visited the Union Guard last Sunday. The boys gave him a hearty shake. Mr. Gage took tea with Capt. Thompson and then started on his errand of mercy. Weekly prayer meetings are held in the Regt., conducted by Chaplain, and some have given evidence that they turned from darkness to light and embraced the gospel of the Son of God. A Sabbath School will commence as soon as a suitable tent can be procured.

F. L. B.

### SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

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